Perspectives USA

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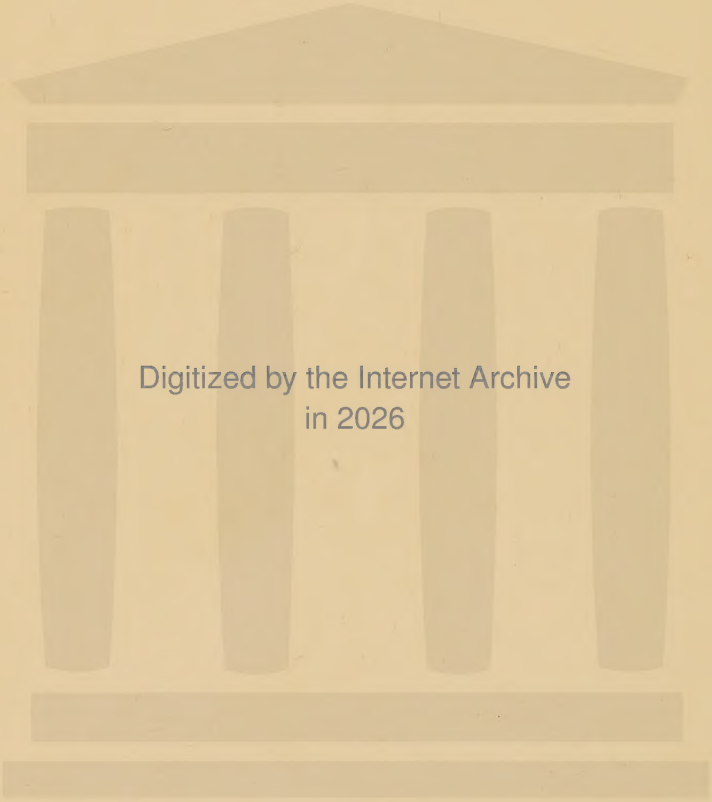
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It is with profound sorrow that we must record here the death on September 4, 1954 of Irwin Edman, a most valued member of the Advisory Board for this magazine and the editor of its seventh issue.

Mark DeWolfe Howe

FAITH AND SKEPTICISM IN AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The heritage of two great justices of the Supreme Court: Brandeis and Holmes

If an American lawyer were to set himself the task of writing the constitutional history of the United States from 1887 to 1937 there is every reason to suppose that he would produce a history of the Supreme Court of the United States for these fifty years. In doing so he would doubtless reveal significant limitations in his perspective, for the shape of many constitutional traditions, even in that period, was determined by forces which the Court did not control. Yet the lawyer-historian's limited perspective would have considerable justification, for the years in question were those in which the Court possessed the highest confidence in its own powers and a hearty willingness to exercise them. No other nation at any period of its history has allowed its judges to exercise such broad powers as those which the nine Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States exercised in the first thirty-five years of this century. Their assertion of power was the result of many factors, but it was due primarily to the fact that principles of federalism had been added to the natural-law tradition of the eighteenth century. That tradition in its American form had assumed that the judiciary must protect the unalienable rights of the individual from governmental excesses. Federalism

asserted that judges of the national courts had an analagous responsibility to assure that neither state nor national power should impair the prerogatives of the other. In such circumstances if the judicial power is exercised with exuberance, not only are the landmarks of constitutional history to be found in the law reports, but the details of that history are to be discovered there. From 1887 to 1937 a majority of the Court indulged that exuberance. The constitutional history of the nation as a consequence was written in the decisions of the Court.

By contrast, a period in which the judiciary scrupulously seeks to preserve the principle of separation of powers by limiting its own authority will be a period in which constitutional tradition is determined not by the courts but by the practices of the executive and the legislature. This essay will suggest that since 1937 changed attitudes in the Supreme Court have prevailed with sufficient frequency to make the perspective of the lawyer-historian no longer sufficient for the comprehension of recent American constitutional history. The considerations which have brought about a more cautious exercise of judicial power in certain areas have been various and complex, yet recent constitutional history will be understood only if the Court's effort to redefine its own power is recognized.

To understand the impulses which have fostered recent tendencies it is necessary to appreciate the characteristic attitudes which controlled the Court in the earlier period. Of primary significance to the doctrine of that period was the presupposition of a majority of the Court that the generalities of the Federal Constitution possess—or at least may be given by judicial interpretation—a sharp and inhibiting precision. This presupposition had its most striking effect in that long series of decisions which found in the prohibition against deprivations of liberty and property without due process of law a restriction against those legislative regulations of economic and industrial activity which were designed to protect the physical and economic security of the people. Probably the most famous instance of judicial censorship of economic reform was the decision of the Court in 1923 by which Congress was held powerless to enact a law establishing minimum wages for women privately employed in industry

at the nation's capital. This same tendency to give constitutional security to a laissez-faire society revealed itself in decisions which found in other constitutional generalities than that of the due process clause barriers to a federal income tax, to a pension scheme for railroad workers, and to a national prohibition of child labor. A majority of the Court which found in principles of federalism restrictions on congressional regulation of local activity felt no hesitation in exercising the nation's judicial power to set aside the efforts of state legislatures to control local affairs. Principles of federalism thus did little to control the exercise of judicial power, though they were often invoked to undermine the legislative action of the nation and the states.

During the fifty years of judicial exuberance there were, of course, dissenting justices who protested against the tendency of the majority, and found nothing in constitutional letter or spirit to justify the pretensions of their associates to constitutional omnipotence. The most distinguished and effective critics of the prevailing tendency were Mr. Justice Holmes and Mr. Justice Brandeis. These two men came to the Court from the same community and shared a few profoundly important convictions. Yet each was the heir and spokesman of traditions alien to the other. Holmes was the embodiment of the New England spirit. Born in 1841 into Boston's ruling classes he fought and was three times wounded in the Civil War. The political idealism which led him into the Union Army was largely destroyed by his military experience, and his career at the Boston bar was not that of a reforming crusader, but that of a philosophical scholar. His great book, *The Common Law*, proved his competence as historian; his speeches and other occasional writings revealed the conservative skepticism of his political inclinations. After twenty years on the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts he was appointed to the Supreme Court of the United States in 1902 where he sat for another thirty years, until his retirement at the age of ninety. Brandeis, who was fifteen years younger than Holmes, escaped the Civil War and brought to the Boston bar an ardent desire to make the law an instrument of progress and reform. When named to the Supreme Court by President Wilson in 1916 his reputation was not, like

Holmes's, that of a scholar in the law, but that of the people's advocate committed to the progressive cause.

Despite the striking contrasts in the convictions of Holmes and Brandeis, each delivered dissenting opinions which reinforced the strength of the other and survived as living influences in constitutional law. The differences between the views of Holmes and Brandeis, as we shall see, have contemporary importance; in their own day, however, those differences had less significance in the development of doctrine than their common concern that judicial supremacy should not destroy the principle of separation of powers. This concern led them to insist that the generality of constitutional provisions should be preserved, not merely because they were generalities, but because a confining judicial interpretation necessarily reduces the powers of other agencies of government.

In one special area the alliance of Holmes and Brandeis had peculiar importance, and brought into the open an issue of constitutional theory which is still, and perhaps always will be, unresolved. As already suggested, a controlling principle in their philosophy of constitutional law was that the Court should not, through restrictive interpretations of the Constitution, set narrow limits to the legislative and executive powers of the states and nation. This led them to dissent from many of the decisions in which the majority invalidated governmental regulation of industrial and economic activities. A different principle led them to an alliance in dissent from that other series of cases in which the majority had shown great tolerance of legislative restrictions on the individual's freedom of speech and political association. It is difficult, if not impossible, to find another explanation than unalloyed "conservatism" for the majority's willingness to support legislative restrictions on the civil liberty of political radicals, while denying validity to legislative limitations of the economic freedom of employers. It might seem, accordingly, that only uncompromising "liberalism" can explain the contrasting willingness of Holmes and Brandeis, on the one hand to allow legislative control of business, and on the other to upset legislative restrictions on political radicalism. In view of the fact that the impulses which led Holmes and Brandeis to sustain economic

regulation were essentially different it is clear, however, that no single label adequately explains their constitutional philosophy. It may be that "liberalism" produced their defense of free speech, but at least in the case of Holmes it was no such progressive inclination that led him to allow legislative regulation of the economy.

Before considering the contemporary scene it may be well to indicate something of the differences in philosophy between the allied dissenters, Holmes and Brandeis. In doing so one must be careful not to exaggerate those differences, for more important than divergences of attitude was the community of conviction with respect to the appropriate limits of judicial power. During the years of alliance between the allies, differences were essentially unimportant. Now that the entire Court purports to accept their common conviction, the differences which seldom came to the surface in their lifetime have divided their successors and revealed with some clarity the nature of the original differences.

Holmes's insistence that the judicial power to review legislation should be sparingly exercised was rooted in a profound skepticism which led him to doubt whether human beings could ever say with confidence, let alone certainty, that their effort to discover an answer to their problems would prove successful. The fathers who framed the Constitution, the judges who interpreted it, the legislators and presidents who worked within its terms might all be men of wisdom, but none of them was infallible. The judiciary, accordingly, must apply the lesson which skepticism teaches and renounce that dogmatic arrogance by which it had in recent times been infected. This theory of restraint, it must be noticed, was neither based on the political principle that in a democratic society the judgment of an elected legislature deserves greater respect than that of a non-elective court nor on a moral principle which demands humility from those in power. In individual cases, to be sure, Holmes reinforced his theory of restraint with these political and moral principles, yet the roots of his philosophy lay in a deeper skepticism. Holmes did not, in other words, urge restraint because he believed that the competence of judges to settle pressing social problems was less than that of legislators. By contrast, that seems to have been the

basis of Brandeis' theory of restraint. Brandeis, however, combined his theory of restraint with an affirmative conviction that the problems of society may be solved by resolute legislation. Where Holmes brought skepticism into American constitutional theory, Brandeis brought faith, insisting that we must build the structure of our government on the confident assumption that legislative judgment is usually wise. The Court should exercise its powers to review legislation with sparing caution, not, as Holmes believed, because no man could be sure of his wisdom, but because we are committed to confidence that legislative effort will, in the long run, be wise effort.

The man of faith and the man of doubt quite naturally became allies in the struggle to prevent an abuse of judicial power. They were allies, as well, in that other struggle to make the judiciary an effective guardian of civil liberty against legislative infringement. It is not easy to explain what community of conviction brought Holmes and Brandeis together as champions of civil liberty. It is difficult to reconcile their common assertion of judicial supremacy in this field either with Brandeis' usual respect for legislative judgment or with Holmes's permeating doubts as to the wisdom of judges. Perhaps in the end the effort to find a logical formula of reconciliation will fail for the simple reason that some questions of constitutional law and some principles of constitutional theory turn as much on subtleties of feeling as on sophistications of logic. In any case the question is raised here not in order to resolve it but to bring to the surface an issue which still bothers the judges, the theorists, and the historians.

It was by no one decision of the Court that the tides of constitutional doctrine which had risen for fifty years were turned to the ebb in the late 1930's. That series of cases in which a majority of the Court allowed congressional power to control the national economy would doubtless secure the unanimous support of today's Court. It is entirely clear, for instance, that all members of the present Court would stand by the decision of 1941, overruling earlier cases, in which it was held that Congress might deal with labor relations in factories which produce goods for a national market. The same thing might be said of those decisions of the late thirties in which state power, not conflicting with federal authority, and challenged

under the due process clause, was held to have been legitimately exercised over the local economy. It is scarcely conceivable that today the Court would question under the due process clause a state's authority to prescribe the wages and hours of factory employment. The Court, in other words, has finally renounced that line of cases to which Holmes and Brandeis had so vigorously objected. To the extent that recent cases have reduced judicial supervision of legislative policy, they have converted what once was constitutional history into political and economic history. It is unlikely that there are many thoughtful Americans who regret the conversion.

It is probably fair to say that when the constitutional revolution of the late 1930's occurred the Court was moved more by the faith of Brandeis than by the skepticism of Holmes. Whatever the New Deal may have been it was not a wave of skepticism, and the enthusiasm which gave it political strength was felt in the Court which sustained the constitutionality of its legislative program. The Court, in other words, did not sustain legislative innovations merely because it had come to doubt its own competence to condemn, but because it had acquired confidence in the legislative capacity to affirm. The innovations were sustained by judges who shared with both of their dissenting predecessors distrust for judicial arrogance but who, in addition, were heirs to the faith of Brandeis.

To recognize the influence of this faith on recent constitutional doctrine is not to assert that the Court has been unified in its philosophy. One of the most striking aspects of the Court's recent history has in fact been the conflict of conviction among those justices who have participated in the constitutional revolution. The conflict has been produced by many factors and it would grossly oversimplify complexity to give one source predominant importance. It may, however, provide useful perspective to ask whether current conflict may not in a significant degree be the result of varying attitudes among the justices toward the skepticism of Holmes and the faith of Brandeis.

Since 1940 there have been a number of justices on the Court who evidently consider that skepticism is not a virtue, but a fault in judges. They have shown not merely a tolerant willingness to carry

out legislative programs of economic reform but an energetic eagerness to become participants in the execution of those programs. Mr. Justice Black and Mr. Justice Douglas are the present members of the Court whose opinions most frequently reveal this eagerness. If earlier doctrine of the Court established barriers to action which the legislatures of the states or nation might consider essential for the control of the economy these justices have been quick to demand that such doctrine might be discarded and have charged their more cautious associates with an abuse of judicial power in asking that restrictive precedent should be respected. They have tended to deny that the Constitution itself establishes a balance of power between the nation and the individual states which the Supreme Court is responsible to preserve. The states, in other words, may take almost any action to protect the economic interests of their people if Congress has not prohibited such action. Federalism in their eyes has become a problem for congressional resolution, not a principle for judicial enforcement.

It would be misleading to suggest that these successors to Brandeis have in all matters been his disciples. Accepting his basic faith they have gone beyond his confidence in legislative wisdom to the belief that judges must play an affirmative role in progressive government. In thus extending the faith of Brandeis they have necessarily repudiated the skepticism of Holmes and on occasion have seemed to overlook the policies of restraint which secured the common allegiance of Holmes and Brandeis. They have seemed to forget that Brandeis' faith in the ultimate wisdom of legislatures was combined with a Holmesian skepticism as to the competence of judges as architects of social policy. This limited skepticism led Brandeis to insist that the judicial power must be narrowly confined, and be exercised only when the duty of the Court to dispose of a particular legal controversy is abundantly clear. It also persuaded him that the Court should neither decide any question which was not fully ripe for adjudication nor deal with issues which were essentially political in character. A number of his disciples in affirmative faith have on occasion repudiated these restraining cautions and have shown impatience with associates who are willing to let the settlement of

constitutional issues be postponed or pass to other agencies of government for resolution.

The more hesitant members of the present Court have found the principal justification for their caution in the inheritance of Holmes. Mr. Justice Frankfurter, often supported by Mr. Justice Jackson, has been the most frequent spokesman for this point of view. In the eyes of Mr. Justice Frankfurter, his more ardent associates have been carried by progressive enthusiasm to exercise a legislative authority inappropriate in judges. If there was arrogance in the old majority's restrictive interpretation of the Constitution is there not, he asks, a matching arrogance in this new and expansive interpretation of statutes? In reminding his colleagues that humility is a virtue in judges, Justice Frankfurter is not only suggesting that confidence in one's own wisdom should be tempered with the conservative skepticism of Holmes, but is urging that even the faith of Brandeis was coupled with canons of restraint.

The varying attitudes in today's Court which are most familiar to the American public do not concern the effort to define the relationships between the judicial power and the legislative authority to control the economy. The conflict is more evident in those cases in which the Court is called upon to deal with governmental restrictions on civil liberty. Those justices who have been most willing to make the Court an active agent of the legislature in effecting economic reform have in general been the most ardent champions of civil liberty and the most distrustful of legislative infringements of personal rights. This ardor, they assert, is the Court's most sacred inheritance from Holmes and Brandeis. That assertion would seem to be justified, for, as we have seen, neither the skepticism of Holmes concerning the wisdom of judges nor the faith of Brandeis in the wisdom of legislatures restrained the two dissenters from setting aside those statutes which in their opinion unreasonably qualified civil liberty. In particular cases one may feel, of course, that the judgment of Holmes and Brandeis would differ from that of their most libertarian successors, but the fact remains that the basic claim to the inheritance is justified. In claiming that inheritance the judicial champions of liberty have faced a problem of logic and policy which

neither Holmes nor Brandeis ever adequately discussed, the problem, that is, of reconciling an extensive judicial power to condemn repressive legislation either with the skepticism of Holmes or with the faith of Brandeis. Some have asserted that the judicial responsibility to protect civil liberties is greater than its responsibility to protect property because those liberties are specifically enumerated in the Bill of Rights. Others have urged that speech is entitled to more vigilant protection than property because an effective democracy requires free discussion. Still others have found the justification in the traditions of the nation and see in the dissenting opinions of Holmes and Brandeis eloquent expression of those traditions.

Not all members of the present Court have found these reasons persuasive. Justices Frankfurter and Jackson have been notably reluctant to apply a double standard to constitutional questions. In their judgment American constitutional history teaches one lesson of predominant importance—that judicial power must be cautiously exercised. As citizens these justices have no more liking for current repressive practices than do their associates. That fact has been made abundantly clear by the record of their lives before they were appointed to the Court by Franklin D. Roosevelt. The disagreement between Frankfurter and Jackson on the one hand and Black and Douglas on the other primarily concerns the appropriate area of judicial power. Mr. Justice Frankfurter has never repudiated the doctrine of Holmes and Brandeis with respect to civil liberty, but he has been concerned to determine whether that doctrine may properly be applied by a Court which asserts that it has learned the great lesson of American constitutional history—the lesson, that is, that the extensive control by courts of policies established by the legislatures does more damage in the long run than is justified by short-term advantage. A few members of the present Court have made their concern so evident that they have been charged, probably unfairly, with a repudiation of the traditions of liberty formulated in the great dissenting opinions of Holmes and Brandeis. The charge is answered by the assertion that those who are demanding extensive judicial protection of civil rights are seeking to go far beyond the limits of judicial power as Holmes and Brandeis defined them and

are in fact seeking to make the Court take on moral and political responsibilities of the nation which judges cannot be expected to fulfill.

The recent decision condemning racial segregation in public schools dramatically presented these issues concerning the appropriate limits of judicial power. It would have been easy for the Court to justify non-intervention in the nation's most perplexing domestic problem. Precedent had settled the strange doctrine that there is no unconstitutional discrimination when Negroes are provided educational facilities equal to but separate from those provided to other Americans. The legislatures of many states, even Congress, had built school systems upon the authority of that precedent. The administrative competence of the Supreme Court of the United States to compel the substitution of a new system was seriously questioned. In these circumstances there was reason to suppose that some of the justices might find that the skepticism of Holmes and the faith of Brandeis would each condemn judicial intervention in social habits sanctioned by legislative authority. The unanimous decision that there are some indecencies which neither habit nor authority can validate is a refreshing reminder that the members of the Court will not allow established bigotries to be safeguarded by ingenuities of doctrine.

To say this, however, is not to assert that differences in constitutional philosophy among the justices will play no part in the final elimination of racial segregation. The Court has agreed on the general principle that our constitutional commitment to equality is violated by segregation, yet it is still confronted by the formidable task of making the principle effective. The problems of judicial administration which the Court must face in dealing with that task will bring to the surface differences of opinion and attitude which were not apparent in the momentous decision of May 17. Some of the justices are likely to insist that the Court must maintain an effective and vigorous initiative in order quickly to end segregation. Others, in all probability, will urge that primary responsibility for reform is vested in the executive and legislative branches of government and that the Court, accordingly, should assume no other duty

than that of general supervision. Whichever attitude controls the Court's majority it seems clear that the elimination of segregation will not finally be achieved in all parts of the country until some years have passed. Yet the first great step has now been taken.

If the analysis of tendencies which has been suggested in this essay has merit, it will have made one fact of American constitutional history evident and will leave for time's solution one large question. The fact was referred to at the beginning—that the central problem of American constitutional law is not what the Court will allow other departments of the national government and all agencies of the state governments to do, but what the Court will allow itself to do. The jurisdiction of the Court determines the character of the Constitution as an operative instrument of government. That jurisdiction depends in large measure on the philosophy of the justices, and the aspect of their philosophy which has the most important effect upon constitutional law is not that which determines their liberalism or conservatism in economic and political matters but that which determines their conception of the office of judge. When judges, whether conservative or liberal, exercise judicial power with expansive enthusiasm, the constitutional law of the nation is controlled by the Court. If judges, on the other hand, feel that restraint is their first responsibility, the nation's destiny will not be dependent on the Court but on the actions of the President and the Congress. If judicial restraint were rigorously and persistently to become the policy of the Court, the other departments of government might come again to play that creative role in constitutional law which they played in the first fifty years of the nation's existence. In the first years of the republic there were great constitutional lawyers in Congress partly because great constitutional issues were there disposed of with finality. The expansion of judicial authority over constitutional issues reduced legislative responsibility. Were Congress and the President to reassume the authority which they exercised before the Civil War and abandon the more recent practice of leaving all constitutional questions to judicial settlement, we might find a renewed sense of responsibility in Congress and a fresh dignity in American government.

To emphasize these considerations is to raise the question which the future must decide. That question, of course, is which direction the Court is likely to follow. Will its majority extend the faith of Brandeis, as some would like it to, in order that the Court may become an active instrument of progress; or will it through a revival of the skepticism of Holmes reduce the Court's role in the making of national policy? Only an extraordinarily bold prophet would venture an answer. It requires no temerity, however, to be confident that the constitutional destiny of the nation will turn more on the answer to that question than on the political and economic views of the Court's members.

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OUT OF SLEEP AWAKENED

Long before dawn has silvered the last star
The aged Negro off across the harbor

Cracking his conch-shells on the hollow deck
Has broken the cold brittle coil and wrecked

The rose and secret cavern of the snail.

The shuddering worm, still wincing to the nail

That tore him from the ruin of his shell,
Lies numb and cold and naked where he fell.

Out of what sands, what sea-surge, by what toil
Shall worm rebuild the silver of that coil?

A MAN'S WORK

An apple-tree, a cedar and an oak
Grow by the stone house in the rocky field
Where I write poems when my hand's in luck.
The cedar I put in: the rest are wild—

Wind dropped them. Apples strew the autumn ground
With black, sweet-smelling pips. The oak strews air,
Summers with shadow, winters with harsh sound.
The cedar's silent with its fruit to bear.

THE BLACK DAY

to the memory of Lawrence Duggan

God help that country where informers thrive!
Where slander flourishes and lies contrive
To kill by whispers! Where men lie to live!

God help that country by informers fed
Where fear corrupts and where suspicion's spread
By look and gesture, even to the dead.

God help that country where the liar's shame
Outshouts the decent silence to defame
The dead man's honor and defile his name.

God help that country, cankered deep by doubt,
Where honest men, by scandals turned about,
See honor murdered and will not speak out.

God help that country! But for you—for you—
Pure heart, sweet spirit, humble, loyal, true,
Pretend, pretend, we know not what we do.

CALYPSO'S ISLAND

I know very well, goddess, she is not beautiful
As you are: could not be. She is a woman,
Mortal, subject to the chances: duty of

Childbed, sorrow that changes cheeks, the tomb—
For unlike you she will grow grey, grow older,
Grey and older, sleep in that small room.

She is not beautiful as you, O golden!
You are immortal and will never change
And can make me immortal also, fold

Your garment round me, make me whole and strange
As those who live forever, not the while
That we live; keep me from those dogging dangers—

Ships and the wars—in this green, far-off island,
Silent of all but sea's eternal sound
Or sea-pine's when the lull of surf is silent.

Goddess, I know how excellent this ground,
What charmed contentment of the removed heart
The bees make in the lavender where pounding

Surf sounds far off and the bird that darts
Darts through its own eternity of light,
Motionless in motion, and the startled

Hare is startled into stone, the fly
Forever golden in the flickering glance
Of leafy sunlight that still holds it. I

Know you, goddess, and your caves that answer
Ocean's confused voices with a voice:
Your poplars where the storms are turned to dances;

Arms where the heart is turned. You give the choice
To hold forever what forever passes,
To hide from what will pass, forever. Moist,

Moist are your well-stones, goddess, cool your grasses!
And she—she is a woman with that fault
Of change that will be death in her at last!

Nevertheless I long for the cold, salt,
Restless, contending sea and for the island
Where the grass dies and the seasons alter:

Where that one wears the sunlight for a while.

HYPOCRITE AUTEUR
mon semblable, mon frère

(1)
Our epoch takes a voluptuous satisfaction
In that perspective of the action
Which pictures us inhabiting the end
Of everything with death for only friend.

Not that we love death,
Not truly, not the fluttering breath,
The obscene shudder of the finished act—
What the doe feels when the ultimate fact
Tears at her bowels with its jaws.

Our taste is for the opulent pause
Before the end comes. If the end is certain
All of us are players at the final curtain:
All of us, silence for a time deferred,

Find time before us for one sad last word.
Victim, rebel, convert, stoic—
Every role but the heroic—
We turn our tragic faces to the stalls
To wince our moment till the curtain falls.

(2)
A world ends when its metaphor has died.

An age becomes an age, all else beside,
When sensuous poets in their pride invent
Emblems for the soul's consent
That speak the meanings men will never know
But man-imagined images can show:
It perishes when those images, though seen,
No longer mean.

(3)
A world was ended when the womb
Where girl held God became the tomb
Where God lies buried in a man:
Botticelli's image neither speaks nor can
To our kind. His star-guided stranger
Teaches no longer, by the child, the manger,
The meaning of the beckoning skies.

Sophocles, when his reverent actors rise
To play the king with bleeding eyes,
No longer shows us on the stage advance
God's purpose in the terrible fatality of chance.

No woman living, when the girl and swan
Embrace in verses, feels upon
Her breast the awful thunder of that breast
Where God, made beast, is by the blood confessed.

Empty as conch shell by the waters cast
The metaphor still sounds but cannot tell,
And we, like parasite crabs, put on the shell
And drag it at the sea's edge up and down.

This is the destiny we say we own.

(4)
But are we sure
The age that dies upon its metaphor
Among these Roman heads, these mediaeval towers,
Is ours?—
Or ours the ending of that story?
The meanings in a man that quarry
Images from blinded eyes
And white birds and the turning skies
To make a world of were not spent with these
Abandoned presences.

The journey of our history has not ceased:
Earth turns us still toward the rising east,
The metaphor still struggles in the stone,
The allegory of the flesh and bone
Still stares into the summer grass
That is its glass,
The ignorant blood
Still knocks at silence to be understood.

Poets, deserted by the world before,
Turn round into the actual air:
Invent the age! Invent the metaphor!

William Faulkner | **NOTES ON A HORSE THIEF**

A story from
the novel "A Fable"

It was 1912, two years before the war; the horse was a three-year-old running horse, but such a horse that even the price which the Argentine hide-and-wheat prince paid for it at the Newmarket sale, although an exceptional one, was not an outrageous one. Its groom went out to America with it, whereupon within the next twenty-four months three things happened to him which changed completely not only his life, but his character, too, so that when late in 1914 he returned to England to enlist, it was as though somewhere behind the Mississippi Valley hinterland where within the first three months he had vanished, a new man had been born, without past, without griefs, without recollections.

He was not merely included in the sale of the horse, he was compelled into it. And not by the buyer nor even the seller, but by the sold: the chattel: the horse itself, with an imperiousness not even to be temporized with, let alone denied. It was not because he was the exceptional groom, which he might have been, nor even the first-rate one which he actually was. It was because there had developed apparently on sight between the man and the animal something which was no mere rapport but an affinity, not from understanding to

understanding but from heart to heart and glands to glands, so that unless the man was present or at least nearby, the horse was not even less than a horse: it was no longer a horse at all: not at all intractable and anything but unpredictable, because it was quite predictable in fact; not only dangerous, but in effect, for all its dedicated and consecrated end and purpose—the long careful breeding and selecting which finally produced it to be sold for the price it brought to perform the one rite for which it had been shaped—worthless, letting none save the one man enter the same walls or fence with it to groom or feed it, no jockey or exercise boy to approach and mount it until the man bade it; and even then, with the rider actually up, not even running until—whatever the communication was: voice, touch, whatever—the man had set it free.

So the Argentine bought the groom too, for a sum left in escrow in a London bank, to become the groom's on his return to England after being formally discharged. By the horse of course, since nothing else could, which (the horse) in the end discharged and absolved them all, the old Negro telling this part of it, since this was where he—they—himself and his grandson—came into it:—the horse which before the groom came into its life, merely won races, but which after his advent, began to break records; three weeks after it first felt his hand and heard his voice, it set a mark ('The race was named the Sillinger,' the old Negro said. 'It was like our Derby at home.') which seven years later was still standing; and in its first South American race, although only two weeks out of the ship after a month and a half at sea, it set one not likely to be touched at any time. ('Not nowhere. At no time. By no horse,' the old Negro said.) And the next day it was bought by a United States oil baron for a price which even the Argentine millionaire could not refuse, and two weeks later landed in New Orleans, where the old Negro, a preacher on Sunday and the rest of the week a groom and hostler in the new owner's Kentucky breeding and training stables, met it; and two nights later the train drawing the van containing the horse and the two grooms, the white one and the black one, plunged through a flood-weakened trestle: out of which confusion and mischance were born the twenty-two months from which the English groom emerged at last a practicing

Baptist: a Mason: and one of his time's most skillful manipulators of or players at dice.

Sixteen of the twenty-two were the months during which the five separately organized though now grimly unified groups—the Federal Government, the successive state police forces and the railway's and the insurance company's and the oil baron's private detectives—pursued the four of them—the crippled horse and the English groom and the old Negro and the twelve-year-old child who rode it—up and down and back and forth through the section of the Mississippi watershed between Illinois and the Gulf of Mexico and Kansas and Alabama, where on three legs the horse had been running in remote back-country quarter-races and winning most of them, the old Negro telling it, grave and tranquil, serenely and peacefully inconsequential, like listening to a dream, until presently the runner five years afterward was seeing what the Federal deputy marshal had five years ago while in the middle of it: not a theft, but a passion, an immolation, an apotheosis—no gang of opportunists fleeing with a crippled horse whose value, even whole, had ceased weeks back to equal the sum spent on its pursuit, but the immortal pageant-piece of the tender legend which was the crowning glory of man's own legend beginning when his first paired children lost well the world and from which paired prototypes they still challenged paradise, still paired and still immortal against the chronicle's grimed and bloodstained pages: Adam and Lilith and Paris and Helen and Pyramus and Thisbe and all the other recordless Romeos and their Juliets, the world's oldest and most shining tale limning in his brief turn the warp-legged foul-mouthed English horse-groom as ever Paris or Lochinvar or any else of earth's splendid rapers: the doomed glorious frenzy of a love-story, pursued not by an unclosed office file nor even the raging frustration of the millionaire owner, but by its own inherent doom, since, being immortal, the story, the legend, was not to be owned by any one of the pairs who added to its shining and tragic increment but only to be used, passed through, by each in their doomed and homeless turn.

He didn't tell how they did it: only that they did do it: as if, once it was done, how no longer mattered; that if something must be done

it is done, and then hardship or anguish or even impossibility no longer signify:—got the frantic and injured horse out of the demolished car and into the bayou where it could swim while they held its head above water—'He found a boat,' the old Negro said. 'If you could call it a boat. Whittled out of a log and done already turned over before you even put your foot in it. They called them pirogues. They talked gobble talk there, like they do here.'—then out of the bayou too, into such complete invisibility that when the railroad detectives reached the scene the next morning, it was as if the flood itself had washed the three of them away. It was a hummock, a small island in the swamp not a mile from the collapsed trestle, where a work-train and crew had arrived the next morning to rebuild the bridge and the track, and from which (They got the horse as far up out of the water as they could the first night, and the old Negro was left to attend it. 'I just give it water and kept a mud pack on the hip and tried to keep the gnats and flies and mosquitoes away,' the old Negro said.) the groom returned at dawn on the third day, with a block-and-tackle bearing the railroad company's stencil in the pirogue, and food for themselves and the horse and canvas for the sling and cradle and plaster of Paris for the splint—('I know what you're going to ask now,' the old Negro said. 'Where we got the money for all that. He got it like he done the boat,' telling that too: the cockney horse groom who had never been farther from London than Epsom or Doncaster yet who in two years of America had become a Mason and a Baptist, who in only two weeks in the forecastle of the American freighter up from Buenos Aires had discovered or anyway revealed to himself that rapport with and affinity for dice, who on the first return to the scene of the wreck had picked up the block-and-tackle simply because he happened to pass it, since his true destination had been the bunk-car where the Negro work-gang slept, waking them, the white man in his swamp-fouled alien jodhpurs and the black ones in undershirts or dungaree pants or in nothing at all, squatting around a spread blanket beneath the smoking lantern and the bank notes and the coins and the clicking and scuttering dice.)—and in the pitch dark—he had brought back no lantern, no light; it would not only have been dangerous to show

one, he didn't even need one: scornfully, even contemptuously, who from his tenth year had known the bodies of horses as the blind man knows the room he durst not leave: any more than he would have brought back a veterinary, not only not needing one but he would not have let any hand save his or the old Negro's touch the horse, even if the horse had permitted it—they suspended the horse and set the hip and built the immobilizing cast.

Then the weeks while the ruined hip knitted and the search-parties, with every exit to the swamp watched and guarded, continued to drag the bayou beneath the trestle, and to splash and curse among the moccasins and rattlesnakes and alligators of the swamp itself, long after they (the pursuers) had come to believe that the horse was dead for the simple reason that it must be dead, since that particular horse could not be anything else but dead and still be invisible, and that the owner would in the end gain only the privilege of venting his vengeance on the thieves. And once each week, as soon as it was dark enough and the search-parties had withdrawn for the night, the groom would depart in the pirogue, to return before dawn two or three days later with another supply of food and forage; two and three days now because the trestle was repaired at last; once more trains roared hollowly across it in the night and the work-gang and that source of revenue or income was gone, back to New Orleans whence it had come and now the white man was going to New Orleans himself, bucking the professional games on baize-covered tables beneath electric lights and now not even the old Negro—(a horseman, a groom, merely by accident, but by avocation and dedication a minister of God, sworn dedicated enemy of sin yet who apparently without qualm or hesitation had long since drawn and then forgot it the line of his rectitude to include the magnificent ruined horse and all who were willing to serve it)—would know how far he sometimes had to go before he found another spread blanket beneath a smoked lantern, or, as a last resort, the electric-lit baize table, where, although in their leathern cup the dice were as beyond impugning as Caesar's wife, the counters—chips, money—still accrued, whether or not to the benison of his gift or to the simple compulsion of his need.

Then months, not only within daily earshot of the trains once more thundering across the repaired trestle but of the search parties themselves (to whom at times either of them could have spoken without even raising his voice), the search continuing long after the ones who did the cursing and splashing and the frantic recoiling from the sluggish thrash or vicious buzz of startled moccasins and rattlesnakes all believed that the horse was long since dead and vanished forever into the sleepless insatiable appetites of eels and gars and turtles and the thief himself fled, out of the country and out of the nation and perhaps even out of the continent and the hemisphere, but continuing nevertheless because the railroad company had for stake an expensive set of triple blocks and over two hundred feet of two-inch cable, and the insurance company owned banks and barge lines and chain stores from Portland, Maine, to Oregon and so could afford not to lose even a one-dollar horse, let alone a fifty-thousand-dollar one, and the horse's owner that bottomless purse which would not miss the value of the sixty race horses he still owned, in order to revenge himself on the thief of the sixty-first, and the Federal police had more at stake than even the state ones who could only share in the glory and the reward: they had a file to be closed out—until one day a United Press flash came, relayed last night from Washington to the Federal deputy, of how a horse, a valuable thoroughbred and running on three legs, in charge of or at least accompanied by a small bandy-legged foreigner who could barely speak English, and a middle-aged Negro preacher, and ridden by a twelve-year-old Negro boy, had run away from the whole field in a three-furlong race at Weatherford, Texas—('We walked it' the old Negro said. 'At night. It needed that much to get used to itself again. To stop remembering that trustle and get limbered up again and start being a horse. When daylight come, we would hide in the woods again.' And afterwards too, telling that too: how they didn't dare else: run one race and then leave directly afterward without even stopping almost, because as soon as that three-legged horse won a race the whole world would hear about it and they had to stay at least one day ahead of them.)—and got there one day too late, to learn that the Negro preacher and the snarling contemptuous foreigner had appeared suddenly from nowhere exactly in

time to enter the three-legged Thoroughbred in a race on which the foreigner had betted sums ranging (by this time) all the way from ten to a thousand dollars, at odds ranging all the way from one to ten to one to a hundred, the three-legged horse breaking so fast from the post that the barrier seemed actually to have sprung behind it, and running so fast that the trailing field appeared, if anything, to be running in another and later race, and so far ahead at the finish that the jockey seemed to have no control over it at all—if anyone, let alone a child of twelve or at most thirteen who rode the race without saddle but simply a bellyband and a surcingle to hold on to (this informant had seen the race), could have held it after the barrier dropped, the horse crossing the finish line at full speed and apparently bent on making another circuit of the track had not the white foreigner, leaning on the rail beyond the finish line, spoken a single word to it in a voice you could not have heard fifteen feet away.

And the next place where they were within even three days of the horse was at Willow Springs, Iowa, and next to that, Bucyrus, Ohio, and the next time they were almost two weeks behind—an inaccessible valley in the East Tennessee mountains three months later, so remote not only from railroads but even telegraphs and telephones too that the horse had been running and winning races for ten days before the pursuit ever heard of it; this was indubitably where he joined, was received into, the order of Masons: since this was the first time they had stopped for longer than one afternoon, the horse able now to run for ten undisturbed days before the pursuit even heard about it, so that, when the pursuers left the valley, they were twice ten days behind the horse, since after two weeks of patient asking and listening up and down that thirty-mile-long mountain-cradled saucer, again, as at the scene of the original disappearance, they had not found one human being who had ever heard of the three-legged horse and the two men and the child, let alone seen them.

So when they heard of the horse next in Central Alabama, it was already gone from there, moving west again, the pursuers still a month behind across Mississippi: across the Mississippi River into Arkansas, pausing only as a bird pauses: not alighting, though the last thing the pause could have been called was hovering since the horse

would be running, once more at that incredible, that unbelievable, speed (and at the incredible and unbelievable odds too; by report and rumor the two men—the aged Negro man of God, and the foul-mouthed white one to whom to grant the status of man was merely to accept Darkness' emissary in the stead of its actual prince and master—had won tens of thousands of dollars) as if their mundane progress across America were too slow to register on the eye, and only during those incredible moments against a white rail did the horse and the three adjunctive human beings become visible.

Whereupon the Federal deputy, the titular-by-protocol leader of the pursuit, found that, suddenly and with no warning, something had happened to him which was to happen five years later in Paris to a British soldier even whose name he would never hear. He—the deputy—was a poet, not the writing kind, or anyway not yet, but rather still one of Homer's mere mute orphan godchildren sired by blind chance into a wealthy and political New Orleans family and who, by that family's standards, had failed at Harvard and then wasted two years at Oxford before the family found out about it and fetched him home where, after some months under the threat of the full marshalate, he compromised with his father on the simple deputy-ship. And so that night—it was in Arkansas, in a new paint-rank hotel room in a little booming logging town, itself less old than last year—he realized what it was about the whole business that he had refused to accept ever since Weatherford, Texas, and then in the next second dismissed it forever because what remained had not only to be the answer but the truth too; or not even *the* truth, but *truth*, because truth was truth: it didn't have to be anything; it didn't even care whether it was so or not even, looking (the deputy) at it not even in triumph but in humility, because an old Negro minister had already seen it with one glance going on two years ago now—a minister, a man of God, sworn and dedicated enemy of man's lusts and follies, yet who from that first moment had not only abetted theft and gambling, but had given to the same cause the tender virgin years of his own child as ever of old had Samuel's father or Abraham his Isaac; and not even with pride because at last he had finally seen the truth even if it did take him a year, but at least pride in the fact that from

the very first, as he knew now, he had performed his part in the pursuit with passion and regret. So ten minutes later he waked his second-in-command, and two days later in the New York office he said, 'Give it up. You'll never catch him.'

'Meaning you wont,' the owner of the horse said.

'If you like it that way,' the deputy said. 'I've resigned.'

'You should have done that eight months ago when you quit.'

'Touché then,' the deputy said. 'If that makes you feel better too. Maybe what I'm trying to do now is apologize because I didn't know it eight months ago too.' He said: 'I know about what you have spent so far. You know what the horse is now. I'll give you my check for that amount. I'll buy your ruined horse from you. Call it off.' The owner told him what he had actually paid for the horse. It was almost as much as the public believed. 'All right,' the deputy said. 'I can't give you a check for that much, but I'll sign a note for it. Even my father won't live forever.' The owner pressed a button. A secretary entered. The owner spoke briefly to the secretary, who went out and returned and laid a check on the desk before the owner, who signed the check and pushed it across to the deputy. It was for a sum still larger than the difference between the horse's cost and that of the pursuit to date. It was made out to the deputy.

'That's your fee for catching my horse and deporting that Englishman and bringing my nigger back in handcuffs,' the owner said. The deputy folded the check twice and tore it across twice, the owner's thumb already on the buzzer as the deputy dropped the fragments carefully into an ashtray and was already standing to leave when the secretary opened the door again. 'Another check,' the owner said without even turning his head, 'Add to it the reward for the capture of the men who stole my horse.'

But he didn't even wait for that one, and it was Oklahoma before he (ex now) overtook the pursuit, joining it now as the private young man with money—or who had had it once and lost or spent it—had used to join Marlborough's continental tours (and indeed meeting among them who a week ago had been his companions in endeavor the same cold-fronted unanimity of half-contempt which the private young men would meet among Marlborough's professionals). Then

the little bleak railway stations between a cattle-chute and a water-tank, the men in broad hats and heeled boots already clumped about the placard offering for a stolen horse a reward such as even Americans had never seen before—the reproduction of a newspaper photograph made in Buenos Aires of the man and the horse together, with a printed description of both—a face as familiar and recognizable now to the central part of the United States (Canada and Mexico too) as that of a President or a female murderer, but above all, the sum, the amount of the reward—the black, succinct evocation of that golden dream, that shining and incredible heap of dollars to be had by any man for the simple turn of a tongue, always ahead of them (of the pursuit certainly, and, the deputy now believed, of the pursued too), disseminating the poison faster than they advanced, faster even than the meteor-course of love and sacrifice, until already the whole Mississippi-Missouri-Ohio watershed must be corrupt and befouled and at last the deputy knew that the end was in sight: thinking how it was no wonder that man had never been able to solve the problems of his span upon earth, since he has taken no steps whatever to educate himself, not in how to manage his lusts and follies; they harm him only in sporadic, almost individual instances; but in how to cope with his own blind mass and weight: seeing them—the man and the horse and the two Negroes whom they had snatched as it were willy nilly into that fierce and radiant orbit—doomed not at all because passion is ephemeral (which was why they had never found any better name for it, which was why Eve and the Snake and Mary and the Lamb and Ahab and the Whale and Androcles and Balzac's African deserter, and all the celestial zoology of horse and goat and swan and bull, were the firmament of man's history instead of the mere rubble of his past), nor even because the rape was theft and theft is wrong and wrong shall not prevail, but simply because, due to the sheer repetition of zeros behind a dollar-mark on a printed placard, everyone within eyerange or tonguespread (which was every human capable of seeing and hearing between Canada and Mexico and the Rockies and the Appalachians) would be almost frantically attuned to the merest whisper regarding the horse's whereabouts.

No, it would not be much longer now, and for an instant he

thought, toyed with the idea, of confounding corruption with corruption: using the equivalent of the check which in New York he had offered to write, to combat the reward, and put that away because that would fail too: not that corrupting corruption would merely spread corruption that much further, but because the idea merely created an image which even a poet must regard as only a poet's fantastic whimsy: Mammon's David ringing for a moment anyway Mammon's Goliath's brazen invincible unregenerate skull It was not long now, the end was actually in sight when the course, the run (as if it too knew that this was near the end) turned sharply back south and east across Missouri and into the closing V where the St. Francis River entered the Mississippi, haunted still by the ghosts of the old bank-and-railroad bandits who had refuged there; then over, finished, done: an afternoon, a little lost branch-line county seat with a fair grounds and a railless half-mile track, the pursuers crossing the infield in the van of a growing crowd of local people, town and swamp and farm, all men, silent, watching, not crowding them at all yet: just watching; and now for the first time they laid eyes on the thief whom they had pursued now for almost fifteen months: the foreigner, the Englishman leaning in the doorless frame of the fallen stable, the butt of the still-warm pistol protruding from the waistband of his filthy jodhpurs, and behind him the body of the horse shot neatly once through the star on its forehead and beyond the horse the Roman senator's head and the brushed worn frock-coat of the old Negro preacher, and beyond him in turn, in deeper shadow still, the still white eyeballs of the child; and that night in the jail cell the ex-deputy (still a lawyer even though the prisoner violently and obscenely repudiated him) said:

'I would have done it too of course. But tell me why—No, I know why. I know the reason. I know it's true: I just want to hear you say it, hear both of us say it so I'll know it's real'—already—or still—speaking even through the other's single vicious obscene contemptuous epithet: 'You could have surrendered the horse at any time and it could have stayed alive, but that was not it: not just to keep it alive, any more than for the few thousands or the few hundred thousands that people will always be convinced you won on it'—

stopping then and even waiting, or anyway watching, exultant and calm while the prisoner cursed, not toward him nor even just at him, but him, the ex-deputy, steadily and for perhaps a full minute, with harsh and obscene unimagination, then the ex-deputy speaking again rapid and peaceful and soothing: 'All right, all right. The reason was so that it could run, keep on running, keep on losing races at least, finish races at least even if it did have to run them on three legs, did run them on three legs because it was a giant and didn't need even three legs to run them on but only one with a hoof at the end to qualify as a horse. While they would have taken it back to the Kentucky farm and shut it up in a whorehouse where it wouldn't need any legs at all, not even a sling suspended from a travelling crane geared by machinery to the rhythm of ejaculation, since a skillful pander with a tin cup and a rubber glove'—exultant and quite calm, murmuring: 'Fathering colts forever more; they would have used its ballocks to geld its heart with for the rest of its life, except that you saved it because any man can be a father, but only the best, the brave—' and left in the middle of the spent dull repetitive cursing and from New Orleans the next morning sent back the best lawyer which even he, with all the vast scope of his family's political affiliations and his own semi-professional and social ones, could find—a lawyer whose like the little lost Missouri town had probably never seen before, nor anyone else for that matter, as having come four hundred miles to defend a nameless foreign horse thief—telling the lawyer what he had seen there: the curious, watching attitude of the town—

'A mob,' the lawyer said, with a sort of unction almost. 'It's a long time since I have coped with a mob.'

'No, no,' the client said quickly. 'They are just watching, waiting for something, I didn't have time to find out what.'

And the lawyer saw that too. He found more than that: arriving on the second morning after an all-night drive in his private chauffeured limousine, and within thirty minutes was on the telephone back to his client in New Orleans, because the man he had come to defend was gone, vanished, not escaped from the jail but freed from it, the lawyer sitting at the telephone where he could look out into the quiet square almost empty of movement, from which nobody watched him

now nor for that matter had ever actually looked at him, but where he was conscious of them—not so much the dour, slow-speaking, half-Western, half-Southern faces, but of the waiting, the attention.

And not only the white man, the two Negroes were gone too, the lawyer on the New Orleans telephone again that evening, not because it had taken him this long to learn these meagre details, but simply because he realized now that this was all he was going to find out here, by inquiry or purchase or just by simple listening, no matter how much longer he stayed, how the two Negroes had never reached the jail at all but had vanished apparently into thin air somewhere between it and the courthouse, where the ex-deputy's Federal successor had formally relinquished the three prisoners to the local sheriff; only the white man ever to reach the jail, because the ex-deputy had seen him there, and he gone too now, not even freed so much as just vanished, the lawyer discovering five minutes after his arrival that there was no prisoner, and at the end of thirty no felon, and by mid-afternoon no crime even, the body of the horse having vanished too some time during that first night, and nobody had moved it nor seen anyone moving it nor heard of anyone who might have moved it or in fact even knew that it was missing.

But the pursuit had long ago learned about all there was to know about those two weeks in the Eastern Tennessee valley last fall, and the ex-deputy had briefed the lawyer, and so to the lawyer there was no mystery about it; he had already divined the solution: there would be Masons in Missouri too—an opinion which the client in New Orleans didn't even bother to ignore, let alone acknowledge, not the ex-deputy's but the poet's voice actually babbling at his end of the wire while the lawyer was still talking:

'About the money,' the lawyer said. 'They searched him, of course—'

'All right, all right,' the ex-deputy said.—right perhaps, justice certainly, might not have prevailed, but something more important had—

'He had only ninety-four dollars and a few cents,' the lawyer said.

'The old Negro has got the rest of it in the tail of that frock-coat,' the ex-deputy said.—truth, love, sacrifice, and something else even

more important than they: some bond between or from man to his brother man stronger than even the golden shackles which coopered precariously his ramshackle earth—'

'I'll be damned,' the lawyer said. 'Of course that's where the money is. Why the hell I didn't—Hush, and listen to me a minute. There's nothing more I can do here, so I'm coming back to town as soon as they unlock the garage in the morning and I can get my car. But you are already on the scene, you can do it quicker than I can by telephone from here. Get in touch with your people and get notice spread up and down the valley as quick as you can—placards, descriptions of all three of them—'

'No,' the ex-deputy said. 'You must stay there. If anything further comes out of the charge, it will have to originate there. You must be there to protect him.'

'The only one who will need protection here is the first man who tries to lay a hand on the man who earned as much money as they believe he did, with nothing but his bare hands and a three-legged horse,' the lawyer said. 'He's a fool. If he had stayed here, he could have had the sheriff's badge without even running for it. But I can do everything necessary by telephone from my office until we catch them.'

'I said from the first that you didn't understand,' the ex-deputy said. 'No: that you still did not believe me, even after I tried to tell you. I don't want to find him—them. I had my turn at bat, and struck out. You stay there. That's what you are for,' the ex-deputy said, and hung up. Though still the lawyer didn't move, his end of the connection still open, the smoke from his cigar standing like a balanced pencil on a carven hand until the other New Orleans number answered and he spoke to his confidential clerk, describing the two Negroes, rapid and explicit and succinct:

'Cover all the river towns from St. Louis to Basin Street. Watch the cabin or stable or whatever it is in Lexington. Of course, if he doesn't go back home himself, he might try to send the child back.'

'You're in the middle of a pretty good place to look for him now,' the clerk said. 'If the sheriff there won't—'

'Listen to me,' the lawyer said. 'Listen carefully. He must not

reappear here under any condition. He must not be found at all until he can be picked up for something like vagrancy in some city big enough for nobody to know who he is, or care. Under no condition must he come into the clutches of any local officers in any town or hamlet small enough even to have heard of that three-legged horse, let alone seen it. Do you understand?'

A moment: then the clerk: 'So they really did win that much money.'

'Do as I tell you,' the lawyer said.

'Of course,' the clerk said. 'Only you're too late. The owner of the horse has already beat you. The police here have had that notice ever since yesterday, and I imagine the police everywhere have it by now—description, reward and all. They even know where the money is: in the tail-pocket of that preacher's coat the nigger wears. It's too bad every house he passes don't have a wireless, like ships do. Then he would know how valuable he is, and he would have something to trade with you on.'

'Do as I tell you,' the lawyer said; that was the second day; then the third day and the lawyer had established his headquarters or post of command in the judge's chambers next the courtroom in the courthouse, not by the consent or even acquiescence of the judge who was a circuit judge and merely followed the itinerary of his court and did not live in the town and was not even consulted, nor by the acquiescence of the town either but by its will, so that it did not even matter whether the judge was a Mason too or not; and in the barbershop that day the lawyer saw last night's St. Louis paper bearing something which even purported to be a photograph of the old Negro, with the usual description and even a guess at the amount of money in the tail of the frock-coat, the barber, busy with another client, having apparently glanced at least once at the lawyer where he stood looking at the paper, because the barber said, 'That many folks hunting for him ought to find him,' then silence and then a voice from the other end of the shop, speaking to nothing and no one and with no inflection: 'Several thousand dollars.'

Then the fourth day, when the Department of Justice investigator and the one from the sheriff's bonding company arrived (the first

St. Louis reporter had reached the scene one train ahead of the U.P. man from Little Rock) and from his high small quiet borrowed window the lawyer watched the two strangers and the sheriff and the two men who would be the sheriff's local bondsmen cross the square not to the front door of the bank but around to the discreet side one which led directly to the president's office; five minutes there, then out again, the two strangers stopping while the sheriff and the two local men scattered and vanished, the two strangers looking after them until the Federal man removed his hat and seemed to be studying the inside of it for a moment, a second. Then he turned briskly, leaving the bonding company's man still looking out across the square, and crossed to the hotel and entered it and reappeared with his strapped bag and sat down on the bench opposite the bus stop; and then the bonding company's man moved too and crossed to the hotel and reappeared with his bag.

Then the fifth day and the sixth and even the two reporters had returned to where they came from and there remained in the town no stranger save the lawyer; nor was he a stranger any more now, though he was never to know by what means the town had learned or divined that he was there not to prosecute but to shield; and at times during that idleness and waiting, he would imagine, envision himself actually in court with the man whom he had not only no expectation but even intention of ever seeing at all—a picture of himself not engaged in just one more monotonous legal victory, but as a —perhaps *the*—figure in a pageant which in reality would be an historical commemoration, in fact, even more than that: the affirmation of a creed, a belief, the declaration of an undying faith, the postulation of an invincible way of life: the loud strong voice of America itself out of the westward roar of the tremendous and battered yet indomitably virgin continent, where nothing save the vast unmoral sky limited what a man could try to do, nor even the sky limit his success and the adulation of his fellow man; even the defence he would employ would be in the old fine strong American tradition of rapine, its working precedent having been already established in this very—or anyway approximate—land by an older and more successful thief than any English groom or Negro preacher:

John Murrell himself, himself his own attorney: the rape was not a theft but merely a misdemeanor, since the placard offering the reward before the horse's demise had constituted a legal power of attorney authorizing any man's hand to the body of the horse, and its violation had been a simple breach of trust, the burden of the proof of which lay with the pursuers since they would have to prove that the man had not been trying simply to find the owner and restore him his property all the time.

This, out of daydream's idle unexpectation, because the lawyer did not really expect ever to see either of them, since the owner or the Federal Government would indubitably catch them first, right up to the morning of the seventh day when there was a knock at the jail's kitchen door—a knock not much louder than audibility, yet quite firm; and, firm, yet not at all peremptory: just polite, courteous and firm: a knock not often heard at the back door of a small Missouri jail, nor even quite at the back door of an Arkansas or Louisiana or Mississippi plantation house, where it might sooner have been at home, the turnkey's wife wiping her hands on her apron as she turned from the sink and opened the door on a middle-ageless Negro man in a worn brushed frock-coat and carrying a napless tophat, whom she did not recognize because she had not expected to see him there, possibly because he was alone, the boy, the child still standing five minutes later just inside the mouth of the alley beside the jail, where neither he nor the old one gave any sign of recognition whatever, although his grandfather—handcuffed now to the turnkey—actually brushed him in passing.

But her husband recognized him at once, not by the face, he scarcely glanced at that, but by the coat: the worn dusty broadcloth garment which—not the man but the coat, and not even the whole coat but the elbow-deep, suitcase-roomy tails of it—the county and state police of five contiguous commonwealths had been blocking roads and searching farm wagons and automobiles and freight trains and the Jim Crow cars of passenger ones, and charging in pairs and threes with shotguns and drawn pistols through the pool halls and burial associations and the kitchens and bedrooms of Negro tenements for sixty-five hours now, trying to find. As did the town too:

he turnkey and his shackled prize had scarcely left the jail before they egan to gather behind them a growing tail of men and youths and mall boys like that of a rising kite, which in the street leading to the quare the turnkey could still tell himself that he was leading, and which while crossing the square toward the courthouse he even still ooked as if he was, walking faster and faster, almost dragging the risoner at the other end of the chain joining them, until at last he roke and even took one step actually running before he stopped and urned to face the pressing crowd, drawing the pistol from its holster ll in one blind motion like the hopeless and furious repudiation of the oy turning, once more whole, stainless and absolved, to hurl his toy istol into the very face of the charging elephant, victim no more of error but of pride, and cried in a thin forlorn voice which itself was ike the manless voice of a boy:

'Stop, men! This hyer's the Law!'—who, without doubt if they ad run at him, would have stood his ground, still holding the pistol which he had not and would not even cock, dying without a struggle eneath the trampling feet in that one last high second of his badge nd warrant—a small, mild, ordinary man whom you have seen in is ten thousands walking the streets of little American towns, and ome not so little either, not just in the vast central valley but on the astern and western watersheds and the high mountain plateaus too, who had received his job and office out of that inexhaustible reservoir f nepotism from which, during the hundred-odd years since the epublic's founding, almost that many millions of its children had eceived not just their daily bread but a little something over for Saturday and Christmas too, since, coeval with the republic, it was ne of the prime foundations—in this case, from the current sheriff, whose remote kinswoman, to his unending surprise and unbelief even en years afterward, the turnkey had somehow managed to marry—a man so quiet so mild and so ordinary that none remarked the manner in which he accepted and affirmed the oath when sworn into is office: merely somebody else's nameless and unknown cousin by lood or maybe just marriage, promising to be as brave and honest nd loyal as anyone could or should expect for the pay he would eceive during the next four years in a position he would lose the day

the sheriff went out of office, turning to meet his one high momen
as the male mayfly concentrates his whole one day of life in the on
evening act of procreation and then relinquishes it. But the crowd
was not running at him: only walking, and that only because he wa
between them and the courthouse, checking for an instant at sight o
the drawn pistol, until a voice said: 'Take that thing away from him
before he hurts somebody:' and they did: a hand, not ungently no
even unkindly, wrenching the pistol firmly from him, the crowd
moving again, converging on him, the same voice, not impatient so
much as irascible, speaking to him by name this time:

'Gwan, Irey. Get out of the sun': so that, turning again, the turn-
key faced merely another gambit, he must choose all over again
either to acquiesce forevermore to man or sever himself forevermor
from the human race by the act—getting either himself or th
prisoner free from one end or the other of the steel chain joining
them—which would enable him to flee. Or not flee, not flight; wh
to dispute the moment's heroic image even in that last second: n
puny fumbling with a blind mechanical insentient key, but instea
one single lightning-stroke of sword or scimitar across the betrayin
wrist, and then running, the scarlet-spurting stump inevictably alo
like an unbowed pennon's staff or the undefeated lance's headle
shank, not even in adjuration but in abdication of all man and h
corruption.

But there was not even time for that; his only choice was again
being trampled as, shoulder to shoulder now with his captive and,
anything slightly behind him, they moved on in the center of th
crowd, across the square and into the courthouse, a firm hand no
grasping him above the elbow and thrusting him firmly on exactly
he had nightly dreamed ever since he assumed his office of himself
the act of doing, as soon as he found a felon either small enough
mild enough to permit him, through the corridor and up the stairs
the judge's chambers, where the New Orleans lawyer gave one sta
of outrage then of astonishment and then the infinitesimal flick
which never reached his face at all nor even his eyes, until the sam
calm merely irascible voice said, 'This aint big enough. We'll u
the courtroom,' and he (the lawyer) was moving too, the three

them now—himself, the turnkey and the prisoner like three hencoops on a flood—filling the little room with a sibilant sound as though all the ghosts of Coke upon Littleton upon Blackstone upon Napoleon upon Julius Caesar had started up and back in one inextricable rustle, one aghast and dusty cry, and through the opposite door into the courtroom itself, where suddenly the lawyer was not only himself free of the crowd, he had managed (quite skillfully for all his bulk: a man not only tall but big, in rich dark broadcloth and an immaculate piqué waistcoat and a black cravat bearing a single pearl like the egg of a celestial humming bird) to extricate the turnkey and the prisoner too, in the same motion kneeing the swing gate in the low railing enclosing Bench and witness stand and jury box and counsels' tables, and thrust the other two through it and followed and let the gate swing back while the crowd itself poured on into the auditorium.

People were entering now not only through the judge's chambers but through the main doors at the back too, not just men and boys now but women also—young girls who already at eight and nine in the morning had been drinking Coca-Cola in the drugstores, and housewives testing meat and cabbages in the groceries and markets, or matching scraps of lace and buttons over drygoods counters—until not just the town but the county itself, all of which had probably seen the three-legged horse run, and most of which had contributed at least one or two each of the dollars (by now the total had reached the thirty thousands) which the two men had won and which the old Negro preacher had escaped with and indubitably concealed—seemed to be converging steadily into the courthouse, ringing with unhurried thunder the corridor and stairs and the cavernous courtroom itself, filling row by row the hard pewlike wooden benches until the last reverberation faded behind the cool frantic pulsing of pigeons in the clock tower on the roof and the brittle chitter and rattle of sparrows in the sycamores and locusts in the yard, and the calm merely irascible voice said—and not from behind any face but as though no one man spoke but rather the room itself: 'All right, Mister. Commence.'

And, standing with his prize behind the railing's flimsy sanctuary, bayed, trapped in fact, between the little wooden barrier which a

child could step over in one stride like a degree of latitude or of honesty, and the sacred dais to which, even before he saw it, he had already lost his appeal, not alone except for his two companions nor even despite them, but in fact because of them, for a moment yet the lawyer watched Man pouring steadily into the tabernacle, the shrine itself, of his last tribal mysteries, entering it without temerity or challenge, because why not? it was his, he had decreed it, built it, sweated it up: not out of any particular need nor any long agony of hope, because he was not aware of any lack or long history of agony or that he participated in any long chronicle of frustrated yearning, but because he wanted it, could afford it, or anyway was going to have it whether he could afford it or not: to be no symbol nor cradle nor any mammalian apex, harbor where the incredible cockleshell of his invincible dream made soundings at last from the chartless latitudes of his lost beginnings and where, like that of the enduring sea, the voice of his affirmation roared murmuring home to the atoll-dais of his unanimity where no mere petty right, but blind justice itself reigned ruthless and inattentive amid the deathless smells of his victories: his stale tobacco spit and his sweat. Because to begin with he was not *he* but *they*, and *they* only by electing to be, because what he actually was, was *I* and in the first place he was not a mammal and as for his chartless latitudes, he not only knew exactly where he came from six thousand years ago, but that in three score and ten or there abouts he was going back there; and as for affirmation, the mark of a free man was his right to say *no* for no other reason except *no*, which answered for the unanimity too; and the floor was his because he had built it, paid for it, and who could spit on it if not he. And perhaps the lawyer had even read Dickens and Hugo once long ago when he was a young man, looking now across the flimsy barrier into no brick-and-plaster barn built yesterday by the God-fearing grandfathers of other orderly and decorous and God-fearing Missouri farmers, but back a hundred years into the stone hall older than Orleans or Capet or Charlemagne, filled with the wooden sabots until yesterday reeking with plowed land and manure, which had stained and fouled the trampled silks and lilies which had lasted a thousand years and were to have endured ten thousand more; and the caps of Mediterranean

fishermen, and the smocks of cobblers and porters and road-menders stiffening with the crimson smears of the hands which had rent and cast down the silks and the lilies, looking out at them not even with mere awe and respect, not a lone alarm, but with triumph and pride: pride in the triumph of man, and that out of all his kind, time and geography had matched him with this hour:—America, the United States in this April of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fourteen, where man had had a hundred and forty years in which to become so used to liberty that the simple unchallenged right to attend its ordered and regimented charades sufficed to keep him quiet and content; looking out at them a moment longer, then he turned and struck the handcuffs a sharp and almost musical blow and thundered down at the turnkey:

'What does this mean? Don't you know that no man shall be put twice in the same jeopardy?' then turned again and spoke into the room in that same voice like the rich snore of an organ: 'This man has been illegally arrested. The law compels his right to consult a lawyer. We will recess for ten minutes,' and turned again and opened the gate in the railing this time by thrusting the other two through it and on ahead of him toward the door to the judge's chambers, not even looking back as five men rose at the back of the room and went out through the main doors, and thrust the Negro and the turnkey into the judge's chambers and followed and shut the door and—the turnkey told this afterward—without even stopping, went on to the opposite door and opened it and was already standing in it when the five men from the courtroom came around the corner.

'Five minutes, gentlemen,' the lawyer said. 'Then we will resume in the courtroom,' and closed the door and came back to where the turnkey and the Negro stood. But he didn't even look at the Negro; and the turnkey, spent, exhausted, almost comatose from courage and excitement, discovered, realized with a kind of outraged unbelief that the lawyer, who had voluntarily given himself only ten minutes to do whatever he intended to do, was apparently going to use up some of them smoking, watching the lawyer produce the cigar from an upper pocket of the white vest which looked as if it had come

right out from under the washerwoman's smoothing-iron five minutes ago—a pocket which contained three more just like it. Then the turnkey recognised its brand and therefore its cost—one dollar—because he had owned one once (and on the following Sunday morning smoked it) through the mistake of a stranger under the impression that it was the sheriff who had married his, the turnkey's, sister instead of he who had married the sheriff's brother's wife's niece, recognised it with grief and outrage too, the same thing happening again but this time a thousand times worse: the man who gave him the other cigar had asked nothing of him, whereas he knew now and at last what the lawyer wanted, was after, had been after all the while, setting the price of his, the turnkey's, corruption at that of one-dollar cigar: this was the forty thousand dollars which the nigger had escaped with and hidden so good that even the Federal Government couldn't find it. Then the grief and outrage was not even outrage, let alone grief; it was triumph and pride and even joy too, since not only had the lawyer already lost even before he laid eyes on the nigger, he (the lawyer) wasn't even going to find it out until he (the turnkey) got good and ready to tell him, waiting for the lawyer to speak first, with no organ in the voice either now, which instead was as hard and calm and cold and vacant of trash as that of his wife's uncle-by-marriage:

'You've got to get him out of town. It's your only chance.' And maybe his (the turnkey's) voice wasn't too calm and maybe to a big-city lawyer it didn't sound too hard either. But even one as big as this one could have heard the finality in it and, if he listened, the scorn and the contempt and the pleasure too:

'I can think of another. In fact, I'm fixing right now to take it.' Then to the nigger: 'Come on': already moving toward the corridor door, drawing the nigger after him, and already reaching from the snap on his belt the ring containing the handcuff key. 'You're thinking of that money. I aint. Because it aint mine to think about. It's his, half of it, that is; whether or not a nigger aint got any business with half of forty thousand dollars aint none of my business nor yours neither. And soon as I unlock these handcuffs, he can go and get it,' and turned the knob and had opened the door when the voice

topped him—the hard calm not even loud voice behind him sound-
ng like somebody dropping pebbles into a churn:

'Neither am I. Because there's not any money. I'm not even
hinking about you. I'm thinking about your bondsmen': and (the
urnkey) heard the match and turned in time to watch the flame's
unchy squat at the drawing cigar's tip and the first pale puff of
moke hiding for an instant the lawyer's face.

'That's all right too,' the turnkey said. 'I been living in the jail
wo years already. So I won't even have to move. I expect I can even
tand chain-gang work too.'

'Pah,' the lawyer said, not through smoke but in smoke, by
neans of smoke, the puff, the spurt, the pale rich costly balloon
ursting, vanishing, leaving the hard calm not loud word as durable
nd single as a piece of gravel or a buckshot: 'When you arrested
nis man the second time, you broke the law. As soon as you turn him
oose, he won't have to hunt for a lawyer because there are probably
dozen of them from Memphis and Saint Louis and Little Rock
vaiting down there in the yard now, just hoping you will have no
nore sense than to turn him loose. They're not going to put you in
il. They're not even going to sue you. Because you haven't got any
noney or know where any is, any more than this nigger does. They're
oing to sue your bondsmen—whoever they were and whatever it
vas they thought you could do for them—and your—what is it?
rother-in-law?—the sheriff.'

'They were my—' he started to say kinsmen, but they were not,
ney were his wife's kinsmen; he had plenty of his own, but none of
nem—or all of them together, for that matter—had enough money
a bank anywhere to guarantee a bond. Then he started to say
iends, but they were his wife's family's friends too. But then it didn't
natter what he said, because the voice had already read his mind:

'—which makes it harder; you might leave your own kinfolks
olding the sack, but these are the sheriff's friends and you've got to
eep in the same bed with his niece every night.' Which was wrong
oo, since three years and two months and thirteen nights ago now,
ut that didn't matter either, the cigar smoking in the judge's ashtray
ow, and the voice: 'Come back here': and he returned, drawing

the Negro with him, until they stood facing the white vest with it loop of watch-chain like a section of gold plowtrace, and the voice 'You've got to get him into a jail somewhere where they can hol him long enough for you to put a charge on him that the law wi accept. They can turn him loose the next day or the next minute they want to; all you want is to have him on record as having bee charged with a legal crime or misdemeanor by a legally qualifie officer of a legally constituted court, then when his lawyers sue you bondsmen for false arrest, they can tell them to go chase themselves.

'What charge?' the turnkey said.

'What's the next big jail from here? Not a county seat: a tow with at least five thousand people in it?' The turnkey told him. 'A right. Take him there. Take my car; it's in the hotel garage; I telephone my driver from here. Only, you'll—but surely I don't nee to tell you how to spirit a prisoner out of the clutches of a mob Which was true too, that was a part of the turnkey's dream too; h had planned it all, run it through his mind out to the last splendid ar victorious gesture, time and again since that moment two years a when he had laid his hand on the Book and sworn the oath, not th he really expected it to happen but to be prepared against th moment when he should be called upon to prove not merely his f ness for his office but his honor and courage as a man, by preservi and defending the integrity of his oath in the very face of them whose sufferance he held his office.

'Yes,' he said. 'Only—'

'All right,' the lawyer said. 'Unlock that damn thing. Here, g me the key': and took it from his hand and unlocked the handc and flung them onto the table, where they made again that fa musical note.

'Only—' the turnkey said again.

'Now go around by the corridor and shut the big door to courtroom and lock it on the outside.'

'That won't stop them—hold them—'

'Don't worry about them. I'll attend to that. Go on.'

'Yes,' he said, and turned, then stopped again. 'Wait. W about them fellows outside the door there?" For perhaps tw

three seconds the lawyer didn't say anything at all, and when he did speak, it was as though there was nobody else in the room, or in fact as though he was not even speaking aloud.

'Five men. And you a sworn officer of the law, armed. You might even draw your pistol. They're not dangerous, if you're careful.'

'Yes,' he said, and turned again and stopped again, not looking back: just stopping as he had turned. 'That charge.'

'Vagrancy,' the lawyer said.

'Vagrancy?' he said. 'A man owning half of forty-five thousand dollars?'

'Pah,' the lawyer said. 'He doesn't own half of anything, even one dollar. Go on.' But now it was he who didn't move; maybe he didn't look back, but he didn't move either, talking himself this time and calm enough too:

'Because this thing is all wrong. It's backwards. The law spirits a nigger prisoner out of jail and out of town, to protect him from a mob that wants to take him out and burn him. All these folks want to do is to set this one free.'

'Don't you think the law should cut both ways?' the lawyer said. 'Don't you think it should protect people who didn't steal forty-five thousand dollars too?'

'Yes,' the turnkey said; and now he looked at the lawyer, his hand on the doorknob again but not turning it yet. 'Only that ain't the question I want to ask anyway. And I reckon you got an answer to this one too and I hope it's a good one—' speaking calm and slow and clear himself too: 'This is all to it. I just take him to Blankton long enough to get a legal charge on the books. Then he can go.'

'Look at his face,' the lawyer said. 'He hasn't got any money. He doesn't even know where any is. Neither of them do, because there never was any and what little there might have been, that cockney swipe threw away long ago on whores and whisky.'

'You still ain't answered,' the turnkey said. 'As soon as the charge is on the books, he can go.'

'Yes,' the lawyer said. 'Lock the courtroom doors first. Then come back for the nigger.' Then the turnkey opened the door; the five men stood there but he didn't even falter: on through and past

them; then suddenly, instead of following the corridor to the courtroom's rear door as the lawyer had ordered him, he turned toward the stairs, moving fast now, not running: just moving fast, down the stairs and along the hall to the office of his wife's uncle-in-law, deserted now, and into the office, around the partition and straight to the drawer and opened it and without even faltering, took from beneath the mass of old discharged warrants and incomplete subpoenas and paper clips and rubber stamps and corroded pen points, the spare office pistol and slipped it into the empty holster and returned to the hall and mounted the opposite stairway which brought him to the main courtroom doors and drew them quietly to, even as a face, then three, then a dozen, turned to look at him, and turned the key in the lock and withdrew it and put it into his pocket, already hurrying again, even running now, back to the judge's chambers where the lawyer had put the receiver back on its hook and pushed the telephone away and reached for the cigar in the ashtray and actually looked for the first time at the Negro, drawing the cigar to life in one slow inhale-exhale and through the smoke for the first time examined the calm no-aged Roman senator's face framed in a narrow unclosed circlet of grizzled hair clasping the skull like a Caesar's laurels above the aged worn carefully brushed carefully mended frock coat, and then spoke, the two of them in succinct flat *poste-riposte* that was almost monotone:

'You haven't got any money, have you?'

'No.'

'You don't even know where any is, do you?'

'No.'

'Because there's not any. There never was. And even that little, your white bully boy threw away before you even saw it—'

'You're wrong. And you believe you're wrong too. Because I know—'

'All right. Maybe it was even a whole hundred dollars.'

'More than that.'

'More than thirty thousand dollars?' and only the faintest hesitation here; no faulting: only an interval: the voice still strong, still invincibly unshaken and unshakable:

'Yes.'

'How much more than thirty thousand dollars? . . . All right. How much more than a hundred dollars? . . . Did you ever have a hundred dollars? Ever see a hundred dollars? . . . All right. You know it's more than a hundred dollars, but you don't know how much more. Is that it?'

'Yes. But you don't need to worry—'

'And you came back to get your half of the hundred dollars anyway.'

'I came back to tell him good-bye before he goes back home.'

'Back home?' the lawyer said quickly. 'You mean, England? Did he tell you that?' and the other, insuperably calm, insuperably intractable:

'How could he told me? Because he wouldn't need to. When a man comes to the place where he ain't got anything left worth spending or losing, he always goes back home. But you don't need to worry, because I know what you're fixing to do: lock me up in the jail until he hears about it in the newspapers and comes back. And you're right, because that's what he'll do, because he needs me too. And you don't need to worry about how much money it is; it'll be enough for all the lawyers too.'

'Like the loaves and the fishes?' the lawyer said. But this time it was not an interval; there was no answer at all, serenely nothing, and the interval was the lawyer's to put an end to: 'So he's the one who needs you. Yet he's the one who has the forty thousand dollars. How can anyone with forty thousand dollars need you?' And again the interval, intractable and serene, again the lawyer's to break: 'Are you an ordained minister?'

'I don't know. I bears witness.'

'To what? God?'

'To man. God don't need me. I bears witness to Him of course, but my main witness is to man.'

'The most damning thing man could suffer would be a valid witness before God.'

'You're wrong there,' the Negro said. 'Man is full of sin and nature, and all he does don't bear looking at, and a heap of what he

says is a shame and a mawkery. But can't no witness hurt him. Some day something might beat him, but it won't be Satan,' and turned, both of them, at the sound of the door, and saw the turnkey inside the room, trying to hold the corridor door, braced against its slow remorseless movement until the yawn's full inswing dismissed him completely into the wall and the five men from the corridor entered, the lawyer already moving before they had got inside the room, crossing to the opposite courtroom door, saying over his shoulder: 'This way, gentlemen,' and opened the door and stood aside holding it: no gesture or motion commanding nor even peremptory as, docile and simultaneous as five sheep, they filed across the room after him like five of the identical targets—ducks or clay pipes or stars—traversing on their endless chain the lilliputian range of a shooting-gallery, and on through the door, the lawyer following on the last one's heels and saying over his shoulder to the turnkey or the Negro or perhaps both or perhaps neither: 'Five minutes,' and followed, on and then through the five men who had stopped, huddled, blocking the narrow passage as if they had walked full tilt, as into an invisible wall, into the room's massed and waiting expectation; and on through the swing gate into the enclosure, to stop facing the room in almost the same prints he had stood in ten minutes ago, solitary this time but anything but alone amid, against, as a frieze or tapestry, that titanic congeries of the long heroic roster who were the milestones of the rise of man—the giants who coerced compelled directed and, on occasion, actually led his myriad moil: Caesar and Christ, Bonaparte and Peter and Mazarin and Alexander, Genghis and Talleyrand and Warwick, Marlborough and Bryan, Bill Sunday, General Booth and Prester John, prince and bishop, Norman, dervish, plotter and khan, not for the power and glory nor even the aggrandisement; these were merely secondarily concomitant and even accidental; but for man: by putting some of him in one motion in one direction, by him of him and for him, to disjam the earth, get him for a little while at least out of his own way—standing there a moment, then two, then three, not accepting but compelling the entire blast of the cynosure as in the twilit room the mirror concentrates to itself all of light and all else owns visibility only at second hand; four then five then six

while breathed no sound no sigh no sound of breathing even save the watch-chain's golden sough and the thin insistent music of the pearl, still holding as in his palm like putty, the massed anonymity and the waiting as the sculptor holds for another moment yet the malleable obedient unimpatient clay, or the conductor across his balanced utensile hands the wand containing within its weightless pencil-gleam all the loud fury and love and anguish.

Then he moved his hand, feeling as he did so the whole vast weight of the watching and the attention concentrate in one beam upon it as the magician's hand compels, and took out the watch and snapped it open, seeing even as he calculated the elapsed creep of the hands, within the lid's mellow concavity as in the seer's crystal ball, the shadowy miniatures of the turnkey and the prisoner who should be well into the square by now and even perhaps already in the alley leading to the hotel garage; even at the moment there came into the room the rising roar of an automobile engine, then the sound of the car itself rushing fast into the square and across and out of it, rushing on at that contemptuous and reckless gait at which his insolent Negro driver always drove when, under his master's orders, the car contained passengers whom the driver considered beneath him or beneath the car's splendor—a swaggering demi-d'Artagnan of a mulatto murderer whom the lawyer had let remain in the penitentiary at hard labor for exactly one year and one day, as the handler wires the dead game bird to the neck of the disobedient hunting dog, then getting him out on parole, not that he (the lawyer) held any brief even for the murder of this particular woman, but because of the way it had been done; apparently with the razor already naked in his hand, the man had not driven the woman out of the cabin, but had simply harried and chivvied her through a scene which, as the lawyer imagined it, must have had the quality of ballet, until the woman broke and ran out of the house screaming into the moonlit lane, running without doubt toward the sanctuary of the white kitchen where she worked, until the man without haste overtook her, not to catch, grasp at her, but simply ran past her with one single neat surgeon-like back-handed slash of the razor, running into, then out of, the instant's immobility into which all motion flowed in one gesture of

formulated epicene, almost finicking, even niggardly fatal violence like the bullfighter's, the two of them running on side by side for two or three paces in the moonlight until the woman fell, the man not even spotted and the blade itself barely befouled, as if he had severed not a jugular but a scream and restored merely to the midnight, silence.

So the lawyer could have stopped now, with one word leaving them once more fixed, as with one twitch of his cape the espada does the bull, and walk again through the door to the judge's chambers and on to the hotel and pack and strap his bag. But he did not: who owed this little more, as the old pagan, before he quaffed it empty, tilted always from the goblet's brimming rim one splash at least upon the hearth, not to placate but simply in recognition of them who had matched him with his hour upon the earth; in one of the houses on one of the best streets in one of the most unassailable sections of New Orleans, he owned a picture, a painting, no copy but proved genuine and coveted, for which he had paid more than he liked to remember even though it had been validated by experts before he bought it and revalidated twice since and for which he had been twice offered half again what he had paid for it, and which he had not liked then and still didn't and was not even certain he knew what it meant, but which was his own now and so he didn't even have to pretend that he liked it, which—so he believed then, with more truth than any save himself knew—he affirmed to have bought for the sole purpose of not having to pretend that he liked it; one evening, alone in his study (wifeless and childless, in the house too save for the white-jacketed soft-footed not tamed but merely tractable mulatto murderer) suddenly he found himself looking at no static rectangle of disturbing Mediterranean blues and saffrons and ochres, nor even at the signboard affirming like a trumpet-blast the inevictable establishment in coeval space of the sum of his past—the house in its unimpeachable street, the membership in clubs some of whose doors were older than the state and behind which his father's name would, could, never have disturbed the air, and the cryptic numbers which opened his lock boxes and monotonous incrementation of his securities-lists—but instead was looking at the cognizance of his destiny like the wind-hard banner of

the old Norman earl beneath whose vast shadow not just bankers and politicians clicked and sprang nor governors and lieutenants blenched and trembled but at the groaning tables in whose kitchens and sculleries or even open courtyards and kennels daily sixty thousand who wore no swords and spurs and owned no surnames made the one last supreme sacrifice: the free gift of their pauperism, and (the lawyer) thought: *I didn't really earn this. I didn't have time. I didn't even need to earn it; man out of his boundless and incalculable folly foisted it on me before I even had time to resist him;* and closed the watch and put it back into the waistcoat pocket and then the voice, not even raised, murmurous, ventriloquial, sourceless, as though it were not even he but circumambience, the room, the high unsubstanced air itself somewhere about or among the soaring and shadowy cornices, not speaking to the faces but rather descending, not as sound but as benison, as light itself upon the docile, the enduring, the triumphing heads:

'Ladies, gentlemen—' then not louder: merely sharp peremptory and succinct, like the report of a small whip or a toy pistol: 'Democrats: On the fourth of November two years ago there rose from the ballot boxes of America the sun of a thousand years of peace and prosperity such as the world has never seen; on the fourth day of November two years from now, we will see it set again, if the octopus of Wall Street and the millionaire owners of New England factories have their way, waiting and watching their chance to erect once more the barricade of a Yankee tariff between the Southern farmer and the hungry factories and cheap labor of the old world in Europe already entered into its own millennium of peace and reason, freed at last after two thousand years of war and the fear of war, panting only to exchange at a price you can afford to accept, your wheat and corn and cotton for the manufactured goods necessary to your life and happiness and that of your children at a price you can afford to pay, affirming again that inalienable right decreed by our forefathers a hundred and twenty-six years ago of liberty and free trade: the right of man to sell the produce of his own sweat and labor wherever and whenever he wants to, without fear or favor of New York capitalists or New England factory owners already spending like water the money ground out of the child labor of their sweat-shops, to divert

to the farthest corners of the earth the just profits of your sweat and labor, so that not your wives and children, but those of African savages and heathen Chinese will have the good roads and the schools and the cream separators and the automobiles—' then already in motion before he stopped speaking, crossing rapidly to the gate in the railing as with one concerted unhaste the entire room stood up, not flowing so much as swaying toward the main doors at the back, since almost at once a voice said from the doors:

'Hit's locked,' the sway not even pausing, only reversing and becoming a flow: one murmurous hollow roaring of feet, not running: merely shuffling yet as the crowd flowed back toward and into the narrow passage leading to the judge's chambers, where the lawyer, passing rapidly through the swing gate, now stood between them and the door; and even as he thought, *My first mistake was moving* he made another.

'Stand back, men,' he said and even raised his hand, palm out, seeing, marking for the first time, faces, individual faces and eyes which least of all were those of individuals now, but rather one single face bearing steadily down on him and overwhelming him until suddenly he was moving backward: no shock, no concussion, but simply enclosed, accepted into one moving envelopment; he stumbled once but immediately what felt like a dozen quick firm impersonal hands steadied and even turned him and then checked him while others reached past him and opened the door to the judge's chambers, not flinging nor even sweeping him aside, but evacuating, voiding him back into the wall as the crowd flowed on across the little room to the opposite corridor door, already emptying the room before they had had time to fill it, so that he knew that the first ones out had gone around to the main courtroom doors and unlocked them, so that not only the corridor but the whole building was murmuring again with the hollow unhurried thunder of feet while he stood for a moment more against the wall with in the center of the once-immaculate waistcoat the print, not smeared: just blurred, not hurried, just firm and plain and light, of a hand.

And suddenly, in outrage and prescience, he started, actually sprang almost, already knowing what he would see before he reached

the window, looking through it down into the square where they had already halted, the turnkey already facing back toward the courthouse as he fumbled inside his coat; except there were three of them now and the lawyer thought, rapid, inattentive and with no surprise: *Oh yes, the child who rode the horse* and looked no more at the turnkey scrabbling clumsily beneath his coat-tail but watched instead the deliberate pour of the crowd from the courthouse portal, already spreading as it converged toward the three waiting figures like the remorseless unhurried flow of spilled ink across a table cloth, thinking (the lawyer) how only when he is mounted on something—anything, from a footstool through a horse or rostrum to a flagpole or a flying machine—is man vulnerable and familiar; that on his own feet and in motion, he is terrible; thinking with amazement and humility and pride too, how no mere immobile mass of him, no matter how large nor apparently doing or about to do no matter what, nor even the mass of him in motion mounted on something which, not he but it, was locomotive, but the mass of him moving of itself in one direction, toward one objective by means of his own frail clumsily jointed legs and feet—not Ghengis' bone horns nor Murat's bugles, let alone the golden voice of Demosthenes or Cicero, or the trumpet-blast of Paul or John Brown or Pitt or Calhoun or Daniel Webster, but the children dying of thirst amid Mesopotamian mirages and the wild men out of the northern woods who walked into Rome carrying even their houses on their backs and Moses' forty-year scavengers and the tall men carrying a rifle or an axe and a bag of beads who changed the color of the American race (and in the lawyer's own memory the last individual: cowboy who marked the whole of Western America with the ranging dung of his horse and the oxidizing hulls of his sardine and tomato cans, exterminated from the earth by a tide of men with wire-stretchers and pockets full of staples); thinking with pride and awe too, how threatful only in locomotion and dangerous only in silence; neither in lust nor appetite nor greed lay wombed the potency of his threat, but in silence and meditation: his ability to move *en masse* at his own impulse, and silence in which to fall into thought and then action as into an open manhole; with exultation too, since none knew this better than the lords proprietors

of his massed breathing, the hero-giant precentors of his seething soil who used his spendthrift potency in the very act of curbing and directing it, and ever had and ever would: in Detroit today an old-time bicycle-racer destined to be one of the world's giants, his very surname an adjectival noun in the world's mouth, who had already put half a continent on wheels by families, and in twenty-five more would have half a hemisphere on wheels individually and in a thousand would have already effaced the legs from a species just as the long-ago and doubtless at the time not-even-noticed switch of Cosmos drained the seas into continents and effaced the gills from their fish. But that was not yet; that would be peace, and to attain that, the silence must be conquered too: the silence in which man had space to think and in consequence act on what he believed he thought or thought he believed: the silence in which the crowd walked flowed steadily across the square toward the three waiting figures and out of which the turnkey cried in his thin high manless voice, dragging the new pistol in its turn from beneath his coat skirts:

'Stop, men! I'm going to count three!' and began to count: 'One —Two—' staring, even glaring at the faces which were not rushing at him nor did they even seem to walk at him, but rather tower down and over him, feeling again the pistol neither wrenched nor snatched but just wrung firmly from him and then other hands on him too. 'You durn fools!' he cried, struggling. But how say it? How tell them? You had to be honorable about money, no matter who had it; if you were not honorable about money pitying the weak did them no good because about all they got from you then was just pity. Besides, it was already too late to try to tell them, even if there had been no other reason, the firm, quite kind, almost gentle hands not only holding him up but even lifting, raising him, and then they were even carrying him as two kindless bachelors might carry a child between them, his feet remembering earth but no longer touching it; then raising him still further until he could see, between and past the heads and shoulders, the ringed circumference of faces still grim and never angry: just unanimous and attentive, and in the center of it the old Negro in the worn frock coat and the thin chocolate-colored adolescent boy with eyeballs of that pure incredible white

which Flemish painters knew how to grind; then the owner of the calm irascible voice spoke again and now for the first time the turnkey could see and recognize him: no lawyer or merchant or banker or any other civic leader, but himself a gambler who bucked from choice the toughest game of all: ownership of a small peripatetic sawmill where he had gone to work at the age of fifteen as the sole support of a widowed mother and three unmarried sisters, and now at forty owned the mill and a wife and two daughters and one granddaughter of his own, speaking at last into a silence in which there was not even the sound of breathing:

'How much did you and that fellow really win on that horse? A hundred dollars?'

'More,' the old Negro said.

'A thousand?'

'More than that': and now indeed there was no stir, no breath: only one vast suspension as if the whole bright April morning leaned:

'Was it forty thousand? . . . All right. Was it half of forty thousand? How much did you see? How much did you count? Can you count to a thousand dollars?'

'It was a heap,' the old Negro said, and now they breathed: one stir, one exhalation, one movement; the day, the morning once more relinquished, the voice its valedictory:

'There'll be a train at the depot in twenty-five minutes. You be on it when it leaves and don't come back. We don't like rich niggers here.'

Frederick Lewis Allen

THE BIG CHANGE IN SUBURBIA

Some trends and problems in American community life

Some thirty years ago—in the mid-nineteen-twenties—I built a house in the suburb of Scarsdale, nineteen miles north of New York. It was half a mile from the railroad station and virtually at the edge of the village; beyond it most of the dwellings were widely scattered. In my new house one could feel one was really living in the country, for one could look from the upper windows, through the treetops, over to a hillside of fields and big trees. But even before the end of the nineteen-twenties that view had been transformed: the hillside had become a real-estate development called Cotswold—a name given to it in deference to the romantic idea, so persuasive in those days, that at the end of the day a New Yorker could leave the sordid American commercial world and retreat to picturesque rural surroundings suggestive of the unspoiled Old World.

To the north and south of my house, in the mid-twenties, one could reach, within a few minutes' walk, considerable stretches of open countryside—to the south, a succession of big fields crossed by no road for a mile or so; to the north, a patch of woods of such size that one could almost think of it as a forest. These open tracts were, of course, limited in extent. If one kept on walking, one would come

to the ragged edge of another piece of Suburbia. Yet they gave the neighborhood a definitely rural air. A few months ago I revisited it. Most of the big fields to the south had been transformed into streets and houses, most of the woods to the north had likewise been invaded by the builder. And the largest remaining bit of woodland had just been selected as the site for a new high school for the fast-growing population.

During the latter nineteen-twenties, I spent a good part of my week-end time as an amateur ornithologist, and thus I became something of an authority on the wilder swamps and thickets of the surrounding territory. These old haunts of mine, too, I revisited recently. A stretch of fields and woods sloping down to a pond to the east of Scarsdale—a wild bit of land where I remember identifying a warbler new to me, and heard, for the first time in that vicinity, the lovely song of the olive-backed thrush—had long since become Wilmot Woods Colonial Village; and a tangle beside another pond, to the southwest of Scarsdale, had become Crestwood Lake Apartments. The road on which I built my house still has a semi-rural look; but it would be a good deal harder today to persuade anybody that it was situated in the country. For here as elsewhere the transformation of Suburbia has been unrelenting.

Not long ago the editors of *Fortune*, after elaborate and careful calculations, estimated that as many as nine million people have moved to the suburbs of American cities since 1947, and that as a result there are now thirty million suburbanites in the United States; a record number, and by a large margin. The growth of Suburbia, said the editors, "is portentous even in a country accustomed to talking of growth in superlatives."

The accuracy of their count may be open to challenge, but there can be little doubt that they put their finger on one of the major changes of our time, which seems destined to alter the face of the land and affect our national way of life for generations to come.

The editors of *Fortune* did not classify as suburbanites everybody who lives on the outskirts of our big cities, or their figures would have been much larger. They included only those who work in the city but "prefer to live where there is more open space": those who

are attempting to enjoy, if not the best of two worlds, something at least of the respective blessings of two worlds, the world of the city and the world of the country.

In our modern civilization, the metropolis is an almost irresistible magnet. For generations there has been a continuing drift of men and women from the countryside to the cities, and especially to the biggest ones. For the metropolis is where, by and large, the big money, the big decisions, and the big reputations are made. It is the nucleus of power. It is the place to go for shows, crowds, dazzle, and adventure. And so, decade after decade, it pulls toward it the restless, the ambitious, the energetic, the lovers of excitement, the young men and women who want to be at the center of things, where opportunity may be around the next corner and there is a feeling in the air that anything may happen. "Bam, whang, whang goes the drum, tootle-te-tootle the fife. Oh for a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!" And also, because of its very size and anonymity, it offers that comparative privacy which to some wears the face of loneliness, but to the independent-minded offers freedom to choose their own kind of living.

But likewise—and especially since the beginning of the automobile age—the metropolis has repelled a considerable number of those whom it drew to it: repelled them with its noise, soot, fumes, barren pavements, traffic tie-ups, nervous pressure, and inhuman dimensions, and especially with the apparent unsuitability of the life it imposes upon small children. It has not repelled many of these people all the way back to the countryside, for its magnetic power is too strong for that; what it has done has been to hold them within its sphere of influence like so many planets—or, more literally, to drive them part way out of town, to attempt to live *by* the city and yet *in* the country: to enjoy the power and glory of the city and yet at the same time, by daily travel, to enjoy quiet in place of its noise, clean fresh air and uninhibited sunshine in place of its soot and fumes, greenery and gardens in place of its barren pavements, living space in place of its congestion, peace in place of its nervous pressures, a neighborly village life in place of its vast anonymity, and an environment in which children will be able to work and play naturally.

Such a combination of contrasting values seems temptingly easy. Rapid transit systems, good commuter service on the railroads, and above all the automobile make it, for the time being, at least physically possible. But for his effort the commuter pays a high price—in fact, many prices.

The most obvious one is the sheer cost, in time and energy, of commuting, of repetitive, self-canceling travel. Suppose a man lives 25 miles from his office (not an excessive distance for a commuter): that means some 50 miles of travel a day, 250 miles a week, 12,000 miles a year—perhaps nearly half a million miles in a lifetime of commuting, without getting anywhere he has not been before. Or to put the cost in terms of time, a man who spends three hours a day in transit, over a period of forty years, will have devoted considerably more than three of those forty years to the mere business of getting there and back. He may have utilized much of this time in reading the paper, or looking over reports, or enjoying bridge games; but these are only mitigations of an interminable slavery to the 7:59 and the 5:25.

And there is a curious spiritual cost too in a life so strangely divided. He belongs to the city, but not quite; he is a non-resident, non-dues-paying, and therefore only partly responsible member. He belongs to his suburb, but only as a part-time person who spends the best of his daylight hours, and of his energies, in exile from it. As my wife once put it, his heart and his treasure are twenty miles apart. He becomes something like a split personality, playing one role by day and another at night and on the week ends.

And even his wife, though she may spend nearly all her time in the suburb, is subconsciously aware that during the day it is only half a community, an unnatural manless matriarchy. No wonder she busies herself furiously in organizations of all sorts, as if to rid herself of the frustrating feeling that the place where things are really going on is somewhere else, and that meanwhile she is condemned to play the part of a conscientious and hard-working waiting-room attendant.

Not only is the life of a suburban community out of balance during the day; there are respects in which it is likely to be out of balance all the time. Take, for instance, the make-up of its population. Usually young couples move to Suburbia after marriage—most likely when

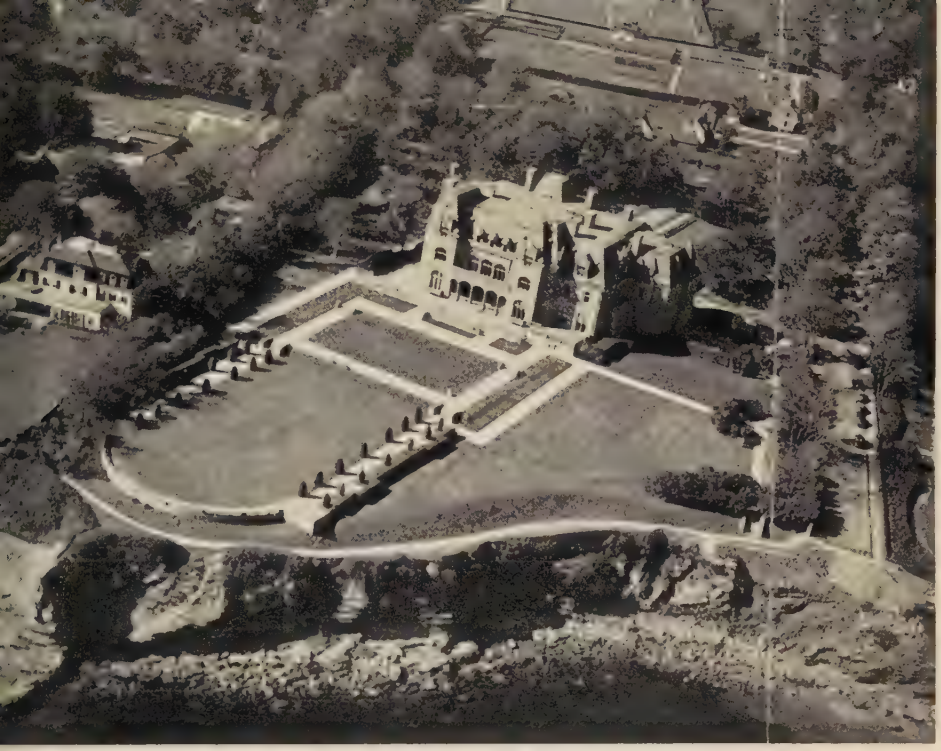
their first child approaches the active age and they are confronted with the problems of play-space and schooling. When the children are grown, the parents in some cases return to the city. If they do not their unmarried daughters seem more likely to remain with them than their sons. Perhaps, too, widows and divorcees are more likely to remain than their male equivalents. Anyhow, the result is likely to be a shortage of young and middle-aged males in Suburbia.

This, of course, is by no means a uniform phenomenon. A study of the 1950 population figures for the areas where the Census Bureau has broken them down by age groups shows no heavy preponderance of young women in some towns which had a considerable semi-independent life of their own before they attracted commuters in quantity. But in some of the long-established suburbs outside other cities the preponderance of young women is striking.

However, it is in some of the New York suburbs—prosperous communities which have been almost completely suburban in character for a generation or more—that the disparity in numbers between the young people of the two sexes is most acute. In Bronxville, for instance, according to the 1950 figures, women between 20 and 45 outnumbered men in the same age group almost three to two; in Scarsdale and Bedford, more than three to two; and there was actually one census tract in Scarsdale in which, between the ages of 20 and 45, there were 842 women to only 453 men!

Where, you may ask, are the men? Well, some are at college or doing graduate work; for the first time, the census of 1950 listed such people at their places of study rather than at their home addresses. Some are in the armed forces. Some are at work in far places, or in industrial areas; some simply prefer the independence of the city, though not in sufficient numbers to prevent women from outnumbering men in every one of the five boroughs of New York. In any case, the shortage of unmarried men in many a suburb produces a curious imbalance in its social life.

And in at least one other respect Suburbia is out of balance: it tends to bring together in large communities people of similar economic status, if not of similar occupation. Many things conspire to bring about this result: the mass-production principle in housing, which



A. Devaney, Inc., New York

A country estate built about 1900. Newport, Rhode Island

An English Tudor-style house for the commuter of the 1920's. Jamaica, New York

A. Devaney, Inc., New York

A. Devaney, Inc., New York

A small house near the city, in country which was once farmland. Lake Mohawk. New Jersey

An early development of singly built houses in a suburb of New York City

A. Devaney, Inc., New York

A. Devaney, Inc., New York

Heavy commuter traffic over the George Washington Bridge, leading to New York City

Mass-produced houses in a postwar development outside Boston, Massachusetts

A. Devaney, Inc., New York

A. Devaney, Inc., New York

Large parking areas adjacent to shops: a typical suburban shopping center near Wilmington, D

Factories beside a major highway in a rural district. Nutley, New Jersey

invites real-estate developers to make money by building a lot of similar houses which appeal to people in the same income bracket; zoning regulations;[1] and also, of course, the natural preference of most commuters, who feel more comfortable when surrounded by people of more or less similar status. We all enjoy, naturally, having the bulk of our intimate, day-to-day contacts with those who look at things with eyes like our own; but the tendency today to group together large numbers of people of the same economic status in housing projects, housing developments, and suburban areas insulates them from the problems and preferences of those in other sections of the population, and thus hinders that approach to the classless civilization which is such a source of American strength.

Another special characteristic of Suburbia is that the suburban region inevitably is always changing. Now, of course, change is everywhere in American life—in the city and in the countryside as well as in the suburb. But it is especially disturbing in Suburbia because in most cases the commuter chose his place of residence with a hopeful eye to peace, space, and stability, and all these values are threatened by the changes about him; and also, of course, because the transformation of Suburbia is so particularly rapid. Men and women who bought houses with delightful prospects over hill and dale find the prospects cut off by new housing developments; the grove of trees beyond the garden becomes Woodmere Acres or Colonial Estates. Men and women who wanted to live in a settled community find neighbors moving away and new ones coming in. Parents who join the Parent-Teacher Association and go diligently to school meetings, and who think before long that they are acquainted with the leading dramatis personae of the village disputes, discover, the next year, that a new group of people they've never heard of have organized a new attack upon the school problems. And the change is continuous and relentless. The more families flee the city for the deep tangled wildwood, the less deep, tangled, and wild does the wood become.

[1] Such regulations are set up by local governments for the purpose of defining various classes of residential, business, and industrial areas, or zones, in the community; and placing restrictions upon the utilization of space and light, the dimensions and types of buildings that may be erected in each particular zone.

No wonder the suburbanite embraces zoning regulations with all his heart. They represent, it is true, a kind of governmental interference with private enterprise which in another context he might regard with black disfavor; but in fact they appeal to the most conservative instincts in his nature, as protectors of the status quo. And it is fortunate that they do appeal to him; for zoning is one of the few effective instruments available to impose some sort of orderly restraint upon the otherwise disorderly growth of Suburbia.

Yet even zoning regulations cannot stop the influx of newcomers, though they can divert and channel it; and in one way or another the process of change continues, placing new and unexpected difficulties in the way of the family which moved out in the hope of being able to combine the opportunities of the city with the peace of the country.

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The headlong changes of today have had their antecedents. I think we may divide the story of Suburbia into five chapters—overlapping chapters, as we shall see.

The first chapter, or period, began late in the nineteenth century, when the number of year-round commuters first became considerable. Up to that time, many well-to-do people had had country places outside the city to which they repaired for at least part of the year, and of course some of them had had large estates in the outskirts; but it was not until the latter years of the century, generally speaking, that numerous people who had lived part of the year at, let us say, Milton outside Boston, or on the Main Line outside Philadelphia, or at Lake Forest, or at Webster Groves, began to remain in such places for the winter; that, contrariwise, the sons and daughters of the outlying villages began to take city jobs to which they traveled daily; and that the regular commuters, who chose to live "forty-five minutes from Broadway," invaded these outlying villages in such numbers as to give them a truly suburban quality. (The date was later for the younger cities than for the older ones, and in the case of both Los Angeles and Detroit the pattern—especially the subsequent pattern—was distorted: in Los Angeles several suburbs came to rival the city nucleus in importance, and in Detroit the

outlying industrial areas similarly became the tail that wagged the dog.)

This first period we might call the horse-and-buggy era of Suburbia, for the commuters were pretty well confined to the narrow belts of land within walking distance of railroad stations and trolley lines, except for those fortunate few who could afford a coachman to harness the horse and drive them to the station, and, after the turn of the century, those who could swing the cost of that unreliable luxury, the automobile.

The second chapter brought a striking change. It began at about the close of World War I—say about 1919 or 1920—and covered roughly the nineteen-twenties—the era of the automobile revolution, during which the number of cars registered in the United States, which had been less than 2½ million in 1915 and had increased to 9 million by 1920, took a leap all the way to 26½ million in 1930. When the automobile became something that almost anybody might own, and the open car gave way to the closed one which you could leave at the station in any weather, and there was a heavy spate of road-building and road-improving, all at once large areas of previously inaccessible land were opened up for suburban living. The subdivider appeared in force; farmer Jones's pasture was crisscrossed with paved streets to become Lakehurst Gardens; the short platform at the railroad station was lengthened, and lengthened yet again, to make room for the growing army of candidates for the 8:10 train; and community after community began the long stern chase to keep up with the parking problem. Many a town which had previously regarded itself as partly independent of the city suddenly found its original inhabitants outnumbered by the "city people," who—to the rage of these original inhabitants in some cases—captured control of the school systems and imposed new-fangled zoning regulations upon the community. Suburbia was growing at a headlong pace.

When the new commuters of the nineteen-twenties built houses, they tended to be romantic about it, and what their architects and builders produced for them was, by and large, eclectic: an English-type half-timbered house would rise alongside a Spanish villa, with

an American federal-type mansion or a Dutch colonial one cheek-by-jowl. Could the owners of those houses have better expressed their wish to get away, by night, from the ugliness of the commercial world that supported them by day, and to recapture gracious ways of living that they associated with English country houses, or European estates, or the mansions of an earlier, supposedly unspoiled America—with, of course, up-to-date plumbing?

In the minds of some of the commuters the suburban dream included something else, too; they wanted to be able to put their roots down. When a man built an ample English country house in an American suburb and carved the date 1922 over the front door, wasn't it part of his dream that he was founding an estate that would go down from generation to generation, without very much change in the surroundings? Yet already the automobile age was beginning to frustrate that dream, for every new subdivision that was opened up was destined to change those surroundings beyond repair.

After the panic of 1929 the process of change slowed down, and presently, as the Great Depression deepened, it came almost to a halt as we entered the third of our five periods, the fifteen-year period of Depression and World War II, which we might call the era of fringe development and of filling in the chinks. During the early nineteen-thirties the economic paralysis of the nation brought new building nearly to a standstill. During the latter nineteen-thirties there was considerable construction of modest houses and of suburban apartment houses (where these were permitted by zoning regulations); the more outlying parts of the cities themselves spread until the gaps between them and the more favored suburbs were almost closed; and there was continuing activity along those interurban highways which Lewis Mumford and Benton Mackaye once called "Roadtown," with their filling stations, used-car lots, hamburger stands, bar-and-grill joints, neon lights, and ramshackle dwellings. The government meanwhile poured money into the construction of majestic parkways, bridges, tunnels, trunk highways, and clover-leaf intersections. Then again the process of change was slowed by the wartime shortages of the early nineteen-forties, except where the government built clusters of war workers' housing. The net result was that

between 1930 and 1945 the change in Suburbia was less than sensational, and the growth of the suburban population just about kept pace with the growth of the population at large.

But since World War II the change has been swift. We have entered the fourth and fifth chapters of the history of Suburbia. These are overlapping chapters in point of time, but they represent two such strikingly different kinds of change that I should like to discuss them separately. Chapter IV is the postwar boom in housing for GI veterans[2] and other young families, which may have passed its peak though it is still continuing; Chapter V is the discovery of the suburbs by business, which began a long time ago but is now apparently just going into high gear.

The postwar boom in GI housing has been a nation-wide phenomenon, comprising developments both large and small; but to see it on the grand scale you should visit one of the new mass-produced suburbs such as Park Forest outside Chicago, or Lakewood outside Los Angeles, or Levittown, Long Island.[3] They are wholly astonishing places. Finding a large, almost unoccupied piece of land within striking distance of a city, the developer has built on it a whole town of very similar houses, applying the economies of mass production to the fierce demand for housing which was caused by the halt in building during the war and by the rising marriage and birth rates of the nineteen-forties. These suburbs were built for the young people of an intensely domestic generation, who want to have babies and take their parental duties seriously; who cannot afford servants but enjoy sharing the work in and about the house; who fully subscribe to the do-it-yourself credo of a generation of household tinkerers; and who subscribe equally fully to the current cult of informality, getting into slacks or shorts as soon as they reach the suburb and continuing to wear them until they leave for town.

These new towns have been laid out with a more thoughtful eye to the realities of the automobile age than most of their predecessors.

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[2] Under the GI Bills, the government of the United States guarantees and insures up to 60 per cent (with a limit of $7,500) of loans to Korean and World War II veterans for the purpose of buying or building homes.

[3] These have been described with such faithful care by W. H. Whyte, Jr., writing in *Fortune*, and by Harry Henderson, in *Harper's*, that I shall not attempt here a long account of them.

Levittown, for instance, has wide boulevards for through traffic, well separated from the houses, which stand along narrower, curving roads; the houses themselves are not severely crowded, having ample front grass-plots and room in the rear for gardens; and there is a commendable variety in exterior design and especially in texture and color, which mitigates the endless monotony of thousands upon thousands of basically similar houses on flat land.

The standard form of architecture in such developments is "ranch-type," of which the latest variant is "split-level"; they tend to be one-story or story-and-a-half houses, with agreeably long roof lines. One that I went through in an outlying part of New Rochelle, New York, was selling for $25,750, a rather high price for such communities (each of the houses in the Levittown, Long Island, development was sold for less than $10,000); it had, typically, a picture window for the living room, a dining area off the living room, a kitchen waiting for the latest mechanical equipment, and, up a few steps (above the garage), three bedrooms and two baths. The garage was built for two cars, not one. The walls were shingled, and prospective purchasers were informed that they might have "optional brick front on living-room panel."

To a visitor from another area, or from an early decade, such houses would seem very small but pleasantly simple and unpretentious, and extraordinarily mechanized; I noted that by paying $1,250 extra one could get the house I looked at fully air-conditioned. Physically, they represent a characteristically American response to an era of high building costs and abundant machinery; spiritually, they represent an abandonment of the dream of old-world charm that flourished in the twenties and of old-fashioned American cottage living that superseded it in the thirties.

Today's dream looks westward to California, and—even on Long Island—envisions a happy family in Technicolor slacks and Hawaiian shirts having a barbecue feast on the terrace, all smiling as in the latest ads.

These are very gregarious communities, in which people wander in and out of one another's houses without invitation, and organize themselves into everything from car pools to Parent-Teacher

Associations and hobby clubs of numerous sorts; and in which the churches are much more important institutions than anyone who was brought up in the twenties or thirties would have imagined they could be. Such gregarious communities are paradises for the well-adjusted; by the same token, they are less inviting to residents who prefer a modicum of seclusion and resist being expected to live up to —or down to—the Joneses. And they are not only built for people who, for the time being at least, are on one economic level—the incomes range mostly from $4,000 to $7,000 a year—but are occupied by people who, again for the time being, nearly all belong to the same age-group.

The passage of years will undoubtedly modify somewhat this latter peculiarity; but at present these new suburbs combine that segregation by income level, which I have already referred to as a somewhat dubious suburban tendency, with a segregation by age-group, which has become at least a temporary feature of much recent mass housing. A firm believer in diversity, who would like to see more, not less, mixing together on easy terms of people of different occupations and pre-occupations, must wonder if these larger new suburbs can escape being natural breeding grounds for conformity.

Simultaneously with the postwar boom in housing we have been witnessing another phenomenon which I call Chapter V of the story of Suburbia—the discovery of the suburbs by business.

Always, of course, suburbanites have been served by local markets, local grocery and supply stores, and other local enterprises for their day-to-day needs; but in earlier days they went to the city for their major purchases. In the nineteen-thirties, however, some of the principal department stores and luxury stores began to establish suburban branches to snare out-of-town shoppers in the neighborhoods of their own lairs. The movement became successful, was interrupted by World War II, and then was resumed at an even faster pace, especially in the New York area; so that as long ago as the end of 1951, when the Regional Plan Association compiled a list of suburban branch stores in the environs of New York, it was able to count as many as eighty—thirty of them in Westchester and Fairfield Counties, twenty-one in northern New Jersey, and twenty-nine on Long

Island. And presently the movement took on a new and portentous shape with the advent of regional shopping centers.

The idea of the regional shopping center has a complex ancestry. It owes much, for instance, to the experience of Sears Roebuck and Montgomery Ward with their outside-the-center-of-town retail stores, built in the nineteen-thirties, and to the success of small shopping centers in southern California, which had demonstrated that plenty of room to park was a better magnet for shoppers than proximity to the glitter—and congestion—of crowded urban centers. These successes led to the location of Bullock's department store at the edge of Pasadena, and to the building of the Crenshaw shopping center and others in the Los Angeles area. But as embodied at Shoppers' World near Framingham, outside Boston, and at Northgate outside Seattle, the regional shopping center is really something quite new: a group of stores, usually including one or more big department stores, situated all by themselves, remote from any city center—even sometimes in otherwise open country—but provided with convenient access from highways, very ample and convenient parking space, and facilities for rest and festivity. (Victor Gruen, one of the leading architects of regional shopping centers, has even suggested that they might include "greenhouses, play areas, band shells, outdoor theaters, outdoor fashion shows, miniature zoos, outdoor shows of painting and sculpture, flower shows, picnic grounds.")

By now the idea has become so epidemic that it would be wearisome to list all the regional shopping centers which are under construction or in contemplation outside one or another of our major cities. Suffice it to mention the biggest one in immediate prospect, which may have opened before these words are in print: Northland, outside Detroit. Its principal feature is a department store operated by the J. L. Hudson Company, but according to the plans, it will include also some seventy other stores, will cover in all over 450 acres, and will be able to park 7,000 cars.

Here, surely, is a revolutionary step toward that "urban decentralization" which the regional plan experts have been hopefully talking about for a generation. And now still another step, of another sort, is being taken, however uncertainly. Branch stores and shopping

centers represent service to the consumer who is supposed to be already there; but the movement of business headquarters to the suburbs is something else again. And this, too, is under way, especially in Westchester County outside New York, where the county association has reported that sixty-nine corporations, employing more than 20,000 persons, are establishing new buildings in the area.

Here again there are precedents for what is happening. There have always been major businesses which did not think it necessary to place their focus of operations in a big city. Nevertheless it is news when such a big national outfit as the General Foods Corporation decides to move its headquarters—with 1,200 people—from New York to White Plains, twenty-three miles to the north; when the American Telephone Company decides that its long-distance lines shall be managed from White Plains; when Union Carbide & Carbon at least acquires land for a move, even though the move is now stalled; when General Electric buys a tract of territory north of White Plains; and when a long list of other concerns of varying sizes are either planning to settle in Westchester or are flirting with the idea.

Drive east from White Plains toward Port Chester along Westchester Avenue and you can see the portents of the change. On your right, on a hillside, stands the severe brick triple building which will house General Foods. Along the way, in the woods of the former Whitelaw Reid estate, the trucks roll in with materials for the rising headquarters of Allstate Insurance; and deeper in those woods we are told that we may find, later, the central offices of Standard Vacuum Oil Company.

How far will this new movement go? That is anybody's guess. Clearly a move to a suburban location would be folly for a business whose chief officials need to be in frequent contact with bankers, lawyers, advertising agencies, news sources, buyers, or other visitors to the metropolitan crossroads. (Clearly, too, the movement is so young that some of the problems which will emerge cannot now be envisioned; some of the social problems for the personnel, for instance, such as the marriage prospects for young women employees in regions where there may be shortages of eligible men.) But there are

types of concerns which do not need to live at the crossroads—such as experimental laboratories, which may need to receive only occasional contracts, or insurance companies, which build their businesses largely through agents. For such concerns the potential advantages are clear: clean air, light, quiet and agreeable places to live within easy motoring distance. And in the thinking of some executives, comparative safety from atomic bombing is an undeniable element. Guess as you will about the future of this trend; I would venture to say only that I think it is more likely to continue than to come to an early end.

There you have the first five chapters of the story of Suburbia: first, the horse-and-buggy era of settlements along the railroads and trolley lines; second, the opening of new areas by the automobile revolution of the nineteen-twenties; third, the era of fringe development and filling in the chinks during the thirties and early forties; fourth, the postwar era of mass-produced housing for young couples; and fifth, the discovery of the suburbs for business, branch stores, regional shopping centers, and business headquarters.

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These latter changes, since 1945, are bringing about, at full gallop, a transformation which is bound to alter profoundly the living conditions of those who now inhabit the suburbs, and even to affect strikingly all the rest of us wherever we may live. What shape is this transformation likely to take? What does the prospect demand of us right now?

One conclusion seems inescapable. The days are passing (if indeed they are not already past) when one could think of a suburban town outside one of our great cities as a village in the country. It would be much wiser today to think of it as a more or less comfortably spaced residential area—or residential and business area—within the greater metropolis.

Not only is the countryside which used to surround many of our suburbs getting built up, as the edges of the various suburban developments meet; but the nature of the present changes almost inevitably accelerates the metropolitan process. For it is worth noting that the

builder of mass-produced suburbs, and the builders of regional shopping centers, and at least some of the transplanters of business headquarters, have one striking thing in common. *They are all looking for large tracts of open country.* And so they are likely to occupy, and metropolitanize, many if not most of the remaining groves and fields which have given the outskirts of our cities the aspect of a countryside.

Nor is this all. For today almost everything that is built outside the central cores of our cities requires much more space than it used to. The reason can be very simply stated. These things are built for the automobile age, and the private passenger car is an inordinate consumer of space—horizontal space.

Think of its various requirements. It needs a place to sit at night. It needs a place to park by the railroad station if its owner is a commuter who takes the train to town. It needs a place to park near his office if he drives all the way to work. It needs further places to park while its occupant is shopping, or visiting, or playing; and, of course, enough room on the roads to get from one place to the next. And although naturally no single car is occupying more than one of these positions at a time, it may need to occupy several of them during a single day, very likely at the same time when other cars will be on similar errands. And since the builders of parking lots want to be able to take care of a peak load, the amount of space required adds up to a big total. I have been told that in an untended parking lot each car needs 330 square feet—which includes, of course, not only the space on which it will sit, but its share of the necessary aisles and entrance and exit areas. Perhaps we could make a wild guess that for every private car several times that space is required to provide for its several employments.

The results are visible all about us. The modern factory is no longer, typically, a high building on a city street, which its employees reach by trolley or bus or on foot. Instead, it is a wide-spreading one-story building—preferably outside the city—which must have big parking lots where employees may leave their cars. (One-story factories are preferred because automotive machines, like fork-lift trucks, are in increasing use and operate best on one level; here again the motor age spreads things out.)

The regional shopping center likewise needs immense room—at least two or three square feet of parking space for every square foot of shopping space, it is said, and preferably as much as five to one. The Northland center outside Detroit provides parking room for 7,000 cars, and, as we have seen, was planned to occupy no less than 450 acres—over two-thirds of a square mile! And even these computations do not take into account the need for broadening the roads along which people drive to a popular shopping center. Imagine two or three thousand cars all trying to leave the place at closing time, and you will get some idea of the traffic which those neighboring roads will have to handle.

Furthermore, a business which moves its headquarters to Suburbia will make multiple demands for space. For not only must the company, in order to justify its choice of a suburban location, provide for the parking of its employees' cars: a great many of these employees will feel cheated if they have to live in apartments, as they cheerfully would in the metropolis; and if there are 1,200 of them, as there will be working in the new headquarters of General Foods at White Plains, they are bound to look for a great many acres to live on.

In addition, as the countryside is built up, new parkways, turnpikes, or thruways must be constructed to provide for the through traffic, and these, again, eat up land. The next time you drive along such a super-highway, note the width of the belt of land it occupies, and the prodigious dimensions of a clover-leaf intersection for high-speed traffic. And reflect, too, on the fact that the airplane also wants much room: airports are getting bigger and bigger, and although heliports will be of much more modest dimensions, the helicopter must have a good many places to sit down if it is to live up to its promise as an aircraft for short hauls.

All this means that when we design things for the automobile age our open spaces are gobbled up at a rate which has no precedent in history. From Bridgeport in Connecticut to Wilmington in Delaware, for instance, there is scarcely a break in the industrial and residental mass—an area that comprises the great cities of New York and Philadelphia, to say nothing of lesser cities like Trenton, Passaic Yonkers, etc. The people who still live in the fairly rural areas—in

the University town of Princeton, for example, with a new Studebaker automotive plant three miles south of New Brunswick and a new steel mill in Morrisville—feel the metropolis closing in on them from all sides. And it would be a grave mistake to think of the metropolitanizing of Suburbia as a phenomenon confined to the outskirts of a few big cities, mostly on the Atlantic seaboard. What is happening outside New York and Philadelphia offers a preview of what is likely to happen, in one way or another, outside Cincinnati and St. Louis and Kansas City, and has its lessons likewise for Des Moines and Denver. The people who live in and about these smaller cities have a little more time to decide how to control the metropolitanizing process than have the people of Westchester County, New York, or Fairfield County, Connecticut, or Chester County, Pennsylvania; but none too much time.

To the suburbanites of today, the changes taking place offer an alarming prospect. For the great majority of them chose their places of residence in the hope of being able to work in the city and yet live a village life in the country, under stable circumstances. From almost the moment when they moved into their suburban houses they must have realized that they had involved themselves in a process of change that would continue almost uncontrollably. They might be able to divert it somewhat by zoning ordinances—but even so, before long, the open field would become Cotswold, the distant hill would become Edgemere Estates, and a gash would be cut through the valley below them to provide a new super-highway.

So frustrating is this process to dreams of rural peace that most suburbanites hate to look ahead and envision the future; they can hardly help wishing that time would stand still. (Is it possible that the political conservatism of most suburban communities is related to this fear of what the future may bring?) But if the commuter can bear to project ahead for as short a period as ten years the present curves of population growth and business expansion in our metropolitan regions, he will realize the trap he is caught in. And if he projects these curves ahead for twenty years, or fifty, or a hundred, he will see the suburban crisis in an even more disturbing dimension.

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What can be done to make the future of the regions outside our great cities promising rather than alarming? First, a cheerful note. There may be some positive advantages to Suburbia in becoming a part of the greater metropolis.

I have already discussed the curious division in present-day suburban life—the fact that the breadwinner only partly belongs to the suburban community, and that during the day the suburb is only half a community, a manless matriarchy. I have discussed, too, the odd imbalance which one is likely to find in its population—the shortage of young men, for instance, which comes about because the unattached males shun Suburbia.

Is it not possible that as more businesses move out of the city, and an increasing number of the residents of a given suburb can work somewhere in the vicinity—or at any rate commute in directions other than toward the center of the city—this suburb may become less a half-community than it has been, less a dormitory for the big town? Some of the glamour of the city would attach itself to the outlying nuclei of authority and decision. The unattached young man of a family in Bedford, New York, might be more inclined than he is now to live in the vicinity, if he and some of his friends worked in White Plains or Brewster or Danbury. He might no longer feel that Manhattan was the center of his world; and the social life of the suburb might come to consist less preponderantly of gatherings of married couples (after a desperate search for an extra male to sit next to Miss Jones).

And then there is the question of the present trend, in Suburbia, toward massing together people of the same age-group and economic status. It may continue; but surely it is possible that some future real-estate developers may discover that the economies of mass production do not require the construction of row upon row of dwellings of almost identical size and character—and that a community which includes a diversity of people, with different kinds and degrees of fortune, may be livelier and more productive than a standardized one.

Last December, Henry Fagin, Planning Director of the Regional

Plan Association, speaking in Greenwich, Connecticut, described the contrast between the zoning regulations of Pound Ridge and of Bedford, two neighboring suburbs just over the New York State line. In almost all of Pound Ridge, said Mr. Fagin, the zoning regulations are uniform, requiring two acres of land per house—a requirement which tends to gather in the town people of similar means and outlook. It also tends to drive away old people, because the regulations forbid "lot sizes small enough for very old people to tend." In Bedford, by contrast, the regulations permit close development in a few unincorporated hamlets, and require more land per house in other areas—no less than four acres per house in some of them. Mr. Fagin carefully refrained from saying which arrangement he would recommend; but surely anyone who regards diversity as an essential element in American life must hope that as our suburbs grow, they may absorb a variety of people doing a variety of things and living in a variety of ways.

I should like to see, here and there, clusters of office buildings—the larger ones separated from the old towns, so as to provide them with ample space; clusters of small houses of various sizes and kinds; larger houses—but each, preferably, with acreage of its own. Above all, there should be large open areas, in order that the new Suburbia—however important and exciting is the life lived in it—may not lose the last vestiges of that rural character which attracted people to it in the first place.

But this will require bold planning, and bold planning is not easy. In the studies I have made of the changing conditions of American life over the past few decades, I have been repeatedly struck by the lag in preparing for the future which one finds in community after community. The leading citizens of a town go on ridiculing the idea of public playgrounds, and insisting that every good American boy should get his recreation in the open fields and at the old swimming hole, for about a generation after the fields have been occupied by factories and the swimming holes have been defiled by industrial waste. Cities and towns add reluctantly and meagerly to the available parking space, as though this year's traffic jam were something exceptional and would not be exceeded by next year's and that of the year

after, in continuous progression. Few public officials are able to think so far ahead.

Bold planning is difficult for other reasons, too. One is that the outcry for any long-range plan is never half so loud as the yells of protest against it from those who will be hurt. And there is no plan, however sound, that will not hurt somebody—penalize his real-estate investment, ruin his dream of breaking his property into remunerative lots, cut a new highway right across his view.

Still another difficulty is that it is hard to find a public agency which is in a position to do long-range planning with due responsibility to the people affected. Zoning, in most instances, is in the charge of city and town and village governments. Even the wisest of these find it hard to strike a balance between the wishes of the local businessmen who would like to see more businesses admitted, and the wishes of the commuting residents who would like to shunt business elsewhere. They rarely face up to an even thornier question: how will this or that zoning plan affect the destinies of the wider area of which this city or town is only a fraction?

In some parts of the country the county government is in a position to build highways, acquire park land, and in other ways engage in long-range planning. In other regions—as, for example, nearly all of New England—it wields no such authority. Under some circumstances the state government is the only logical agency empowered to make and enforce plans. Where the problem overruns state lines—as in the New York area—it has been suggested that some interstate body should be given the requisite power. And in a report on atomic defense by the group of men who worked on "Project East River," it was even suggested that—since the dispersal of industry is a national concern—the federal government should take at least a financial hand in deciding where businesses and industries should go.

Meanwhile, we face the hard fact that our existing governmental agencies are ill-adapted to the planning problem that confronts us. If any one of them grapples with it, it is pretty sure to be accused of being high-handed; and there is always the danger that it will indeed be high-handed. To cope with the problem boldly and yet responsibly will require statecraft of a high order.

Yet the inescapable lesson of what is happening, it seems to me, is this. If we are to prevent an indefinite, higgledy-piggledy extension of what Paul Windels has called "the great metropolitan sprawl"—if we are to prevent once attractive residential areas from succumbing to blight and the few remaining bits of woodland and pasture from being cluttered with houses for people who thought they were moving to woodland and pasture—somebody must plan ahead. And the first requirement is to set aside, now, large tracts of land where nobody at all may build.

When I looked, a few months ago, at what had become of the once wild places near Scarsdale, I began to think about the value of open land—not simply to so-called nature-lovers, but to suburban residents in general. It alone can provide them with breathing room, and recreation room, and some continuing sense of identity with the land —some of the feeling of unfenced freedom which once brought commuters out of town. I wondered what life on Manhattan Island would be like today if the city fathers had had the wit, a century ago, to set aside, let us say, every fifth block as a park.

And I wondered if just this sort of opportunity was not now slipping out of the hands of many a suburban community, because its inhabitants were still under the illusion that they lived in the open country and need have no truck with parks.

In many such a region today the largest remaining open tracts of land are golf courses. Would it be possible to arrange that no golf course would in the future fall into the hands of the real-estate men, but that each course, when its days of serving golfers came to an end, would become parkland? And would there be any better guarantee of the future attractiveness of a suburban region than a public policy of buying, for future park land, as many as possible of the remaining large estates?

I suggest as a first order of business, for every suburban governmental body and for every suburban citizens' association, a consideration of ways and means for preserving open land for the benefit of succeeding generations. For the change to the greater metropolitan region is upon us. We cannot stop it. We can only channel and direct it. And we cannot even do that, unless we act in good season.

Carl Carmer | **THE DARK DANCE**

A tribal dance of the Seneca Indians and three Seneca legends

Cephas Hill and I searched the county's butcher shops on the day before the Dark Dance and returned with a very large pig's head. Yo-wes-on and Jennie Blackchief built an outdoor fire and all the next day they prepared it according to the ritual directions. All day the messenger walked about the Reservation to tell people to come to Jesse Cornplanter's that night at eight o'clock for the Dark Dance. By nine they began to arrive and Cornplanter explained to me, "They come on Indian time—about an hour later than the time set. It is not dignified to be on time."

Three of the men brought their water drums and Cornplanter brought out two more. As they arrived the men sat down on a long bench along the side of the room; the women moved into a corner where they stood laughing and gossiping. The Dark Dance is a woman's dance. I sat on a chair in a corner near the stove and I was joined by Fenton, white Yale anthropologist, and an Onondaga[1] Indian, Clinton Pierce, member of the United States Forestry Service.

[1] One of the Iroquoian tribes formerly living in Onandaga County in New York State. The remnants of the tribe live on reservations in New York State and Canada.

I was surprised to find that the Senecas[2] among themselves are a jolly, laughing people of mobile expression and a charming, imaginative sense of humor. There was a great deal of badinage carried on in Seneca with loud gusts of laughter. Then one of the old men, toothless and grinning, spoke to Fenton and me in broken English, teasing us because we had come to see a ceremony that was not to be visible. Everyone who came in looked curiously at Pierce whose clothes and manner distinguished him from themselves.

One of the old men began tapping on his water drum and tightening the head, and the other drummers followed his example. All the drums were small, about a foot in diameter. A piece of sheepskin had been stretched across the head of each and tied, the edges being left untrimmed. The rest of the drum, perhaps eight inches deep, was a wooden hollow, partially filled with water. Beaten with a wooden baton, the drum gives a sharp, liquid note that carries a long distance. If struck too hard the carrying quality lessens and the note itself is blurred. The Senecas are very critical of drumming technique.

Yo-wes-on made a slow circle about the room, putting out the lamps. When she had finished only the glowing cracks in the stove gave out light in an irregular reddish pattern. The men along the wall bench were silent. In the far corner the women giggled and whispered. There was a single sharp note from a drum—then a regular beating in fast time. The other drums joined in one by one. A strained high note from a man's voice—and every man began singing. The song was spirited and full of strong, staccato accents. It seemed pitched a little too high for the voices—but intentionally, so as to give a definite breath-labored effect. Then we heard the shuffle and beat of the women's feet. The women were dancing before us in the darkness and the sound of their feet on the floor was like that of a single deeper drum. The rhythm grew a little swifter and the dancers responded. We heard a woman laughing, a burst of laughter from three or four—then a single high cry from the leader of the drums—and silence. The first song of the Dark Dance sequence was over.

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[2] Another of the Iroquoian tribes formerly of western New York State. They still number over three thousand; the greater portion residing in New York, with smaller bands in Ontario and Oklahoma.

I was glad that my initial experience with the Seneca music for dance rituals was in the darkness where the sight of the dancing figures would not distract me. Fenton told me that while some of the songs had words with definite thought content many of them were simply syllable sequences without meaning. The music was not like any I had ever heard—certainly unlike the adaptations of Indian songs American composers have made. It had little of the haunting plangent minor quality associated with most folk songs. It was quick, fierce, gay.

The singing of the Dark Dance music takes an hour and a half. I could not realize that the period had passed when the last high staccato yelp sounded and Yo-wes-on began lighting the lamps. During that time I had stared into darkness listening to the rise and fall of the men's voices, to the quick, steadily rhythmic thumping of the drums, to the feet of the women striking metric patterns on the floor. Occasionally a spectator had lighted his pipe and the flame of his match had set gigantic shadows moving along the walls. Nothing else had been visible except the glowing lines drawn by the cracks in the stove.

Now that the dance was over everyone was very gay. The pig's great head was passed and passed again. A big pot of corn soup had been simmering on the back of the stove. Cornplanter lifted it off and Yo-wes-on invited everyone to "set down a pail." There was a good-natured rush and I discovered that each Indian had brought a pail with him for this very purpose. Cornplanter provided me with one and I was soon enjoying the soup and wondering at the big kernels, swollen until they had burst, which characterize this most popular of all Seneca dishes.

Soon after the feasting, Cornplanter's guests began to leave—drifting off in scattered groups across the snowy waste toward their homes. At their host's request, however, some of the older men stayed awhile to tell over the origin-legends of the Dark Dance and some of the other rituals of the Senecas. It was a late hour when I went to bed but I had heard many things that filled me with wonder. And I felt ashamed that the people of my native state had not long ago realized the wealth that lies in the literature of the tribes of the

Iroquois Union. While the tribes of the West—the Hopis and the Navahos—have been praised for their craftsmanship with beads and woolen strands and silver, these people have been neglected. The contributions of the Iroquois to a forgetful posterity are two: a record of a wise and successful form of communal government—the Constitution of the Five Nations—and a mass of folklore of such simple beauty and varied fancy that it deserves the attention of all lovers of those strange inventions with which poets choose to explain life and the universe.

I am telling here a few of the stories I heard that night. All of them were beautiful but I liked these best:

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A little boy set out one morning with his bow and arrows to hunt squirrels. He had killed two gray squirrels when he came suddenly on a clearing in the woods, and found himself on a cliff so high that the top of a tall tree below it was level with its surface. On the highest branch of the tree sat a black squirrel.

As the boy was aiming at it he heard high thin voices below him, and looking down he saw two little people vainly shooting tiny arrows from tiny bows at the same animal. They shouted encouragement to each other and their arrows went higher and higher but they fell far short.

Then the little boy shot the black squirrel and it fell at the feet of the little men. They thought they had killed it until they saw that the arrow with which it had been slain was so large they could not even extract it. Then they looked upward and saw the boy and called to him to come down and remove the arrow. So the boy climbed down the cliff and obtained his arrow but he gave the squirrel and the other two he had killed to the little men. They were delighted but they explained that the black squirrel alone was a heavy burden for them and begged him to come with them and carry the gray squirrels.

The boy agreed and before long his companions came to their house where their little parents greeted them affectionately. Their mother gave the boy a tiny bowl of corn soup and he was disappointed

because he was hungry and he thought it held hardly enough for one mouthful. But no matter how much he ate the bowl stayed full and soon he had had more than enough.

After he had eaten, the father of the household said they must all celebrate their new bonds of friendship with a ceremony. So he sang many songs and the boy repeated them after him until he had learned them and could sing the whole ritual from beginning to end. Then the old man told the boy the order of the ritual from the tobacco-burning invocation to the feasting on pig's head and corn soup at the end.

The little people took the boy back to the cliff where they had found him and from there he went home, where his mother greeted him joyfully, for he had been away from her much longer than he knew. When he told her of his adventure with the hunters she at once identified them as members of the *djogao*, a race possessing supernatural powers.

Four days later, keeping a promise he had made to his new friends, the boy attended a ceremony given in their honor and sought to teach the members of his tribe the ritual he had learned. During the total darkness while the songs were being sung he saw the little people enter, though they were invisible to everyone else. They sat beside him and prompted him while he taught and soon the whole tribe had learned the songs and ritual.

Even to this day the little people are known to be near the spot where the boy first found them. It is in the valley of Zoar not far from the town of Salamanca. And hunters who have climbed down the cliff that overhangs the stream there say that they have seen tiny footprints in the clay banks that edge the water. Often in the silent woods beside Cattaraugus Creek the beat of little drums may be heard and then the Senecas know it is time to sing the songs and hold the ceremonial.

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Long ago, even before the existence of man, the Creator of all good things decided to take a walk about the earth in order to observe all the beauty he had made. He looked on the swelling green hills and

blossoming trees, on clear brooks and colored flowers, and he was glad that he had designed them as they were.

But as he walked he saw another walker very like himself striding happily about and seeming to enjoy all the loveliness of earth. The Creator knew that he had not made such a being and in great surprise he approached the stranger and asked him who he was.

"I am the Creator," said the being.

"That is untrue and quite impossible," said the Good Spirit. "It is I who have made this splendid world and all the fine things in it."

"What you are saying is ridiculously false," said the other. "I created all things on earth and I am walking about to enjoy them."

"This argument is barren," said the Creator, "but I know of a way by which the truth of my claims may be proved if you dare submit to a test."

"If it is a good test, it will prove me right," said the stranger.

"We will both turn our backs to yonder mountain," said the Creator, "and we will stand with our toes to this line which I draw upon the earth. First you will order the mountain to move toward us, then I. The one for whom the mountain moves farthest will have proved his claim. I warn you, however, that neither of us may turn about to look before the mountain has moved."

"It is a good test," said the stranger.

Then they both toed the line and the stranger ordered the mountain to move toward them. They waited with their backs turned until it had had enough time to move and then they turned to look. They could see that the mountain was nearer to them than before and the stranger rejoiced and claimed the victory.

"Wait," said the Creator. "Now it is my turn. And remember that we are not to turn around until the mountain has moved."

They toed the line again and this time the Creator gave the command. He had hardly given it when the stranger turned to see its result, and as he did so the steep wall of the mountain descending at their heels scraped the side of his face, drawing it out of all proportion and giving it the pitiful twisted look it has worn ever since.

The owner of the face admitted the power of his adversary and asked only to be allowed to serve him. The request was graciously

granted and now He-of-the-Twisted-Face lives in the world beneath the earth and at appointed times comes out to frighten evil spirits from the bodies of those who worship the Creator.

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A Seneca young man distressed his parents greatly by failing to marry. None of the girls in their village seemed lovely enough to him. His father and mother often argued with him about this, for they wished him to wed and have children.

Then one day at a dance in the village he saw a strange girl of such beauty and grace that he loved her at once. She returned his love and came to his home to live with him and he and his parents were very glad.

As time passed only one thing disturbed the bliss of the young couple—the girl longed to see her own people again. She begged her husband to go with her to visit them and he consented. After many days' journeying they entered a country of flowering fields and blossoming forests. And toward sunset of the last day of their travel they came to a wide-spreading low house. In the dusk they could see people assembling there and already the sound of feasting and revelry had begun within. "This is the end of our journey, it is my home," said the girl.

Then they entered and were heartily welcomed within and they joined in the festival and dancing. They stayed in the house for many months and were very happy though the Seneca could not approve all the erotic rites of his wife's strange people. One day after the hunters of the sky had wounded the heavenly bear and his blood had stained the falling leaves, the Seneca's wife came to him and said, "I must go away for a little while. Do not be sorry. I will see you again in the spring."

In vain he protested. She would not explain. Finally he said:

"You have promised to come back to me in the spring. You will not forget."

"No, I shall come back."

As she said this she vanished and with her the house and all her people. He stood alone in the midst of a desolate marsh while all

about him countless frogs set up a dismal crying. He realized at last that he had married a lovely frog-woman and he went home in heartbroken despair.

But he remembered the series of songs the frog-people had sung in the big low house and he taught them to his people. They call them the *Yei o da ta* and when the frogs have gone beneath the red-stained leaves for the winter the Seneca singers gather to sing them and to tell again this tragic story.

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John I. H. Baur

AMERICAN LUMINISM

A neglected aspect of the Realist Movement in nineteenth-century American painting

Shortly after Theodore Robinson returned to America from his years in France, he was puzzled to find that his landscape paintings seemed both solider and cruder than those he had done abroad, "and this," he confided to his journal in 1894, "is perhaps partly an affaire of difference in climate, atmosphere . . ." Some sixty years earlier a young English painter, George Harvey, was so deeply impressed by the character and the variety of light on this side of the ocean that he undertook a series of water colors which he called the "Atmospheric Landscapes of North America." Whether the scientist agrees or not, there is ample evidence that, to the artist, American light *looks* different from that of Europe. Long before the impressionists of the late nineteenth century, who are generally considered the official painters of light, a group of obscure American artists made this discovery and turned it to a quietly poetic use. Technically they were extreme realists, relying on infinitely subtle variations of tone and color to capture their magical effects. Spiritually they were the lyrical poets of the American countryside and the most sensitive to its nuances of mood. In both respects they were quite different from their

better remembered contemporaries of the Hudson River school, who were freer in their handling, more romantic in their compositions, and a little operatic in their celebration of native scenery.

One might say, of course, that the early luminists deserved small credit for recording something that was all about them, but the truth is that the artist sees nature with a far from innocent eye, and his vision is conditioned by the artistic conventions which he inherits. Since landscape painting was not a popular branch of art in America until the rise of the Hudson River school about 1825, we had no native traditions to guide us in the discovery of our own qualities of light and atmosphere. Francis Guy, one of America's first specialists in landscape, remarked: "I have labored to imitate the ancients in their methods of coloring and effect." Or, as John Neal noted more specifically, looking at Guy's work, "He steals very judiciously . . . from Claude in his water, sea-mist and vapor." Other pioneer landscape painters, like Samuel Morse and Henry Inman, were raised in the eighteenth-century portrait tradition; the light in their landscapes is the same studio illumination that they manipulated so skillfully in their portraits, and has little relation to nature. Even in the work of Thomas Cole and the other Hudson River school painters, light was apt to be a tool for dramatic and romantic effects, borrowed from Salvator Rosa and other European sources. This is not universally true, for many of the Hudson River men gained new insight through observation. Speaking of American atmosphere, Asher B. Durand urged on an imaginary pupil "the constant study of its magic power, daily and hourly, in all its changes," but Durand himself made rather a timid use of atmospheric effects, and the school as a whole was more interested in panoramic and picturesque effects than it was in light.

The beginnings of American luminism were everywhere and nowhere. It was never an organized movement and it had no founders or acknowledged leaders. It arose spontaneously in the second quarter of the nineteenth century, at the same time that American landscape painting began to flourish. Its earliest manifestations during the 1830's are tentative and can be found in the work of many artists, including George Harvey, Robert Salmon, Thomas Birch, John S. Blunt, Charles Codman, Joshua Shaw, and doubtless several dozen more

still-obscure painters. Of these, Salmon is perhaps the most important, if only for his influence on Fitz Hugh Lane. Like Harvey, Salmon was English born and English trained, his style being fully formed by the time he settled in Boston in 1828. His rather metallic realism, which recorded correctly all the complicated detail in the rigging of ships, also caught, at times, some of the brilliance of sunlight on water and sails, though one suspects that this may have been more accident than the result of a conscious interest in such effects.

Luminism reached its fullest expression during the 1850's and 60's, particularly in the work of two men, Fitz Hugh Lane and Martin J. Heade. Lane was the elder, born in 1804, trained as a lithographer in Boston, living most of his life as a cripple in an odd stone house overlooking the harbor at Gloucester, Massachusetts. Early in his career he is known to have copied a painting by Salmon, whose influence is quite apparent in some of Lane's harbor and shipping scenes. But Lane went far beyond the older artist, both in his perception of light and in his poetic use of it. Time of day and kind of day are always recognizable in Lane's work. In one of his earliest pictures, *A Maine Inlet*, the dusk of evening fills the painting like a palpable presence. More often his placid coastal scenes are bathed in sunlight, sometimes the clear, crisp illumination of early morning, again the hot glare of midday or the hazy atmosphere of a humid afternoon. He painted the sun rising through mist, he painted it setting, with its red glow coloring the whole landscape, and he painted moonlight long before that subject was generally considered paintable. Like that of others in the movement, Lane's technique was a polished and meticulous realism in which there is no sign of brushwork and no trace of impressionism, the atmospheric effects being achieved by infinitely careful gradations of tone, by the most exact study of the relative clarity of near and far objects and by a precise rendering of the variations in texture and color produced by direct or reflected rays.

Lane was not much interested in composition; indeed there is evidence to show that he scarcely composed at all except to choose like a photographer, his place in the landscape and the extent of his view. The hushed stillness that reigns in so many of his pictures and that gives them their serene, poetic quality springs almost entirely

from light and atmosphere, somewhat reinforced by his preference for scenes of considerable depth and long, horizontal lines. Exactly the same spirit was caught by the young Henry James in one of his earliest stories, "A Landscape Painter," published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1866, the year after Lane died. "I shall never forget the wondrous stillness which brooded over earth and water," says James's artist... "The deep, translucent water reposed at the base of the warm sunlit cliff like a great basin of glass, which I half expected to hear shiver and crack as our keel ploughed through it. And how color and sound stood out in the transparent air!... The mossy rocks doubled themselves without a flaw in the clear, dark water... There is a certain purity in this Cragthorpe air which I have never seen approached—a lightness, a brilliancy, a *crudity*, which allows perfect liberty of self-assertion to each individual object in the landscape. The prospect is ever more or less like a picture which lacks its final process, its reduction to unity."

Heade, who was born in Lumberville, Pennsylvania, in 1819, may never have known Lane's work, but he painted numerous landscapes in a very similar vein and with a similar technique. They have, perhaps, less lyrical intensity, but they show an equal if not greater concern with light and atmosphere. Like Monet later, Heade did a series of haystack paintings, depicting the same subject under varying conditions of light and weather, one of the most daring being the portrayal of a rain squall sweeping across the meadow, while beyond it the sky clears to a brilliant blue and the sun dispels the cloud shadows. Even James Jarves, who disliked Heade's work intensely, admitted that it was "flooded with rich sun-glow and sense of summer warmth."

Heade was a rolling stone. As Tuckerman remarked, "The love of travel was strong within him, and few of our artists roved more about the world." His known voyages took him through many parts of the United States, to Europe, Central and South America, and he may have gone even further afield. His range of subjects and effects was consequently wider than Lane's, and included several exotic studies of orchids and hummingbirds seen in the mysterious, filtered light of the tropical forest. His character seems also to have had a marked

romantic streak, which emerged in several extraordinary pictures like the *Approaching Storm: Beach Near Newport* with its weirdly pinnacled rocks, its metallic water and threatening, green-tinged light. There have been more dramatic storms painted, but seldom has the sense of foreboding been more ominously realized, or the implication of impending catastrophe.

Heade and Lane have emerged today as the most skillful and sensitive luminists of the mid-century. But in their own time they enjoyed no such commanding position and were scarcely better known than several other artists who shared their atmospheric and their realistic technique. One of the most interesting of these was James Augustus Suydam (1819–65), a wealthy merchant who turned to painting in the last ten years of his short life and whose work is known today only through a handful of pictures. Among them, however, are several spacious, light-filled panoramas which relate Suydam closely to Lane in both method and feeling. As one of his friends wrote at the time of his death, his greatest skill lay in his control of tonal "gradation" which he used to give us "nature in repose, and expressed the sentiment of peace, of stillness, of brooding love."

In the Middle West another long-forgotten painter, Joseph Rusling Meeker (1827–89), served on a naval vessel on the Mississippi River during the Civil War and was apparently much impressed by the mysterious bayou country, of which he made numerous studies. After the war, he returned to his studio in St. Louis and painted the subject in a series of romantic canvases, at least one of them peopled with imaginary figures from *Evangeline*. Like Heade's tropical landscapes, these pictures combine the utmost realism of detail with a romantic mood created largely by the subdued radiance of sunlight sifting through the surrounding gloom.

Fascination with American light was not limited to any one class of artists. It is strongly marked in the work of several mid-century genre painters, such as Mount, Clonney, Ranney, Durrie; and only slightly less so in that of Bingham. Even a few primitive painters struggled with the problem, though they did not generally have sufficient skill to capture the difficult and elusive effects of atmosphere. However, some semi-primitive artists with greater technical

resources, like the still obscure George Tirrell of California, made more successful headway. And finally, a number of the Hudson River school painters contributed notably to the luminist movement. Of these, John F. Kensett and Albert Bierstadt were the most important, but in both cases their experiments with light were embodied principally in small paintings and studies done directly from nature, rather than in their big exhibition pieces. As a result, this aspect of their work has remained slightly known until recent years—especially Bierstadt's, since he refused to exhibit or sell the brilliant little oils, many of them on paper, which he considered only notes for future elaboration.

Luminism of the extreme realist variety was carried on by a few artists, including Heade himself, to the very end of the century, and it found a late echo in the work of Charles Herbert Moore. But its heyday was over with the end of the Civil War, after which it was transformed by a new generation into a kind of limited impressionism which culminated in the majestic seascapes of Winslow Homer. The meticulous technique of Heade and Lane had its limitations in the transcription of light, and as early as the 1850's a few more daring artists, including Jasper F. Cropsey, George Loring Brown, and especially James Hamilton (called by his contemporaries "the American Turner"), began to experiment with a freer handling of paint, aimed principally at catching the brilliance of sunlight as it obliterates detail and forces the eye to accept a more generalized vision—in other words, an impression rather than a description. During the next two decades many more painters, such as George Inness, John La Farge, William Morris Hunt, and W. Allan Gay, moved in the same direction—largely under the foreign influence of the Barbizon school.

Despite these complicating factors, the main and the peculiarly native line of luminism's development in America led directly from the descriptive realism of Heade and Lane to the visual realism of Homer. This is apparent in the work of several transitional men. William Stanley Haseltine's *After a Shower—Nahant* can be taken as a halfway point, about equidistant from the two extremes. In the hard precision of its rocks it proclaims its allegiance to the first group; in the freely brushed reflections of sun on water it points to the new

direction. Eastman Johnson developed from the earlier to the later style, and Homer himself traversed a similar course. His *Waiting for Dad*, painted in 1873, is still close to the tradition of Heade and Lane but it also forecasts his broader, more painterly handling. Homer was to carry impressionism much further in his later seascapes, but his world always remained a notably solid one, and his visual effects never destroyed a deep sense of nature's material reality.

Homer's compromise between knowledge and vision had, in turn, a sobering effect on our orthodox impressionists of the 1890's—that small group which first came under the influence of French impressionism and introduced its system of broken color to this country. Despite the American artists' admiration for their French masters, not one of them followed French example to the point of dissolving form in a sensuous haze of light and color, as Monet did in his cathedral series. All of them were too deeply imbued with the long realist tradition of American art, which remained nearly as firm in their philosophy as it had been in that of the earlier men.

Luminism was only one aspect of that tradition, but it was an exceptionally important one because of the originality and freshness of vision which it evoked. Its unorthodoxy is proved by the shock it inflicted on certain conservative eyes, which were otherwise well attuned to the realist approach. Consider, for instance, James Jackson Jarves,[1] a cosmopolitan figure, who had spent many years abroad, and the most sophisticated critic of his day. In *The Art-Idea*, published in 1864, Jarves took the mid-century landscapists to task:

> To such an extent is literalness carried, that the majority of works are quite divested of human association. "No admittance" for the spirit of man is written all over them. Like the Ancient Mariner's "painted ship upon a painted ocean," they both pall and appall the senses. Their barrenness of thought and feeling become inexpressibly wearisome after the first shock of rude or bewildering surprise at overstrained atmospherical effects, monotonous in motive, however dramatically varied in execution. The highest aim . . . seemingly is intense gradations of skies and violent contrasts of positive color. The result is destructive of any suggestion of the variety and mystery of nature.

[1] Francis Steegmuller's article on James Jackson Jarves appeared in *Perspectives* 7 under the title "A Missionary of Old Pictures."

George Terrell: VIEW FROM THE WATERFRONT, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA (c. 1855–60)
Collection Maxim Karolik

James Augustus Suydam: PARADISE ROCKS, NEWPORT (c. 1865)
Permanent Collection National Academy of Design, New York

Martin J. Heade: APPROACHING STORM: BEACH NEAR NEWPORT (1860's)
The M. and M. Karolik Collection. Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Fitz Hugh Lane: OWL'S HEAD, PENOBSCOT BAY, MAINE (1862)
The M. and M. Karolik Collection, Courtesy Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Joseph Rusling Meeker: THE LAND OF EVANGELINE (1874)
Collection City Art Museum of St. Louis

Jarves' trained eye perceived the Americans' strong interest in atmospheric effects, but to him their work looked raw and crude in comparison with the studio lighting and conventional tonal harmonies of the academic European art which he admired. Henry James felt the same way when he concluded his description of a landscape, quoted above, with the words, "like a picture which lacks its final process, its reduction to unity." So it is not surprising that James, on the whole an excellent art critic, felt about Homer much as Jarves did about Heade and his contemporaries. To James, Homer's work was "a proof that if you will only be doggedly literal, though you may be unpleasing, you will at least have a stamp of your own. Mr. Homer has the great merit, moreover, that he naturally sees everything at one with its envelope of light and air." If only his brush "had a good many more secrets and mysteries and coquetries, he would be . . . an almost distinguished painter." Unfortunately, the trouble with his work "is that it is damnably ugly!"

Today the very "unfinished" look which repelled Jarves and James seems the strength of these artists, for they were not painting by convention but in direct response to their subjects. And this leads one beyond the specific question of luminism to the heart of the realists' accomplishment. We miss the whole point unless we accept the fact that these painters were not much concerned with design, with color for its own sake, with expressive distortion or, in other words, with the usual language of art. Their quality lies in an entirely different quarter. It lies in their intensity of seeing and of feeling and in the profound identification of the artist with what he portrayed. Writing of Lucretius, Santayana said, "The greatest thing about this genius is its power of losing itself in its object, its impersonality. We seem to be reading not the poetry of a poet about things, but the poetry of things themselves. That things have their poetry, not because of what we make them symbols of, but because of their own movement and life, is what Lucretius proves once for all to mankind." And this was what the best of the American realists proved again nineteen centuries later.

This, too, explains an almost anonymous quality in their work (even in that of as strong an individual as Homer) and why it is

diametrically opposed to the conception of art as "nature seen through a temperament." The principal requirement in realism of this kind is not the assertion of personality, but that the artist must see freshly, as if the world were new born; that he must feel deeply; that his hand must preserve the freshness of his image and understanding with a maximum of skill and a minimum of idiosyncracy.

Of course there were bound to be differences between individual painters for no art is completely impersonal, and the temper of an age also colors its artistic response. Heade and Lane, living at a time when pantheism was a genuine force, found in nature a presence and a spirit. Like Emerson, they became before her "a transparent eyeball," losing themselves completely in her moods. Their art is rapt, lyrical, filled with a sense of awe. Homer, retreating from the materialism of a later age, found in nature different qualities, a drama of strength and of freedom. "His art," says Lloyd Goodrich, "captured some of nature's own energy and eternal freshness, so that nature herself seems to speak through it . . . [with] a genuine poetry, harsh and invigorating." But in both the earlier and the later cases, the artist's emotional identification with his subject was complete.

Today, when art's formal values weigh so heavily in our critical scales, it is worth recalling that an entirely different system produced creative work of lasting vitality. "Naturalism," said Santayana in his same essay on Lucretius, "is a philosophy of observation, and of an imagination that extends the observable," divining "substance behind appearance, continuity behind change, law behind fortune." In American art it produced a poetic image of nature's deepest meaning, as the nineteenth century understood it.

Saul Bellow
Robinson Jeffers
Robert Motherwell
Roger Sessions

THE CREATIVE ARTIST AND HIS AUDIENCE

A symposium

THE WRITER AND THE AUDIENCE

Eckermann records a statement by Goethe that a writer ought not to pick up his pen unless he intends his words to be read by at least a million readers. None but the most cranky authors would quarrel with this assertion. Naturally, a novelist wants to be read. Only, if he is not a popular writer, he is not satisfied to take his million readers as he finds them. He does not want to be conditioned by them but rather to tell them what they ought to be. And he wants them to assume what he and his fictional personages assume. When a character is wounded, the reader must feel pain. When a character makes a promise, the reader must feel the principles underlying obligation. When Lord Jim leaps into the water, the reader must understand that honor has been lost. Lacking a sense of honor, he cannot accept the dramatic moment. The intention of the writer, therefore, is to hold the reader to a sense of the weight of each action. The writer cannot be sure that his million will view the matter as he does. He therefore tries to define an audience. By assuming what it is that all men ought to be able to understand and agree upon, he creates a kind of humanity, a version of it composed of hopes and realities in proportions that vary as his degree of optimism.

Nietzsche declared in *Human, All-Too-Human*, that artists regularly exaggerated the value of personality. Of course exaggeration is a dramatic necessity, and simplification, too. If a hero does not matter his fate does not matter. If a single life is of slight importance deaths are not especially awe-inspiring. In defense of the dramatic element, therefore, the writer has frequently insisted on assigning a definite value to reality. In this respect writers are conservative; they want old agreements and understanding to last. Your villain cannot blackmail your hero if your hero has no reputation to protect. Your heroine cannot expect anyone to die in defense of her chastity if no one appreciates chastity.

Occasionally a novelist is able to furnish and make stable an entire system from his imagination. Balzac, for instance, stands in the very middle of Society, a secular intelligence, capable of interpreting everything. His ingenuity is inexhaustible. He is never at a loss for theories, physiological, psychological, political, historical, aesthetic, and explains every occurrence confidently. In order to write fiction Balzac dominates, or pretends to dominate, all of experience. This pretense or effort is what gives him confidence. In Thomas Mann we see this encyclopedic method at the stages of exhaustion. In order to validate facts, to make you see them as he does, the writer becomes, or attempts to become, an expert in a score of fields—biology and psychology, philosophy and music, archeology and history—and all so that we may feel as he feels at any given evocation.

We cannot continue to build in every novel such total systems in order that all may know what, for example, a woman experiences when her husband deserts her, what a man feels on his deathbed. We must take our chances on a belief in the psychic unity of mankind. But of course people—audiences—will not always assume what we assume, as Walt Whitman bids us trust.

Most of the things that all men ought to be able to understand are quite simple, and it is astonishing how much deformity of perception one learns about in the course of writing a book. One learns in the first place how hard it is to get people to pay attention to others in their full complexity. A possible reason for this is that there are so many of us, such a multitude, that it is difficult if not impossible to

give every man his due measure of attention. If you demand more you are considered presumptuous and conceited. Therefore most men in their self-presentation to the world settle upon a few simple attributes and create a surface easy to characterize and to understand. Underneath, their real, complex existence takes place, their private affair. The code that protects this privacy is powerful and elaborate. Some emotions are in the course of losing their external form, and because they are not demonstrated they atrophy. With them is atrophied a corresponding sense of reality. Hidden effort, self-sealed activity, huge and sometimes awesome constructions of private fantasy, make the sense of the existence of others not what it once was. I do not say that this is not in itself fascinating, but it is obviously different. If you cut Shylock nowadays he will perhaps not seem to bleed as others do.

What I am really trying to say is that people do not appear to respond as they once did to the various faces of reality. Innumerable things intervene to cloud or modify reactions. Insults are not given or resented as they were by Shakespeare's Brutuses or Cassiuses or by Mérimée's characters; injustices are not quickly recognized; pains take their time about making themselves felt; likewise pleasures. There is not the same immediacy of response. Analysis and calculation come between. Often we are aware in the modern personality of a system which deals with the majority of situations. This system knows what is appropriate in any given case. For instance: a friend falls sick; our feelings may or may not be touched by this event, but the system knows what ought to be done, and socially we behave as though we felt for the sufferer. We have come to consider the functioning of this system as *normalcy*. If it is suggested that anything else is normal the system shows concern. The system loves abstractions, of course, and is not friendly toward the imagination; it prefers preparedness to impulse; within the minds of Goethe's million it resists new forms of reality. This is only to say that so much is required of us, that our feelings would be so overtaxed if they had to be immediately involved in all the rapid and complicated transactions that confront us even on an ordinary morning, that system is indispensable. Only it has usurped too large a place.

Beyond this system (or rather, these systems, for in your audience of a million there will be a vast number of such fabrications) the writer must find enduring intuitions of what things are real and what things are important. His business is with these enduring intuitions which have the power to recognize occasions of suffering or occasions of happiness, in spite of all distortion and blearing.

—*Saul Bellow*

POETRY AND SURVIVAL

It used to be argued, and I think it is still accepted by many people, that poetry is a flower of racial childhood and must wither away as civilization advances. For civilization is based on reason and restraint, poetry on imagination and passion; poetry (they say) is dreams, and civilization the daylight that disperses them. This would be an interesting theory if it were true, but there is no truth in it. The greatest Greek poetry, after Homer, was written at the clear and rational summit of Greek civilization, by the Athenian tragic poets in the fifth century B.C.; and then, as civilization declined, Greek poetry declined. It had its revivals, in Sicily, in Alexandria, and these coincided with revivals of civilization. Latin poetry also, though less typical, because the Romans were not originators but cultivators, has a similar history. It flowered at the peak of Roman civilization, in the late republic and early empire, and declined with it.

These are but two examples out of many that could be cited, but they are enough to scuttle the supposed rule. They do not reverse it, for actually there is no rule at all; or at least none is discernible. Poetry is less bound by time and circumstance than any other of the arts; it does not need tangible materials; good poetry comes almost directly from a man's mind and senses and blood stream, and no one can predict the man. It does not need a school nor an immediate tradition; and it does not need, though Whitman said so, "great audiences too." How much of an audience did Keats have in his lifetime?

The present is a time of high civilization rapidly declining; it is

not a propitious period for any of the arts; men's minds are a little discouraged, and are too much occupied with meeting each day's distractions or catastrophe. Yet there is no final reason why great poetry should not be written by someone, even today. Whether its greatness would be recognized is another question, for greatness is strange, unexpected, and sometimes repellent, but probably it would, in time.

What seems to me certain is that this hypothetical great poet would break sharply away from the directions that are fashionable in contemporary poetic literature. He would understand that Rimbaud was a young man of startling genius but not to be imitated; and that *The Waste Land*, though one of the finest poems of this century and surely the most influential, marks the close of a literary dynasty, not the beginning. He would think of Gerard Hopkins as a talented eccentric, whose verse is so overloaded with self-conscious ornament and improbable emotion that it is hardly readable, except by enthusiasts, and certainly not a model to found one's work on, but a shrill note of warning.

Aside from these instances, and to put the matter more fundamentally, I believe that our man would turn away from the self-consciousness and naïve learnedness, the undergraduate irony, unnatural metaphors, hiatuses, and labored obscurity that are too prevalent in contemporary verse. His poetry would be natural and direct. He would have something new and important to say, and just for that reason he would wish to say it clearly. He would be seeking to express the spirit of his time (as well as all times), but it is not necessary, because an epoch is confused, that its poet should share its confusions.

On the contrary, detachment is necessary to understanding. I do not think that Shakespeare mixed Hamlet or Lear into his life, as Byron did Childe Harold; the greater poet saw his creatures objectively, all the way through, but also all the way around; and thus our supposed poet, being distinctly separate from his time, would be able to see it and to see around it. And I do not think he would give much attention to its merely superficial aspects, the neon lights and toothpaste advertising of this urban civilization, and the momentary

popular imbecilities; these things change out of recognition, but great poetry is pointed at the future. Its author, whether consciously or not, intends to be understood a thousand years from now; therefore he chooses the more permanent aspects of things, and subjects that will remain valid. And therefore he would distrust the fashionable poetic dialect of his time; but the more so if it is studiously quaint and difficult; for if a poem has to be explained and diagramed even for contemporary readers, what will the future make of it?

There was a seventeenth-century Spanish poet named Góngora, a man of remarkable talents, but he invented a strange poetic idiom, a jargon of dislocated constructions and far-fetched metaphors, self-conscious singularity, studious obscurity. It is now only grotesque, but for its moment it was admired in the best circles, and it stimulated many imitators. Then fashion changed, Góngorism was named and ridiculed, and its poet is now remembered because his name was given to one of the diseases of literature.

Euphuism in England had a similar vogue and a similar catastrophe. It seems to me that the more extreme tendencies of modernist verse—and shall I say also of painting and sculpture?—are diseases of like nature, later forms of Góngorism; doctrinaire corruptions of instinct. It is not generally a failure of execution but a collapse of taste—of critical and creative instinct—that brings an art to eclipse. The error in the artist, which perhaps was only momentary and experimental, is echoed with approval by his admirers and a shoal of imitators, and gregariousness and snobbery complete the corruption. ("We understand this art, which the ordinary person can only gape at: we are distinguished people.") So the flock gathers sheep.

But poetry has never fallen so deep into this bog as painting and sculpture have, and I believe is now pulling out of it. Poetry must use language, which has a resistant vitality of its own.

On the other hand, let it be far from me to propose the average educated man as an arbiter of poetry or any other art. He has his own perversions of taste or complete nullity, duller than Góngorism. Usually he does not care for poetry—and no harm in that—but alas that he has a deep uneasy respect for it; he associates it vaguely with "ideals" and a better world, and may quote Longfellow on solemn

occasions. This piety without instinct or judgment is a source of boredom, insincerity, and false reputations; it is as bad as the delusions of the little groups; it is worse, because more constant.

I write verses myself, but I have no sympathy with the notion that the world owes a duty to poetry, or any other art. Poetry is not a civilizer, rather the reverse, for great poetry appeals to the most primitive instincts. It is not necessarily a moralizer; it does not necessarily improve one's character; it does not even teach good manners. It is a beautiful work of nature, like an eagle or a high sunrise. You owe it no duty. If you like it, listen to it; if not, let it alone.

Lately I had occasion to read more attentively the *Medea* of Euripides, and considering the reverence that cultivated people feel toward Greek tragedy I was a little shocked by what I read. Tragedy has been regarded, ever since Aristotle, as a moral agent, a purifier of the mind and emotions. But the story of *Medea* is about a criminal adventurer and his gun-moll; it is no more moral than the story of Frankie and Johnny; only more ferocious. And so with the yet higher summits of Greek tragedy, the *Agamemnon* series and the *Oedipus Rex*; they all tell primitive horror-stories, and the conventional pious sentiments of the chorus are more than balanced by the bad temper and wickedness, or folly, of the principal characters. What makes them noble is the poetry; the poetry, and the beautiful shapes of the plays, and the extreme violence born of extreme passion.

That is to say, three times, the poetry—the poetry of words, the poetry of structure, and the poetry of action. These are stories of disaster and death, and it is not in order to purge the mind of passions but because death and disaster are exciting. People love disaster, if it does not touch them too nearly—as we run to see a burning house or a motor crash—and also it gives occasion for passionate speech; it is a vehicle for the poetry.

To return now to the great poet whom we have imagined arising among us at this time. He would certainly avoid the specialists, the Góngorist groups, and he would hardly expect response from the average, the average educated person: then whom should he speak to? For poetry is not a monologue in a vacuum; it is written in solitude, but it needs to have some sort of audience in mind. Well: there

has been a great poet in our time—must I say comparatively great?—an Irishman named Yeats, and he met this problem, but his luck solved it for him. The first half of his life belonged mostly to the specialists, the Celtic Twilight people, the Decadents, even the Góngorists; he was the best among them but not a great poet, and he resented it. He had will and ambition, while Dowson and the others dropped by the wayside.

Yeats went home to Ireland and sought in the theater his liberation from mediocrity; and he might possibly have found it there if he had been as good a playwright as he was a poet. For the theater—unless it is a very little one—cannot belong wholly to a group; it has to be filled if possible; and it does not inevitably belong to the average. When many people together see and hear the thing—if it is fierce enough, and the actor and author can make it beautiful—it cuts deep. It cuts through many layers. The average person may even forget his education and delight in it, though it is poetry.

But Yeats found in another way his immortality. He was not a first-rate playwright but he had an insuperable will; and when his Ireland changed he was ready. Suddenly, in that magic time when a country becomes a nation, it was Ireland's good fortune that there was a great poet in Ireland. Her unique need, and his will, had produced him.

But the great poet whom we have imagined would not expect all that luck. He might not have a fighting will, as Yeats did, to push on with time and abide its turnings; or his time might never come. If he should write a great poetic play he would probably never see it staged; for that is a matter of luck, and against the odds. And it is not likely that his country will ever feel the need of a great national poet, as Ireland did; or as Germany did in her stormy awakening, and produced Goethe. Yet our poet must feel (in his own mind I mean) the stimulation of some worthy audience. He will look, of course, to the future. "What do I care about the present?" Charles Lamb exclaimed. "I write for antiquity!"

But our man will reverse that. It may seem unlikely that he will have readers a thousand years from now, but it is not impossible, if he is really a great poet; and these are the audience whom he will

habitually address. If the present time overhears him, and listens too—all the better. But let him not be distracted by the present; his business is with the future. This is not a pleasantry; it is practical advice.

For thus his work will be sifted of what is transient and crumbling, the chaff of time and the stuff that requires footnotes. Permanent things, or things forever renewed, like the grass and human passions, are the material for poetry; and whoever speaks across the gap of a thousand years will understand that he has to speak of permanent things, and rather clearly too, or who would hear him?

"But," a young man cries, "what good will it do me to imagine myself remembered after death? If I am to have fame and an audience I want them now while I can feel them." It seems to me that the young man speaks in ignorance. To be peered at and interviewed, to be pursued by idlers and autograph hunters and inquiring admirers, would surely be a sad nuisance. And it is destructive too, if you take it seriously; it wastes your energy into self-consciousness; it destroys spontaneity and soils the springs of the mind. Whereas posthumous reputation could do you no harm at all, and is really the only kind worth considering.

—Robinson Jeffers

THE PAINTER AND THE AUDIENCE

What a disagreeable subject!

To the degree that the modern painter's activity outside the studio is exhibiting, I suppose that he might be called an audience seeker. Painters must have begun to have exhibitions at that moment in history when commissions were no longer the custom and an audience had to be sought out—just as writers must have begun to publish when they ceased reciting to their patrons. The painters' loss caused by this change was not merely economic; it was as well a loss of collaboration with others; both losses profoundly affected the character of "modern" art. Perhaps this new situation calls for some examination, though here I feel rather ill at ease: for most painters nowadays, examination is self-examination—this is all that we are

accustomed to—while the relation to the audience is a social matter
And it is our pictures, not ourselves, that live the social life and meet
the public . . . It is interesting that the creations of solitary individuals
should turn out to have such a gift for sociability!

When my generation of "abstract" painters began exhibiting ten
years ago, we never expected a general audience, not at least one
that would make its presence obvious to us. After many years of
genre painting in this country, and the great imports coming from
Europe, it would have been unreasonable for us to expect one, no
matter what we did; and yet an audience was there all the time, as it
was for the cubists in their own time . . . Ten years ago, it seemed
that we were embarked upon a solitary voyage, undertaken, I think
—in regard to painting—in the belief that "the essence of life is to
be found in the frustrations of the established order." We were trying
to revise modern painting in relation to some of its obvious frustra-
tions, so that painting would represent our sense of reality better
This general tendency each of us followed in his own way . . .

A modern painter may have many audiences or one or none; he
paints in relation to none of them, though he longs for the audience
of other modern painters; and if the modern painter should have a
relation with any audience, it is because that audience has somehow
found *him*, and managed to approach the center of his being, i.e., the
character of his painting. Someone does find you, though it never
can be, in a period like ours, everybody . . . As everyone senses, it is
curious when a modern painter like Braque paints a public ceiling
for the Louvre; and yet the intent on his side and that of the audience
was surely that this is the way things should be . . .

For the "audience" that a modern painter *could* treat sociably is a
ceiling or wall. It is a question of direct social contact. If the painter
is commissioned to paint a specific wall in a specific place for a specific
person, he must take into consideration the wall's needs, as well as
his own, and a real marriage could come about, lessening perhaps
the distance between the modern artist and the public. Yet certainly
these marriages usually fail to be consummated, as I believe was true
of Braque in the Louvre; collaboration is so rare that painter and
public have difficulty in understanding each other; besides, in our

time, painters cannot be married to institutions . . . And from the standpoint of the public, how many walls have been turned over during the past fifty years to the most celebrated and esteemed painters? So far as I know, to Matisse thrice, once by a Russian millionaire, once by an American millionaire, once by a French nunnery; to Picasso once, a temporary pavilion, for which he painted *Guernica*. Doubtless both painters have made even greater works in the studio's solitary inspiration; but still, what a triumph these four commissions represent as efforts to reach beyond that solitude! A solitude that has become traditional in modern society. Georges Seurat was born to paint walls, the large scale was inherent in his painting methods; yet no one ever asked him to; and there would not be even an easel painting of his in France, if it weren't for the bequest of an American collector.

Sometimes when I walk down Park Avenue and regard the handsome and clean-cut Lever Brothers building, which I suppose belongs to the same "family" as the tall UN skyscraper, I think to myself how the interior walls need the sensuality and moral integrity of modern painting; but then one cannot help reflecting that what lies behind this building is not the possibility of collaboration between men on "ultimate concerns," but instead big business, that is, a popular soap, whose needs in the end will determine everything, including how its makers think about reality. It is strange when a commodity is more powerful than the men who make it.

My emphasis is the absence of direct social relations between the modern painter and his audience. One *can* understand, though it is curious to think this way, that a Picasso is regarded by speculators as a sounder investment than French government bonds; but what a peculiar responsibility or circumstance for a solitary artist. Indeed, our society, which has seemed so freedom-giving and passive in its attitudes toward the artist, really makes extraordinary demands upon him: on the one side, to be free in some vague spiritual sense, free to act only as an artist, and yet on the other side to be rigorously tested as to whether the freedom he has achieved is great enough to be more solidly dependable than a government's financial structure—as though the painter's *realistic* audience, as opposed to an audience with

sentiment, were rare stamp collectors. No wonder that modern painters, in view of these curious relations to society, have taken art matters into their own hands, decided for themselves what art is, what its subjects are to be, and how they are to be treated. Art like love is an active process of growth and development, not a God-given talent; and since in modern society the audience rarely sees the actual process of art, the audience's remoteness from the act of painting has become so great that practically all writing about modern art has become explaining to the audience what the art is that the audience has got so far away from. And those whose profession is to do the explaining are more often than not mistaken. It is in this context that one has to understand the fury of Picasso's famous statement of 1935 beginning, "Everyone wants to understand art. Why not try to understand the song of a bird? One loves the night, flowers, everything around one, without trying to understand them. While with painting everyone must *understand*. If only they would realize that an artist works above all of necessity . . . " What angers Picasso is not the desire to understand, but that understanding should pose a problem, that his audience is unprepared for him. More exactly, prepared for something else.

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Let us begin again. Modern art is often called a painter's painting, the assumption being that painters are the people most deeply involved with it, and in a sense the only people who can be, apart from a few *aficionados* and speculators. But what is not commonly observed is how modern painters themselves tend to judge modern painting, which I think might be the clue to the audience to what baffles it—still, in a verbal society, most people are "form-blind," in the sense that a few people are tone-deaf, which increases the difficulties of true understanding. I believe that painters' judgments of painting are first ethical, then aesthetic, the aesthetic judgments flowing from an ethical context. Doubtless no painter systematically thinks this way; but it does seem to me to be basically what happens when modern painters judge any new manifestations of painting. Sören Kierkegaard, who did not value painting, was nevertheless very much

aware of this distinction in his general analysis of existence. In quite another context, he wrote, "If anything in the world can teach a man to venture, it is the ethical, which teaches to venture everything for nothing, to risk everything, and also therefore to renounce the flattery of the world-historical . . . the ethical is the absolute, and in all eternity the highest value . . .

"Besides, a daring venture is surely not merely a high-sounding phrase, or a bold ejaculation, but a toilsome labor; a daring venture is not a tumultuous shriek, however reckless, but a quiet consecration which makes sure of nothing beforehand, but risks everything. Therefore says the ethical, dare to renounce everything, including this loftily pretentious yet delusive intercourse with world-historical contemplation; dare, dare to become nothing at all, to become a particular individual, of whom God requires all, without your being relieved of the necessity of being enthusiastic: Behold, that is the venture!" For "only in the ethical is your eternal consciousness: Behold, that is the reward!"

Now if venturesomeness is valued by painters, as it is by those working in the specifically "modern" milieu, it is evident that certain aesthetics, e.g., academic ones *for which you can prepare*, are deliberately ruled out, not arbitrarily, but as beneath the level of the ethical. It is in this sense that Picasso added, "Academic training in beauty is a sham . . . It is not what the artist *does* that counts, but what he *is*: Cézanne never would have interested me a bit if he had lived and thought [like an academic painter], even if the apple that he painted had been ten times as beautiful. What forces our interest is Cézanne's anxiety—that's Cézanne's lesson. The torments of van Gogh—that is the actual drama of the man."

Venturesomeness is only one of the ethical values respected by modern painters. There are many others, integrity, sensuality, sensitivity, knowingness, passion, dedication, sincerity, and so on, which taken altogether represent the ethical background of judgment in relation to any given work of modern art. Every aesthetic judgment of importance is ultimately ethical in background. It is its unawareness of this background that is an audience's chief problem. And one has to have an intimate acquaintance with the language of contemporary

painting to be able to see the real beauties of it; to see the ethical background is even more difficult. It is a question of consciousness.

What is interesting in the poet Guillaume Apollinaire's relation to cubism is not the book he wrote about cubist painting, but that in his own poems he had the cubist consciousness, and therefore quite rightly was called a "cubist" poet.

An artist's "art" is just his consciousness, developed slowly and painstakingly with many mistakes en route. How dare they collect those ugly early van Goghs like trophies, because he happened to sign them!

Consciousness is not something that the painter's audience can be given; it must be gained, as it is by the painter, from experience. If this seems difficult, then—as Spinoza says at the end of his *Ethic*—all noble things are as difficult as they are rare.

Without ethical consciousness, a painter is only a decorator.

Without ethical consciousness, the audience is only sensual, one of aesthetes.

—*Robert Motherwell*

THE COMPOSER AND THE PUBLIC TODAY

It is of course natural that the relation of composer and public today should be considered as a problem. It is in fact a very serious problem indeed; it has been a problem, first potential, then more and more actual, ever since the revolutionary epoch of the eighteenth century and the collapse of the old regime. This may seem a strange assertion in view of the fact that the music of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries is precisely that which is most popular in our opera houses and concert halls today. A glance at the musical history of the period, however, and particularly at the careers of its outstanding composers, should be sufficient to demonstrate that this music—and precisely that which has survived, both through continual performance and acclaim, and through its influence on music as a whole—was at least highly controversial in its own time, and

that with each new generation, what was "contemporary" in a lasting sense was received with more and more reserve.

It is however necessary to have a clear idea of what this word "public" implies, for after all the artistic public of today is the result of at least a century and a half of democratic evolution. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it consisted of an "elite" of at most a few thousands; and in fact the "Romantic movement," as it developed in the course of the century which followed, was characterized in part by a cultural uneasiness derived from the gradual dissolution of this elite into an ever-growing mass, under the impetus of the social changes which took place with increasing momentum throughout the century, and which have continued into our own day. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the "public" in our modern sense is a phenomenon which arose during the nineteenth century, and that very possibly the gulf—or, to be more accurate, the time lag—between artist and public is in part an inevitable result of that phenomenon itself. For as I have already pointed out, it has grown steadily with the growth of the public, and has reached the dimensions of a serious cultural problem precisely in our day, when the media of mass communication, in addition to the growth of business enterprise, have all contributed to an enormous and sudden expansion of the public. Instead of consisting of a relatively small elite, the public now numbers many millions.

The "gulf" of which we speak does not imply that none of the music written today receives wide acclaim. It is obvious that much music by contemporary composers is performed, and that some of it attains a genuine vogue, even if this vogue often is somewhat lukewarm, temporary, and precarious. More striking as a symptom is the fact that precisely the work of the recognized leaders of contemporary music—Bartók, for instance, or Stravinsky, or Schönberg—remains so much less familiar to the public than are the names of the composers themselves. It is fairly generally admitted, for instance, that these composers have left a deep and lasting imprint on music. The fact that there are many who deplore this circumstance does not change the circumstance itself, or negate its reality. Yet as far as genuine popularity is concerned, it is for the most part earlier, less

characteristic, and in some cases smaller works that have thus far prevailed, as for instance Stravinsky's *L'Oiseau de feu*, which hardly can be said to represent the real Stravinsky at all, and is certainly not one of the works on which his real influence is based. It is not, of course, that one has any serious doubts that the mature music of these composers will eventually prevail; the striking and disturbing fact is that the music can be so relatively neglected while the reputations have become secure. And it must be emphasized that the influence of these composers has not been limited to those who consider themselves their followers, but has affected music as a whole. It is the influence of mature and powerful artistic personalities, and has affected not only the most serious but the most popular music, not only the most pretentious but also the most modest. It is, in other words, the type of influence which only the really great composers have exerted in every generation.

Under such circumstances it is natural that voices should be heard which, in a variety of terms, censure the artists of today for their alleged absorption in esoteric problems and their alleged indifference to the deeper human meanings of art. This particular form of censure starts at least from the period when Tolstoy wrote his famous polemic entitled *What Is Art?* in which he attacked in very similar terms the art of some seventy years ago . . . There is no question that music, in common with all the arts, is passing through a very critical period of transition, in which its whole vocabulary is being transformed in very much the same manner that the musical vocabulary was transformed during the sixteenth century. During any such period many artistic experiments are tried, and not all are successful; a very easy confusion can arise in which pure experimentalism is sometimes regarded as the most serious art, just as the converse is true, and possibly more often. What is so often not realized is that experimentalism, too, has its role to play in such a period, and above all that the strongest and boldest personalities are more apt to arouse opposition, merely because they are strong and therefore demanding personalities, than are the experimentalists, who are able to explain themselves in relatively simple terms and thus to arouse interest while demanding nothing but curiosity of the listener, who can take or

leave the product as he sees fit. The really strong personalities, on the other hand, demand his full participation, for with them it is a question not merely of vocabulary but of expression and substance.

The average listener of today therefore finds himself confronted with problems which are certainly greater than those which beset his predecessors of a hundred years ago, and it is not surprising that he frequently calls artistic values into question, with vast confusion as the result. In fact one of the characteristic aspects of the cultural problem of today is a widespread failure to distinguish between categories; what is essentially "popular"—designed for entertainment—is very frequently confused with what is "serious"—designed to communicate vital experience—with the result that demands are sometimes made in each category which do not belong to it.

Thus a kind of "middle-of-the-road" attitude is sometimes advocated; an attitude once neatly characterized by Artur Schnabel who described a certain contemporary composer as "trying to be both Beethoven and Rudolf Friml at the same time." The attitude has been a fairly common one in the last decades, and both German and Russian totalitarianism have played their roles in fostering it. It is in fact characteristic of totalitarianism that a conception—clothed, of course, in appropriate slogans—is pushed to extremes, and made virtually compulsory under the sign of co-ordination to national or "revolutionary" aims. It is thus supported by the all-too-familiar apparatus of totalitarian coercion, both moral and otherwise. This fact should, incidentally, be more clearly recognized, for it is at the very core of the totalitarian conception, and remote as artistic problems may seem to be from the major world problems of today, they nevertheless throw into sharp relief the essential dilemmas of modern society, and in a very clear manner reveal the essential stresses which can cause trends toward easy but fatal totalitarian solutions.

I do not of course intend to imply that the problem can be, or should be, resolved by raising totalitarian specters. We are in fact often told that the best antidote to totalitarianism is faith in human dignity and faith in the power of ideas. The attitudes which totalitarianism has

known how to exploit so efficiently are the result of a basic pessimism, a pessimism induced not only by our typically modern sense of past glories but above all by our ineluctable awareness of the problems of Western civilization. These problems are, literally, problems of life and death, and pessimism regarding them is unfortunately as lethal as it is easy and tempting. It is also as specious from a long-range point of view as it is gratifying to a sense of pride in "toughness" at short range. But one is either going to fight our cultural battles or to succumb, as T. S. Eliot put it, "with a whimper." And the only way to fight them is by drawing to the full upon whatever inner resources we possess, and bringing them fully to bear on whatever constructive tasks we are called upon to perform.

As far as art is concerned, the issue is, or should be, quite clear. The artist's task is to produce from the fullness of conviction whatever he has to produce—and the conviction can only be his own. The composer's only reliable contact with his public is within himself; he can only communicate what he himself feels. If for any reason whatever his utterance is halfhearted through lack of conviction, by just so much will he fail to convince; and by expressing himself less than fully, or by adopting for any purpose a manner other than his own, or by mitigating what he has to say through fear that it will not be immediately intelligible to any portion of the public, he runs the certain risk of fatally weakening its eventual impact. That is certainly the reason why so-called "serious" composers so often fail when they attempt to write "popular" music, just as the converse is, and for the same reason, equally true.

This is the real point of the statement, which in the past used to be considered as a tribute to a high artistic conscience but which today has become so often a mode of reproach, that an artist creates to satisfy himself. It is not an esoteric satisfaction which he seeks, however esoteric the product may seem on first acquaintance. The product will invariably seem esoteric to those for whom it represents a new and unfamiliar experience, just as it will present problems—sometimes even more difficult—to those whose settled predilections seem in some way to be challenged by it. In the contemporary world, above all, the artist will need a degree of patience, for he can easily

find himself subject to incomprehension, indifference, and even bitter opposition, and to the sometimes very painful and even, in spectacular cases, tragic incommodities which these can inflict on him. It is certainly not necessary to be sentimental about this subject, as the nineteenth century was apt to do, but it is not possible either to minimize the fact that an artist today needs both an unshakable conviction and a robust constitution, moral and, if possible, physical, if he is to survive as an artist. But his obligation is exactly the same as it has always been: to produce what he has to produce, in the terms most suited to his specific utterance. If he is possessed in any degree of what is called "genius," it is inevitable that these terms should be to a large extent very personal indeed, and that, just as they will have tradition as their starting point, they will also go beyond tradition into some kind of hitherto uncharted territory. But only by pursuing his goals with single-mindedness, fundamentally untroubled by gusts of either taste or opinion, can he effectively serve either society or his art.

And what about the problem of the public? We should recognize that it is essentially a problem not of art but of society, to be solved, as we are trying to solve it now, by making whatever use can be made of the channels of mass communication in order to open to the whole public as wide a range as possible of artistic experience. There are many signs that progress is being made in this respect, possibly very great progress, even if it is less rapid than one might like. We might also learn to recognize that there are many legitimate functions of art in our complex modern society, and as many legitimate categories to fulfill these functions; and in the last analysis too, as many different "publics" which are served by them, each with its appropriate demands and standards, and each with its own claim to dignified existence.

—Roger Sessions

James S. Plaut

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN IN THE UNITED STATES

Its background and prospects

Industrial design is fast becoming a stock word in the American vocabulary. Like many other well-used terms, it has become a convenient label covering a multitude of meanings, and subject to as many personal interpretations as a word like "democracy." Its real meaning is elusive because it is so universal.

What is industrial design?

Time magazine calls it the phenomenon of the twentieth century. Business calls it better business. The consumer calls it better products. Some artists no longer call it commercialism. The schools call it a course of studies. The practitioner calls it a way of life and a profession. Geoffrey Holmes thoughtfully describes it in more definite terms: "Industrial design means the conscious ordering and planning of the production of material things for the use and well-being of man."

Walter Dorwin Teague is still more specific: "Design benefits

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This article is in every sense a collaborative effort of the staff of the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston. I wish to thank my associates who have assisted in its preparation, and I acknowledge with particular appreciation the contributions of Anne Jenks, Carl F. Zahn, Theodore S. Jones, and Diggory Venn.—J.S.P.

can be measured in terms of product improvements of several kinds. Design can mean 85% increased suction in a vacuum cleaner, or 400% increase in the sale of an oil heater, or 36% reduction in the weight of a railroad coach, or the attraction of 17,000,000 visitors to a dramatized exhibit. Often it means lowered production costs and increased convenience in use."

In its pure sense, industrial design describes the formal steps taken to plan the function, utility, and appearance of a product or object before it is manufactured. But in our complex industrial society, the term has come to embrace far more than mere preliminary planning. For example: the designer of an industrial product today must consider the total impression of the product on the customer. That is to say, an impression compounded of the producer's corporate identity, as established by his letterheads and bill forms; the appearance of his buildings; the tone of his reception rooms; the container in which his product is presented; the impact of its advertising; and even the appearance of the truck which carries the product to the market place.

Like all momentous social and economic phenomena, industrial design has experienced a lively history. It has had incalculable effects upon our way of life; it has provided opportunities, made fortunes, provoked controversies and suffered misunderstandings.

There are some who maintain that industrial design is a pure American phenomenon, germinated by the circumstances of mass production and brought to maturity by American industrial and technological know-how. Some of our most successful and effective practitioners claim, in essence, to have conceived industrial design and think of themselves as its pioneers. They suggest that the philosophy and practice they have evolved is sufficiently revolutionary to establish the beginnings of industrial design, as such, within the span of their own careers, or, let us say, within the last quarter century. The argument has some validity, for the last twenty-five years unquestionably have witnessed the full flowering and towering expansion of industrial design in the United States, with most important consequences for our standard of living. The American designer has both pioneered and excelled in combining the reforms and

refinements of engineering, science, and art to create a significant and vital profession.

Indeed, the industrial designer is essential. In our industrial society, as George Nelson puts it, "the only possible way to get good quality and good performance [at a reasonable price] in articles for daily living is through the factory and its production line."

Industrial design, however, is not a special American preserve. The laurels of conception and early development belong clearly to Europe. Indeed, we can look back on a full century of European awareness and articulation, and upon an influence which remains real and unmistakable today.

EUROPE: TRADITION AND INFLUENCE

The scene is London, 1851: "The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations." These "works" proved to be a machine-made perpetuation of the familiar hand-made objects of the past, with abundant embellishment replacing simplicity and beauty. A typical exhibit was a bassinet with a body like a scalloped ship, perilously balanced on an over-ornate support. The prow of the "ship" was a large *Winged Victory*, whose arm held a drooping canopy of drapery. The public joyfully received these "works of industry." Only a few imaginative artists perceived the incongruous match of the machine and the past, and the essential ugliness of the products. In righteous wrath they commented: "Where there's muck there's money."

Why did so many rejoice and so few discern? The villain in the piece is the Industrial Revolution, and the dislocation it brought to a long established and relatively tranquil life. Hordes of men, women, and children moved from the country to work in the great industrial centers. The Birmingham of 1851, as seen through the eyes of Charles Dickens, looked like this:

> . . . On every side, and as far as the eye could see into the heavy distance, tall chimneys, crowding on each other, and presenting that endless repetition of the same dull, ugly form, which is the horror of oppressive dreams, poured out their plague of smoke, obscured the light, and made foul the melancholy air. Strange engines spun and writhed like tortured creatures; clanking their iron chains, shrieking in their rapid whirl from

time to time as though in torment unendurable, and making the ground tremble with their agonies . . . Men, women, children, wan in their looks and ragged in attire, tended the engines, fed their tributary fires, begged upon the roads, or scowled half-naked from the doorless houses.

Underlying this human nightmare was the force of the Industrial Revolution itself. "While the Revolution had none of the grace and charm of childhood," Walter Dorwin Teague writes, "it had the clumsiness, the ineptness, the unintentional cruelty and the pains of a gigantic, lumbering, grimy immaturity. It had, too, the eagerness and vitality of youth . . . It accepted as a matter of course that the new industrial system on which the whole new scheme of life was based should proliferate in sinister black factories that blighted the lives of their workers . . . It received with uncritical acceptance the floods of crudely embryonic wares that poured from these factories to supply our needs ineptly, while they swamped our lives in ugliness."

The dislocations of the revolution were total. As social life was disrupted, so were the canons of taste. Traditionally, the patrons of art had belonged to the aristocracy. Their taste, formed over the centuries, was unerring. But as the middle class grew in influence and purchasing power, they also displaced the aristocratic patrons, and substituted their own "uneducated" standards of taste. As a result, no trained individuals existed to guide the growth of the new manufactured products. It was a vicious circle. As machine production became available to a wider and wider circle of purchasers, the common denominator of taste slipped lower and lower. Even as late as 1851, it was impossible to foresee how the circle could ever be broken.

Do men make history, or does history make the man? Whatever the answer, England produced two men of vision who were able to break the circle: John Ruskin and William Morris. Ruskin gave the theoretical impetus: "To men surrounded by the depressing and momentous circumstance of the English manufacturing life, depend upon it, design is impossible." William Morris, who shared Ruskin's hatred of the machine, gave the practical impetus: "As a condition of life, production by machinery is altogether an evil . . .

[art must be produced] by the people and for the people, as a happiness for the maker and the user." Morris studied the arts-and-crafts system of the Middle Ages, observed its simplicity and integrity, and then set out to apply its lessons to the contemporary anarchy of design and art.

Among William Morris' most important achievements was the establishment of arts and crafts schools throughout England. Five societies were created between 1880 and 1890 to spread the ideals of craftsmanship. Young designers followed his lead and explored the possibilities of functional yet beautiful design in the applied arts.

Morris died in 1896, but the impetus of his ideas could not be checked. On the Continent, the movement was continued by *art nouveau*, a decorative style which took various names in various countries: *art nouveau* in Belgium and France, *Sezession* in Austria, *Jugendstil* in Germany, and *stile liberty* in Italy. Unlike the earlier arts-and-crafts movement in England, it was essentially international, and although short-lived, it was of considerable importance.

Art nouveau created, as its name suggests, a *new* style. It did not look back to the great ages of art; instead it attempted to create a contemporary art. There is no doubt of *art nouveau*'s link with the English movement. The Belgian, Henry van de Velde, its greatest exponent, wrote: "The seeds that fertilized our spirit, evoked our activities, and originated the complete renewal of ornamentation and form in the decorative arts, were undoubtedly the work and influence of John Ruskin and William Morris." *Art nouveau* soon moved a step further than Morris and Ruskin. Van de Velde called for "a logical structure of products, uncompromising logic in the use of materials, proud and frank exhibition of the working processes."

The times produced yet another visionary who helped prepare the way for industrial design as we know it today. This was Hermann Muthesius, a German who had lived and worked in England. He demanded "perfect and pure utility" from the artists, and advocated the study of such practicalities as "railway stations, exhibition halls, bridges and steamships . . . whose shapes are completely dictated by the purposes they are meant to serve."

Back in Germany, Muthesius hired the most advanced artists of

the period to teach and work at the Prussian Board of Trade's Schools of Arts and Crafts. In 1907 he formed the *Deutscher Werkbund* with the stated purpose of "selecting the best representatives of art, industry, crafts, and trades; of combining all efforts towards high quality in industrial work, and of forming a rallying point for all those who are able and willing to work for high quality."

The *Werkbund* was a significant step away from the arts and crafts and toward the taming of the machine and the emergence of an industrial art. Previously, all such schools had been called *Kunstgewerbeschulen* (art-craft schools). Muthesius was instrumental in changing the name to *Werkbund* and thus dramatizing the trend away from crafts. The *Werkbund* philosophy, stated in the inaugural address, re-emphasized the change in direction. "There is no fixed boundary between tool and machine. Work of a high standard can be created with tools or with machines, as soon as man has mastered the machine and made it a tool."

What of the artist in this period of change—the artist who had watched the London exposition, and exclaimed with horror, "Where there's muck there's money"? Even the visionaries were not certain of the future, let alone the artists. Van de Velde commented at this point that "the movement toward a new style can boast of a flag, but otherwise it has no precise plan." This lack of precision came out into the open at the annual meeting of the *Werkbund* in 1914 with a controversy between van de Velde and Muthesius.

The question was posed: Should the artist follow his own individual bent, as van de Velde believed, or should members of the *Werkbund* work together toward standardization? Or, in simpler terms, was "good design" to be achieved through handicrafts or through the machine?

Muthesius' answer was a key to the future: "Architecture and the entire sphere of activities of the *Werkbund* tend toward standardization. It is only by standardization that [the artists] can recover that universal importance which they possessed in ages of harmonious civilization. Only by standardization . . . as a salutory concentration of forces, can a generally accepted and reliable taste be introduced."

Until 1919 Muthesius' *Werkbund* continued to influence the course

of industrial design in Europe. That year Walter Gropius founded the Staatliches Bauhaus at Weimar. There the final links of progress —from the absurdities of the Industrial Revolution, as illustrated by the *Winged Victory* bassinet at the London exposition, to the valid design accomplishments of today—were at last to be forged.

Walter Gropius considers himself a lineal descendant of Ruskin Morris, van de Velde and Muthesius. Thus the Bauhaus, revolutionary though it was, carried on a strong tradition. "The Bauhaus," Gropius said, "strives to co-ordinate all creative effort, to achieve in a new architecture the unification of all training in art and design. The ultimate, if distant goal of the Bauhaus is the collective work of art —the Building—in which no barriers exist between the structural and the decorative arts."

The Bauhaus rescued the artist from indecision, and set him the goal of becoming a "whole" artist—that is to say, a participant in society rather than an ascetic academician. To speed the process Gropius brought together a complete cross section of the art world architects, teachers, designers, craftsmen, manufacturers, sculptors painters, and graphic artists. The ideas of one cross-fertilized the ideas of another, or stimulated a third. The Bauhaus student was given "practical, manual training in workshops actively engaged in production, coupled with sound theoretical instruction in the laws of design."

Gropius saw the necessity for combining art and craftsmanship But he carried the philosophy a step further. He consistently sought a closer relationship between the artist and the machine. Today, some of the early Bauhaus industrial designs seem awkward and angular Perhaps they are. But they must be admired for their integrity, for their honest development and use of new materials, and for their avoidance of the prevailing academic designs. Some of the designs that incorporate these qualities are the Bauhaus itself by Gropius (Plate 8); van der Rohe's Tugendhat chair (Plate 3); Lindig's coffee pot, cup and saucer; the Bauhaus desk lamp; and Breuer's chair (Plates 9–11).

In 1933 the Nazis came into power and the Bauhaus came to an end. Gropius, Breuer, Moholy-Nagy, Albers, and Mies van der

Rohe all left Germany, and eventually came to America to work and teach.

The Bauhaus has had an enormous effect on the development of industrial design in America. The clean, functional designs of a Loewy or a Dreyfuss, and their incorporation of new materials, while thoroughly indigenous in conception, are evidence that the Bauhaus challenge appealed to our early industrial designers. The line of descent to outstanding younger designers such as Charles Eames, George Nelson, and Eero Saarinen is even more direct.

To complete the balance sheet, one more European influence on American industrial design deserves attention—*De Stijl*. The movement began in Holland in 1912 and was formally active for a full twenty years. The best-known members were the architects J. J. P. Oud—Café de Unie (Plate 1) is an outstanding example of his work—and Theo van Doesburg, and the painter Mondrian. *De Stijl's* hallmark is a design formula of asymetric balance, rectangular shapes, and primary colors, applicable to architecture, painting, and interior design. The group published a magazine, *De Stijl*, from 1921 to 1932. In 1926 the Brooklyn Museum in the United States held a *De Stijl* exhibition.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr., of the New York Museum of Modern Art, credits *De Stijl* with stimulating important changes in the Bauhaus philosophy. "From a somewhat expressionist mysticism and transcendentalism," he writes, "the Bauhaus more and more turned toward clarity and discipline . . . Eventually the Bauhaus went far beyond the *De Stijl* by using a primarily functional, rather than an abstract 'geometrical' system of design." Mies van der Rohe, who succeeded Gropius at the Bauhaus, was influenced in his design of the brick country house (Plate 4) by *De Stijl*.

The influence of *De Stijl* in the United States has been widespread and remains prevalent. Mies van der Rohe's apartment building on Lake Shore Drive in Chicago and Gropius' Graduate Center at Harvard are architectural cases in point. Paintings by Mondrian, like *Composition in Gray, Blue, Yellow and Red* (Plate 2), have been the obvious inspiration for much floor- and wall-covering design and a considerable body of American advertising art. Two specific

examples are recent advertisements for Coca-Cola and Celanese Fabrics (Plates 5 and 7).

THE AMERICAN SCENE

America, too, felt the impact of the Industrial Revolution. The miseries of Dickens' Birmingham were repeated as the mass production of ineptly designed objects multiplied; the common denominator of taste slipped lower as purchasing power increased. London's Exhibition of the Works of Industry was re-echoed in the Centennial Exposition of Philadelphia in 1876. Naturally the latter was hailed as the biggest exhibition ever held anywhere in the world. For the embellished bassinet of London, substitute the foliage-encrusted parlor organ of Philadelphia. The machine mated even more wildly with ornamentation; the new middle class bought even more madly.

Scarcely had America digested the ornamental richness of Philadelphia than the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 served forth a banquet of dazzling white splendor in Greek, Roman, and Renaissance buildings, and the pseudo-classical craze swept all before it. Americans again gorged themselves into uneasy satiety.

To be sure, voices were crying in this wilderness of ornamentation and pseudo-classicism; brave attempts were being made to establish the esthetic potentialities of a home-grown American culture. H. H. Richardson was developing a rationale that called for a simple, direct yet massive style of building. Louis Sullivan, the architect-engineer, was building skyscrapers with steel frames and large areas of glass, and was propounding his theory of "form follows function." Frank Lloyd Wright had long been recognized abroad as a leading architect (witness his exhibition in Berlin in 1910), yet at home he was virtually in exile.

Although no formal movements existed like *De Stijl* or the *Werkbund*, leaders of art and education were urging a closer relationship of art and industry as early as 1908. In New Jersey, John Cotton Dana opened his Newark Museum and exhibited industrial art to the accompaniment of his own credo: "Beauty has no relation to age, rarity, or price."

Economically, there was every reason for a happier relationship

between art and industry. By 1910 America led the world in the production of such useful articles as automobiles, telephone and kitchen equipment. But taste and design were still labeled "Made in Europe." In 1925 American visitors to the International Exhibition in Paris were shocked to discover that not one example of American industrial design was to be seen. This time, the American department store came to the rescue. R. H. Macy's New York store illustrated the new alliance between manufacturing and the fine arts with an Art in Trade Exposition in 1927. The next year, Marshall Field in Chicago exhibited Buckminster Fuller's revolutionary "Dymaxion" house which was constructed of such unorthodox materials as aluminum, airplane cables, and plastics.

The exhibition of the "Dymaxion" house was indicative of a new temper in American design. As Fuller himself tells the story, the Chicago department store buyers had hoped to produce a revolution in Chicago's taste by purchasing large shipments of furniture designed by Oud, van der Rohe, and Gropius from the Paris exposition. At the same time, the Chicago architects were already planning to introduce a new spirit of American architecture at the 1933 Chicago World's Fair. They at once persuaded Marshall Field's to show Fuller's "uncontaminated," purely American house of the future along with the Paris imports as a symbol of American design independence. The "modern" imports paled by comparison to Fuller's house, and his lectures drew excited crowds to the store.

The bandwagon was at last beginning to roll. Plenty of hands beside the department stores came to push. The Metropolitan Museum was now holding exhibitions of contemporary American industrial design. The American economy was expanding at a furious pace. Production lines became more efficient and versatile, handling metal, plastics, glass, wood and fibers. The advertising agency was coming of age and stridently directing the consumer to this plethora of products. The build-up of publicity was turning into a science. The Browns were working hard to keep up with the Joneses, who were trying to stay ahead of the Smiths.

The stage was set for the entrance of the industrial designer.

The first designers were men of varied talents and backgrounds.

Walter Dorwin Teague was a graphic designer. Lurelle Guild was an advertising man. Raymond Loewy, despite his training in engineering, was principally concerned with fashion illustration. Henry Dreyfuss was a theatrical designer. Harold Van Doren was an editor, lecturer, and fine arts historian.

In large degree, such men as these and Norman Bel Geddes, Russel Wright, Peter Mueller-Munk, Walter von Nessen and Kem Weber, were responsible for the resurrection of a national taste, and the generating of a demand for better-designed products. They were also the pioneer "outside" experts, working as independents rather than as members of a company design staff.

The independent designer and the company design department are both valuable adjuncts to American industry. Their procedures are not fundamentally dissimilar, the differences being ones of degree—of freedom and involvement, general practice and specialization, and breadth and intensity of experience. These two basic sources have frequently been skillfully utilized in combination to provide an exceptionally high quality of design. The "inside" designer is by definition closer to the company's manufacturing process, its policies, its methods, and its personnel. The "outside" designer provides a viewpoint detached from the everyday workings of a specific industrial situation, with the attendant merits of freshness and objectivity.

But let the experts speak for themselves. Here are the outside designers. J. Gordon Lippincott describes his specialized function as follows: "To create the right form for the manufactured article. Through the knowledge of applied art [the designer] correlates utility with esthetic appeal and thereby seeks to imbue the consumer with the desire for ownership."

Another independent consultant, Henry Dreyfuss, gives this five-point formula for the designing of new products:

Convenience of use (including utility and safety).

Ease of maintenance.

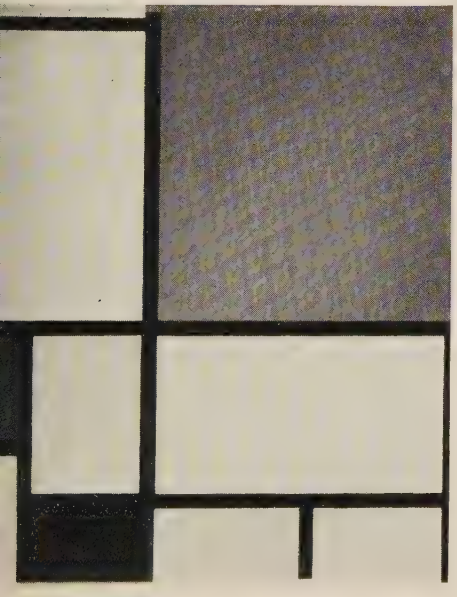
Costs (consideration of tooling, general manufacturing costs, and distribution problems).

Sales (merchandising knowledge, public acceptance, and awareness of competition).

1

Café de Unie, Rotterdam, Holland
J. J. P. OUD, 1925
Museum of Modern Art, New York

Composition in Gray, Blue, Yellow and Red
PIET MONDRIAN, 1931
Museum of Modern Art, New York



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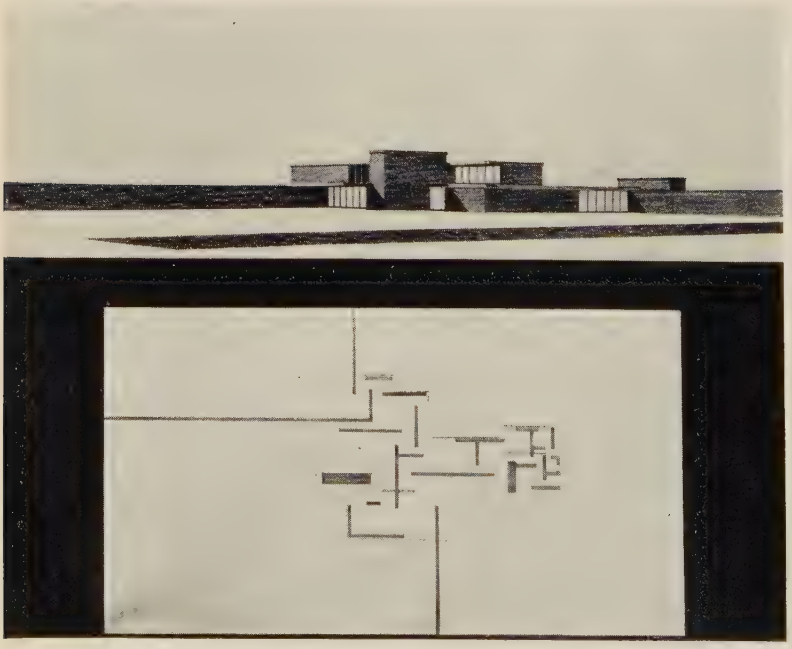
3

3 *Tugendhat chair*
MIES VAN DER ROHE, 1930
Museum of Modern Art, New York



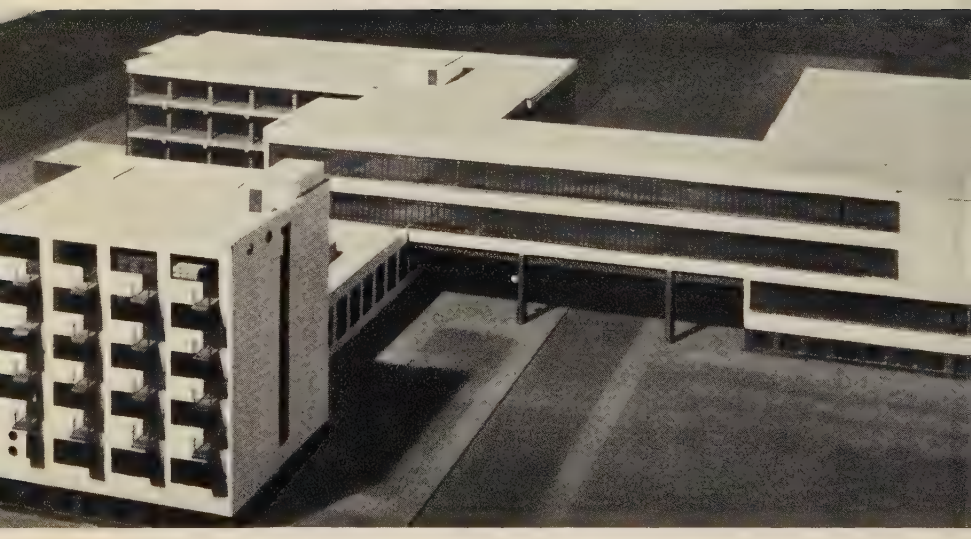
4

4 *Brick country house project, elevation and plan*
MIES VAN DER ROHE, 1923
Museum of Modern Art, New York

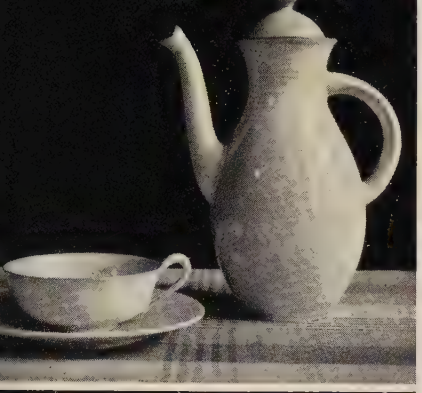
5, 7 *Advertisements showing De Stijl influence, 1954*

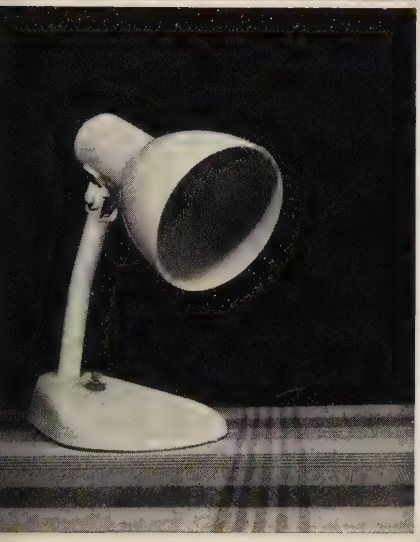
6

6 *Steel frame storage unit*
GEORGE NELSON, 1954
Herman Miller Furniture Co., Zeeland, Mich.



8 *Bauhaus, Dessau, model, with students' studio in foreground*
WALTER GROPIUS, 1925–26





9 *Coffee pot, cup and saucer: Bauhaus*
OTTO LINDIG, 1923
Busch-Reisinger Museum, Harvard University

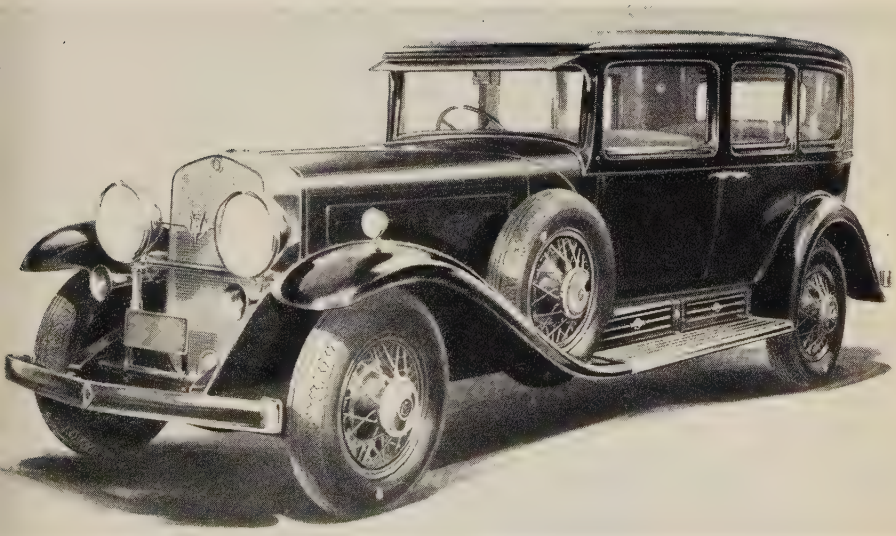
10 *Desk lamp*
BAUHAUS, 1924
Busch-Reisinger Museum, Harvard University

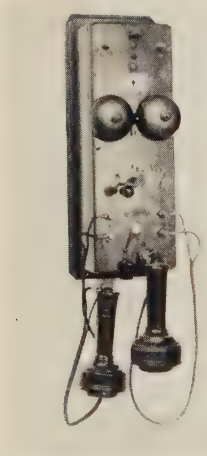
Fred Stone photos

11 *Chair: Bauhaus*
MARCEL BREUER, 1925
Busch-Reisinger Museum, Harvard University

12 *Pioneer Zephyr train*
E. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING FOR BURLINGTON LINES, 1934

13 *Cadillac automobile*
HARLEY EARL FOR GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, 1930





14 **15** **16**

14 *Wall telephone, 1878*

15 *Wall telephone with long-distance transmitter, 1887*

16 *Desk stand telephone with dial, 1920*

17 *Hand set desk telephone, 1927*

18 *Combined desk telephone set*
HENRY DREYFUSS, 1937

19 *Combined desk telephone set*
HENRY DREYFUSS, 1950

Bell Telephone Laboratories, New York

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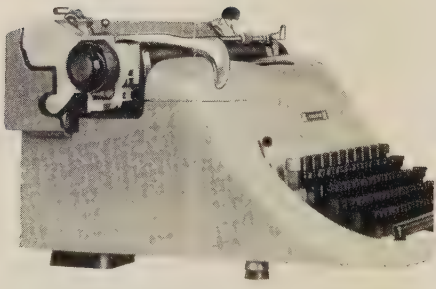


0 *Remington Standard typewriter model 2, 1878*
Remington Rand Co., New York

1 *L. C. Smith & Brothers, series 1, model 1, 1904*

2 *L. C. Smith, series 1, 1939*
L. C. Smith & Corona Typewriters, Inc., Syracuse, New York

3 *IBM electric typewriter*
ELIOT NOYES, c. 1950
International Business Machines, New York

4 *Lexicon 80*
MARCELLO NIZZOLI, c. 1948
Olivetti Corporation, Ivrea, Italy

25

25 *Molded plywood chair*
CHARLES EAMES, 1946

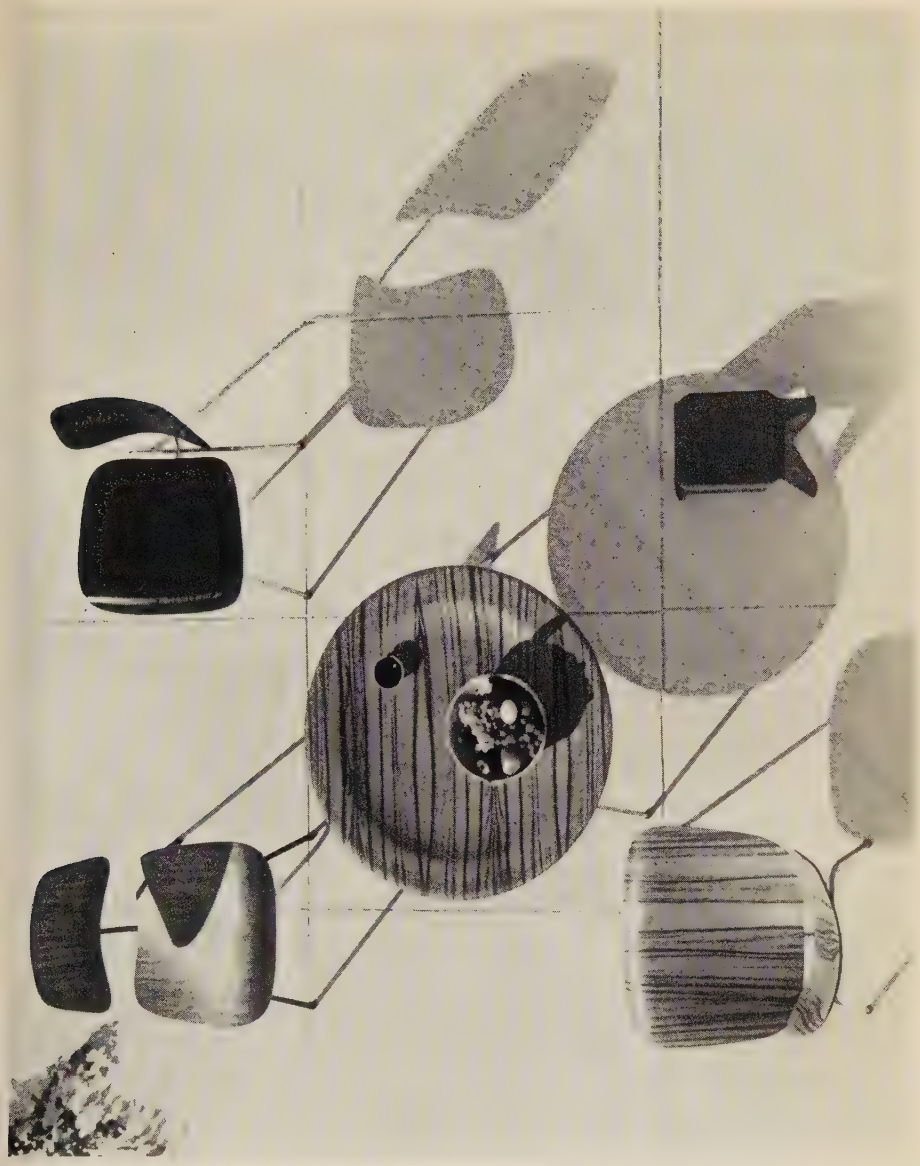
26 *Molded plywood chair with chrome steel legs*
CHARLES EAMES, 1947

27 *"Zenaloy" plastic and fiberglas chairs*
CHARLES EAMES, 1953

Herman Miller Furniture Co.

26

27



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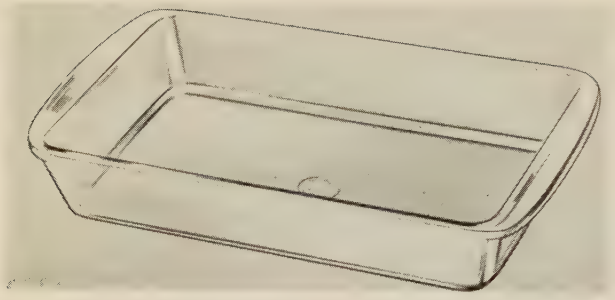
28 *Molded plywood chairs and table*
CHARLES EAMES, c. 1947
Herman Miller Furniture Co.



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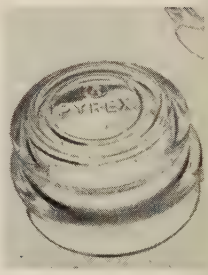

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29, 31 *Pyrex baking dishes, Corning Glass Works, 1949*

30 *Pyrex percolator top*

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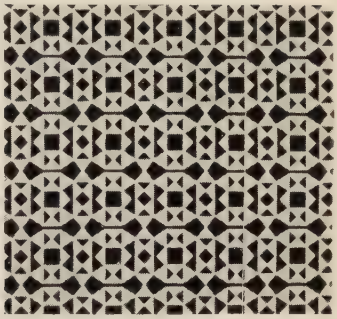

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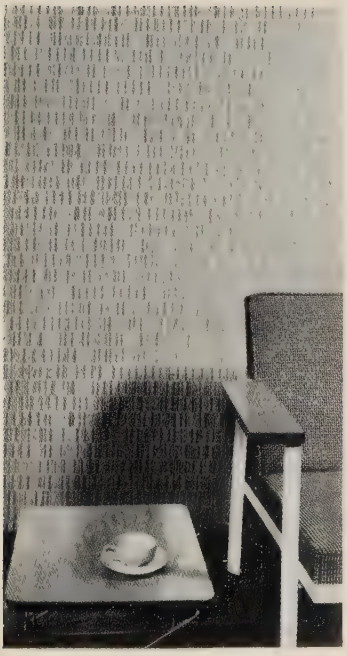

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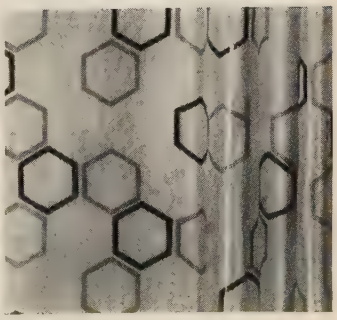

, 33, 34, 35 *Wallpapers and fabric*
ALEXANDER GIRARD, 1952
Herman Miller Furniture Co.

36

36 *Percolator*
RAYMOND LOEWY ASSOCIATES AND JAMES HVALE, c. 1951
Ekco Products, Chicago, Illinois

37 *Portable radio*
HENRY DREYFUSS, 1953
Radio Corporation of America, New Y

37

38

39

38 *"Contour" sterling silver flatware*
JOHN VAN KOERT, 1950
Towle Mfg. Co., Newburyport, Mass.

39 *Vacuum cleaner*
PETER CHERRY, 1949
General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

Appearance (last but not least, the designer must add his knowledge of form, line, proportion, and color to integrate the product into a pleasing whole).

The procedures for an inside designer have been set forth in detail by Arthur A. Houghton, Jr., President of Steuben Glass, Inc. The following, which describes the system at Corning Glass Works, is quoted from a speech, subsequently published, delivered in London in 1951 under the title of "Design Policy within Industry as a Responsibility of High-Level Management."

1. Assignments of projects are made by the Director of Design to the product designer, to the commercial artist, or to the architectural designer, by reviewing the requirements, the importance of the item, its relationship to the product line, and its limitations. Suggestions as to methods of approaching the problem are offered to the designer, and completion dates are set for each phase of the product's development.

2. The designer seeks pertinent data in our internal files, makes necessary survey trips to the market, to the factory which is to produce the item, and to other departments of the company for further research and experimentation. While the design is developing, a simultaneous study of the market is being conducted by our market research department to determine market requirements. Design weaknesses and strengths in competitive products are not overlooked. When these surveys are completed they are analyzed and the limitations of product function, cost, form, decoration, color, and other pertinent factors are determined. In mass production, preliminary testing by market research is necessary to avoid the excessive costs that may result from errors in pricing or in styling. If the product is being developed for one of our industrial customers, our designers work directly with the client.

3. When specific information has been assembled, and ideas and suggestions have been analyzed, the designer prepares rough sketches in perspective, plan, section and elevation.

4. Designs which meet or surpass the requirements are then presented in alternate forms for discussion with all interested departments of the company.

5. Final designs are submitted to the top management in the form of realistic perspective drawings, models and detailed working drawings. In presenting this information, the designer endeavors to present his solution on the basis of accepted facts.

6. After legal clearances, blueprints are sent to the manufacturing department for the production of actual samples.

7. The samples are turned over to the market research department for study and for review by a selected group of our important wholesale customers. Samples are also sent to our consumer panel (a selected group of housewives), and to specialized testing organizations.

8. A thorough service test of the samples is made also by the home economics department and by the research department. The manufacturing department makes production trials to determine whether the item can immediately be put into production.

9. These many tests are all carried forward simultaneously, and when they are completed, the designers—in co-operation with sales, manufacturing and research personnel—decide whether further revisions are necessary.

10. Schedules for the production of the new item and for all accompanying sales and merchandising aids are established.

11. Carefully integrated and finished art work for labels, cartons, catalogues, and other related materials is prepared and sent to the sales promotion and advertising departments.

12. The design department has the responsibility of checking each phase in the making of the product and of its collateral sales and merchandising aids, to make certain that all conform to the approved designs. The interest which arises from following these phases of the product's development assures the designer's desire to make certain that the product is successful in terms of public acceptance. His final responsibility if sales should lag, is to make recommendations for further improvements in design.

EXAMPLES OF AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

As if to avenge the absence of American-designed products in the Paris International Exhibition of 1925, the Metropolitan Museum, in the early 1930's, presented industrial design shows of its own. In the 1934–35 exhibition, "More than 1,000 objects were American-made and American-designed, and had been produced in every industrial center in the country, for every class of consumer."

Such was the proliferation of design in as short a period as nine years. Here it is possible only to illustrate and evaluate a tiny proportion of the industrial designer's output. Appropriately, the designs are divided between the outside and inside designers.

The year 1929, memorable for several good reasons, marked the moment when Raymond Loewy, a French engineer and designer, opened his own office in New York. At the same time Walter

Dorwin Teague was designing an unusually advanced Marmon car. Also in the automotive world, Harley Earl had finished work on a Cadillac, 1930 model (Plate 13).

The general realization of what might be accomplished when American design and industry worked in unison is well illustrated by the *Pioneer Zephyr* (Plate 12). Placed in service in 1934, it was our first Diesel-powered "streamlined" train, and was designed by the E. G. Budd Manufacturing Company for the Burlington Railroad. Streamlining, the designer's answer to aerodynamic theory, remains a useful and rational principal in its application to locomotion. Unfortunately it has been too often applied, with excessive zeal, to stationary objects. Jet propulsion has invaded the American home and we are now familiar with the pencil sharpener, the electric toaster, and the velocipede which appear to have been designed to break through the sound barrier.

The development of the telephone is a dramatic illustration of the designer at work. The first crude instruments (Plates 14 and 15) were a product of the workbench. Engineering developments were reflected in the desk stand (Plate 16) and the hand set (Plate 17). These were eventually replaced by the sleek 1937 model (Plate 18) designed by Henry Dreyfuss. The 1937 model, taking advantage of new technology, was smaller than its predecessors; the receiver and speaker form one well-shaped unit; and the dial is sharply defined by a juxtaposition of white and black circles. The 1950 design (Plate 19), also by Dreyfuss, is a less striking advance, but it demonstrates the designer's ceaseless search for something better.

The first typewriters were as crude as the early telephones (Plates 20 and 21). They presented yet another challenge to the designer's inventiveness. Many machines which are in use today still have poorly designed casings, excessive projections, and streamlined moldings. The International Business Machines' electric typewriter designed by Eliot Noyes (Plate 23) has a remarkably simple casing, well-defined keys, and is attractively finished in neutral colors. The European contribution, an Italian Olivetti machine (Plate 24) designed by Marcello Nizzoli, possesses similar virtues.

The designs of Charles Eames of California have materially affected

the appearance of our postwar homes. Eames, trained as an architect, is familiar with new construction materials and processes. His molded plywood chairs (Plates 25, 26, and 28) are mass-produced, and combine reasonable cost with commendable comfort. His "Zenaloy" plastic and fiberglas chair (Plate 27) is one of our most remarkable postwar designs. The inexpensive, textured material, molded under pressure, comes in a variety of pleasing colors.

Alexander Girard's fabric and wallpaper designs for the Herman Miller Company (Plates 32–34) are abstract and architectural in character. With a few simple motifs, Girard achieves a decorative effect which is in harmony with the contemporary trend in home furnishing designs. Wallpaper colors are muted, but warm in their over-all effect, whereas the drapery fabrics (Plate 35) are boldly colored in reds, oranges, and purples.

Steel storage cabinets (Plate 6), a recent George Nelson design, are an example of the *De Stijl* influence. However fortuitous the connection, the black steel of the cabinets intersecting at right-angles and contrasting with the brightly colored, smooth-surfaced drawers, points up a visual kinship with the bold, spatial clarity of Mondrian's paintings.

Corning's Pyrex ware (Plates 29–31) is the product of the company's own design staff, and was created by an inside design group rather than by an outside designer. Before 1948, engineers were responsible for the design of all of Corning's consumer products. That year, the firm appointed an architect, John B. Ward, to head its design operation. A dozen designers participated in a company-conducted, designer-training program for eight weeks to learn about glass and its manufacture. Important changes were made in Pyrex brand products by this group. Handles on the baking dishes were redesigned, and more recently the bowls have been produced in opaque glass, white on the inside and red, green, blue, or yellow on the outside.

Another successful inside design project is Towle Silversmiths' "Contour" pattern (Plate 38), developed while John Van Koert was the company design director. The knife, fork, and spoon capitalize on the rich, soft texture and color of sterling silver. They are shaped to

fit easily into the hand, are well-balanced, and their subtle curves are esthetically pleasing. The large serving pieces are designed to perform multiple functions, thus reducing the number of items in a set.

Manufacturers of home appliances, faced with the highly competitive domestic market, have always drawn heavily on the skills of the industrial designer. Three successful examples are Loewy's percolator (Plate 36), Dreyfuss' radio (Plate 37), and Cherry's vacuum cleaner (Plate 39).

There is a vast reservoir of design triumphs in American industry, of which these are a small part. Successful solutions multiply in direct ratio to the growth of technology, research, and human comprehension. Automotive design, for example, merits lengthy and detailed consideration. Transportation and communications contribute exciting chapters; the design attitudes of gigantic corporations, such as General Electric, whose diversified mechanical products epitomize the development of an industrial society, are the best harbingers of the narrowing gap in industry's own relations with the world of art and design.

AMERICA'S DESIGN FUTURE

As this is hardly the place to dwell at length upon case studies in industrial design, it may be in order to leave this thumbnail history long enough to speculate momentarily on the future. Certainly any forecast of design weather in this American world of tomorrow would be empty were it not based on a reading of today's barometer. Without extending the allusion unduly, it seems reasonable to predict that the climate is changing for the better, that the mists are lifting and the period of greatest turbulence has been left behind. The most telling factor for a rising glass must inevitably be the dissipation of American industrial management's traditional apathy toward—or misunderstanding of—the design function. Some five years ago we, at the Institute of Contemporary Art, felt compelled to say that, with certain brilliant and distinguished exceptions, the record of industry's collaboration with art in our country must be regarded as one of mutual distrust, misunderstanding, and frustration. If art had looked to industry for patronage, that patronage had too often been

superficial or misapplied. If, on the other hand, industry had sought inspiration from art, that inspiration had too often lacked realism and usefulness. By and large, there was a strong tendency for the businessman to look upon the artist as an egocentric Bohemian, and for the artist to regard the businessman as a ruthless exploiter of talent. The record today is far better. There is a considerable body of enlightened management that respects the integrity of the creative individual and is sympathetic and responsive to his essential work needs. Moreover, management's comprehension of the *material* value of effective design has been sharpened by the mounting evidence that "good design means good business." American companies, large and small, have witnessed this phenomenon with growing satisfaction in their respective contributions to design's—and thus to their own corporate —welfare. Appropriate budgetary and organizational disposition is given the design elements in their operation—clear indications that design has become an integral factor in corporate philosophy and planning. In short, companies take design seriously. Among the growing number of such companies are Ford, General Motors, and Studebaker; the Radio Corporation of America and Motorola; General Electric and Westinghouse; A. B. Dick, International Business Machines, and International Harvester; the Container Corporation of America; Abbott Laboratories and Upjohn, Inc.; Corning Glass and Libbey-Owens-Ford; Eastman Kodak; the Elgin National Watch Company; Standard Oil; and a good many others.

Striking changes have also come over our artists. As the lists grow of meritorious designers gainfully employed by industry—without sacrifice of artistic birthright—the charges of managerial barbarism and exploitation have abated. More and more of our best creative talents have discovered their own *modus vivendi* with industry, and there are dramatic instances of the productive meeting of the new patron-executive and the new business-minded artist.

But the Utopia of American industrial design is not yet with us, even in embryo, for these companies, these designers, are a happy few whose enlightened self-interest is but pointing the way. A stout psychological barrier, built with timbers of mutual mistrust, still remains to be surmounted before the effective collaboration between

art and industry can become more than an exception to the rule.

Finally, there is the besetting problem of the designer's professional preparation. However we may clamor for a greater degree of executive understanding, it must be admitted that we are still seeking the ideal formula for designer training. As a profession, industrial design embraces such disparate subjects as esthetics, science, engineering, product planning, manufacturing, market research, general business practice, and—creative design. Adequate grounding in so many areas cannot be attained in less than six years of undergraduate and graduate study, the bare minimum approximating the disciplines of architectural training. There are virtually *no* meaningful courses of study at the graduate level available today to the incipient designer, and the rule of thumb is a four-year curriculum terminating in a bachelor's degree in the field of fine arts or industrial design.

With the growing awareness of the designer's central position in industry, American manufacturers are evincing a heightened interest in our schools of design. We may expect the prevalent shortage of scholarships to be alleviated by increased grants from industry. Such corporate support will enable these institutions generally to strengthen and enrich their programs by adding such subjects as anthropology, sociology, and psychology to the design curriculum—as has already been done in certain instances. The desideratum of a liberal arts background, basic preparation for any of the professions, will be fortified and the schools will also have an increased incentive to give the aspirant designer a more thorough grasp of industry's problems.

The multiplicity of theories held by our design educators today is disquieting. There is little agreement as to scope, duration, and formal content among the teachers, practitioners, and consumers of design. We have training establishments from coast to coast, some of them led by distinguished individuals and manned by capable faculties. Three of these schools, widely separated geographically and philosophically, merit special attention. The Art Center School in Los Angeles has emphasized skills and techniques and has evolved a realistic, workmanlike environment for its students. By way of contrast, the Institute of Design in Chicago (founded by Moholy-Nagy as the "new Bauhaus") carries on in the Bauhaus spirit. More

radically than any other American school, the Institute believes in freeing the student from inherited associations and prejudices through experimentation with materials, new techniques, and formal relationships. It seeks to develop the whole artist by widening his range of visual perceptions.

Pratt Institute's industrial design department, at Brooklyn, New York, represents a fusion of the Art Center and Institute of Design characteristics. Its Director, Alexander Kostellow, summarizes his teaching philosophy as one of "empathy." Pratt seeks to educate by doing, by synthesis and analysis, by freeing the student's thinking from static and traditional impressions. Pratt is also vigilant in its contact with the realities of industrial life and maintains close association with industrial management.

Just as the fundamental relationship of American art and industry remains insecure, our steps in designer education are still faltering. But a great deal of plodding effort and earnest thinking is being lavished on all facets of the problem, and the lusty infant may yet become a constructive citizen.

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Nathan Glazer

AMERICA'S ETHNIC PATTERN

"Melting pot" or "nation of nations"?

The fact that Americans are also—and in many cases, primarily—Germans, Italians, Poles, Jews, etc. is taken with deadly seriousness by the general mass of Americans, but tends rather to be ignored by contemporary writers on social problems, and perhaps more ignored by academic writers than by popular ones. There was a time when the problem of creating an English-speaking nation, with a common loyalty, out of a population at least half of which stems from non-English-speaking peoples was a major subject of discussion in this country. It was during the time of that discussion—roughly the first twenty-five years of this century—that two quite contradictory concepts were developed which have since dominated the consideration of this problem.

The first concept was that of the "melting pot," a phrase now so common a part of our vocabulary that it is hard to believe it was coined by Israel Zangwill, the English-Jewish novelist and writer who used it as the title of a play in 1906. The play argued that in America all the strains of the Old World should blend together to form a new and better race, in which the individuality of the

races, nations, and religions that made it up would be lost, and transmuted into a new, noble compound. Holding this philosophy, the play's hero, a young Jewish immigrant from Russia, marries the heroine, another immigrant who is the daughter of the very czarist official responsible for the pogrom in which the young man's parents died.

The "melting pot" phrase and theory were accepted with alacrity by both the immigrants and older Americans who rejected the exclusionist and racist ideas, then beginning to be popular, that eventually led to the end of mass immigration. Its corollary was the program of "Americanization," which aimed to teach English and American customs to every immigrant, and make him a citizen. All went swimmingly until the outbreak of the First World War. It was then that those holding to the theory of the melting pot and the program of Americanization were shaken by the violence with which the causes of the warring nations in Europe were taken up here in America. Former President Roosevelt and President Wilson spoke with disapproval of "hyphenated" Americanism; and in the new situation the sanguine view that the immigrants were merging indistinguishably into a common American man, which their intellectual spokesmen had put forward to justify keeping the gates of America open, lost credit.

Once again, it so happened, it was a Jewish intellectual who supplied a theory to explain and justify what was happening. In a series of articles published in various journals in the early years of the First World War, the philosopher Horace M. Kallen argued that the "melting pot" did not represent true democracy. It was akin to the Germanizing of Danes, Poles, and Frenchmen in the Kaiser's empire, and the Russifying of Finns, Poles, Jews, and others in the Czar's empire. This was not democracy, but the crushing of a natural right to be different. America's model should be Switzerland, where the loyalty of every national element to the Swiss state was beyond question—yet where each maintained its individuality and its national culture. America should ideally become a "democracy of nationalities" —and this indeed, Kallen argued, was what was happening. Later he was to call this theory "cultural pluralism."

The depression, combined with the stringent laws of the twenties, cut off all mass immigration and silenced the discussion as to the pattern that would emerge in America. Then with the rise of Hitler, the situation of the First World War began to return. In 1938, American citizens of Czech and German descent found it hard to look at each other—or themselves—as simply Americans. The old passions were reawakened. And Kallen's point of view was now revived by Louis Adamic in a series of volumes of which perhaps the most representative was *A Nation of Nations*. Adamic wrote much more, and much more confusedly, than Kallen had. Essentially, however, he was again arguing that true democracy demanded that America be constituted as a democracy of nationalities, not as a democracy of a single new nationality, the American. And the corollary of a "nation of nations" was a program of "intercultural education."

But up to now we have been speaking of the history of ideas. What actually did happen? What was the result of the greatest migration in history? To what extent did the migrants merge into a single great community, and to what extent did they preserve their individuality? What parts of their lives and interests did they sacrifice to the new nation, and what did they retain?

The present article attempts to suggest the main lines taken by the assimilation of the various ethnic groups that make up the American population. It draws only from the topmost surface of a sea of material—standard histories of the various groups, and the leading accounts of the entire process. This material is in large part ten or twenty years old, for the great debate on the assimilation of the ethnic groups, which reached a peak during and shortly after the First World War, now seems to have closed—or come to a temporary halt.

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It would make things simple if the two concepts of the "melting pot" and the "nation of nations" could be assigned to different periods—if we could believe, as so many do, that the earlier American immigrants (Germans, Irish, Norwegians, Swedes, English) did indeed assimilate rapidly, and that for them the "melting pot" worked;

while the later immigrants—Southern Italians, Jews, Poles, Slovaks, South Slavs, Greeks, and so on—did not assimilate as rapidly, and that to them the "nation of nations" concept was applicable.

Actually, on the basis of the facts, one could more easily argue the opposite. An important section of the major element in the earlier migration—the Germans—came with just the idea of creating a nation of their countrymen in America. In the 1830's there was considerable agitation among disappointed German liberals for the creation of a new and free German homeland in America: a sizable number of Germans emigrated to Missouri and southern Illinois to carry out these plans. In the 1840's, large tracts of land were bought in Texas by German noblemen and many thousands of German settlers were sent there with the intention of creating in Texas a German nation, or even transforming Texas itself into a German state. A little later, a tremendous German migration took place into Wisconsin—and John Hawgood, the most perceptive writer on the Germans in America, argues in his book, *The Tragedy of German-America*, that at least some of those involved in fostering it were very likely motivated by the idea of making Wisconsin a German state—and very nearly succeeded. But the net effect of this German effort at nation building in America was only a few all-German schools, a few all-German towns, which by the third and fourth generation were speaking English and were demanding that the sermons in their churches be given in English.

The Germans in Europe were a nation before they became a state—that is, they existed as a nationally conscious group before the legal form of a German nation was created. The Irish, the second most important element in the earlier immigration, were also a nation before they were a state, and many came to America with the intention of assisting the creation of an Irish state in Europe. On one occasion they did not hesitate to organize armies in America to attack the British in Canada. But they did not, as did the Germans, make any serious efforts to create an Irish nation in the full sense of the word in America. In 1818, Irish associations in New York and Philadelphia petitioned Congress for a large tract of land on which to settle Irish poor from the eastern cities; but there seems to have been no national

intention involved. Congress' decision on this occasion settled once and for all the possibility of nationally conscious European nations re-creating themselves in America. It refused to sell land in blocks for such purposes, insisting on individual sales and individual settlement. This was certainly one of the most important decisions made in the first half-century of America's national existence.

In any case, it is highly questionable whether national homogeneity, even had Congress approved the Irish request, could have been maintained. For in almost every immigrant group individual motives kept on asserting themselves, and again and again caused the disintegration of the homogeneous colonies of the ideologues. The immigrants who had come to settle on the land, with its conservative influences, would desert it for the city, with its powerful assimilative effects. The decision, on the national level, in favor of individual settlement; the decision, on the part of individual settlers, to strike out without the formal assistance of colonies and settlement companies with their inevitable authority over their settlers—these two facts made it impossible, despite the ideology of the Germans, and of perhaps some Irishmen, to create branches of European nations in America.

A third factor was equally important: the division of labor which took place on the frontier, as a result of which English-speaking elements, as the first settlers everywhere, claimed, and seized the prerogatives and power of the first-comers. If, like the Mormons, the Germans had struck out into unsettled territory, they would have had a state or states for themselves, with all the power—for example, to determine the official state language—that the Constitution reserves for states. But they never, not even in Wisconsin, had the strength to establish such a state as the Mormons made for themselves in Utah—that belongs to the first-comers. And everywhere the first-comers were Anglo-Saxons. Centuries in the New World had created the highly specialized breed of frontiersman who could do the initial clearing of the wilderness while feeding himself by means of his rifle. Influential guidebooks written for German and other prospective immigrants warned the farmers of the Old World to avoid the frontier—it was not for them. It is true that, after the initial clearing,

the immigrant made a better farmer than the Anglo-Saxon. After all, the least efficient farmers in the country are the descendants of this pioneering stock in the southern and border states; the best are the immigrants and their children. But the economic prosperity attendant on the superior techniques of the immigrants did not give them the power to mold the cultural and political life of the state. Again and again, it can be seen how the first few thousand settlers in an area had far more weight in this respect than hundreds of thousands who came later. They set up the school system; the legal system; they wrote the state constitution; they had the most political experience; they had the prestige which led the later-coming majority—or at least their children—to conform to *their* standards, rather than vice versa.

So while many Germans, and some Irish, came with the intention of creating a nation of nations, most of them ended up as the principal ingredients of the melting pot.

Perhaps more successful in creating nations—at least for a while—was what we might call the "intermediate" immigration: the Norwegians and Swedes. If the Irish and the Germans came from nations that were not yet states, the Norwegians and Swedes came from states that were not yet nations. The upper classes in all countries are aware of their existence as a nation; it is they who create national literature, a national language, a national culture. But while these stages in the creation of a nation were completed in England, France, and Germany quite early, and national consciousness had percolated down to the lower orders in these countries by the nineteenth century, in Norway and Sweden the creation of a nation in this sense was largely a product of the nineteenth century. The peasants who came to this country from Scandinavia thought of themselves less as members of nations than as coming from a certain family and village, and belonging to a certain church.

Despite this, more of them were successful in creating a national existence in America than were the Germans; that is, they lived in homogeneous farming colonies using their native language, had their own newspapers, books, and publishing houses, a church that conducted its activities in the language of the "old country," and schools to continue the language and culture in succeeding generations. And

this was accomplished without the aid of the ideology which moved the Germans: it was accomplished solely by the conditions of their settlement in America. For while there was no need for the Norwegian or Swedish peasant to think of himself as a Norwegian or Swede in the home country—and indeed, he did not—he was immediately faced with the need for establishing his own identity here. He had to consider whether he should send his children to the English school, or set up his own school; whether to attend the English-speaking church, or establish branches of the established church of the old country. And since the natural course of settlement was to seek out the regions where friends and countrymen and relatives had settled, and so to create a dense concentration of settlers clearly marked off from the surrounding countryside, this answer was given by conditions.

Originally without any ideology, with no strong concern for or knowledge of Swedish or Norwegian culture, these colonies soon developed a great concern with such matters, and maintained it through three generations. Insofar as the Germans settled under the same circumstances, they showed the same history; but the Germans as a group were much more widely distributed, occupationally and geographically, than the Norwegians and Swedes. The Irish, as concentrated geographically as the Scandinavians, lived in the cities, in which an isolated folk existence was impossible, and they were even more dispersed occupationally than the Germans. Eventually, the growth of the cities, the rise of greater attractions there than in farming, and the actual decline of the farming population were the means by which these Scandinavian colonies too were reduced, and these elements too, in sizable measure, entered the melting pot.

It is consequently rather simple-minded to think of the Germans, Irish, Norwegians, and Swedes as groups that easily assimilated to the Anglo-Saxon temper of American life. The Germans in particular had a strong feeling against assimilation. They felt they had brought culture to a relatively benighted country—as, indeed, in certain respects they had. They opposed intermarriage; they felt very strongly about the maintenance of "Germanism." True, they never succeeded in giving really solid institutional form to their feeling for German life and culture, and when the First World War came they buried their

opposition and quite disappointed the German government with their American patriotism. And yet as late as 1940, when Franklin D. Roosevelt, who did not conceal his anti-Nazi feelings, was running against a candidate of German descent (Willkie), the old American Germandom showed itself in force. German-language newspapers called openly for the support of the "German" candidate. Counties, indistinguishable on census returns from their neighbors, turned strongly against Roosevelt: these counties would have been easily distinguishable in the census returns of 1890, when they would have shown a high proportion of German-born from the migrations during the middle of the century.

We can, I think, conclude: where these early immigrants were isolated and remained rural, they showed an amazing persistence in maintaining the old language, religion, and culture (or, to be more exact, variants of each, developed in response to American conditions: nothing was transplanted unchanged). Where they settled in cities, as did the Irish, many of the Germans, and the later Norwegians and Swedes, a shorter time sufficed to remove the language and culture they had brought with them.

But this did not end the matter, for after language and culture were gone, ideology and religion remained. The Irish did not live under circumstances that permitted them to construct in America the amazing replicas of the old country that rural settlers were able to create in many other places. They became culturally indistinguishable from their surroundings much faster than if they had become farmers; but they continued to be distinguished by their strong concern for the fate of the old country.

Supporting this concern for the old country in almost every case was the old religion. As Oscar Handlin has pointed out, the state churches of the old country were thrown on the mercy of the immigrants in the new. And these, clutching at everything familiar in the strange new world, supported them as they never would have at home. Religion became for many groups indistinguishable from loyalty to the old homeland. (In those cases, as in Poland and Ireland, where the religion of an oppressed national group differed from that of the oppressors, the church had already taken on the character of a

national church, linked with the national struggle, that it commonly took on in America.) There was a certain virtue for the immigrant groups in this confusion between religious devotion and national allegiance. For since religion is rigorously separated from American public life, loyalty to the old country in the form of heightened religious practice did not compete in any way, either in the minds of older Americans or of immigrants, with loyalty to America. But despite the honesty with which the immigrant could believe that he had divested himself of all political ties to the homeland, it would be naïve not to see in the religion of many immigrant groups transmuted substitutes for allegiance to the abandoned countries. And indeed, when the mother countries were imperiled, the churches often played a leading role in bringing to their aid the children settled in America.

We can thus, by some oversimplification, distinguish two very distinct sources in the complex of factors preventing the full assimilation of the early immigrant groups: one arose from the conditions of settlement (isolation and concentration); one arose from what we may call ideological commitment to the old country—its religion, its culture, its political and national needs. The Germans were strengthened in their apartness by both; the Irish by the latter; the Norwegians and Swedes, with no country to free from a foreign yoke, only by the former.

The later immigrants showed the same range of variability, with the same, as well as different, factors at work. They also came from nations struggling to become states (Poles, Lithuanians, Slovaks, Croats, Slovenes), states struggling to become nations (Italy, Turkey, and Greece), as well as areas quite outside these Western concepts of state and nation (Syrians); and they included as their second most numerous element, a people—the Jews—who fell into none of these categories completely, but who, almost by dint of their own efforts, created a state and so finally "normalized" themselves, at least in this one sense: they became akin to the Irish, the Poles, the Greeks, and the other "nations" of America. These groups reflected the far more backward conditions of Eastern and Southern Europe. Unlike the earlier immigrants, they were completely cut off from the political life of the areas from which they came. In their homelands, politics

was the monopoly not only of a different class, but, in almost every case, of a different people. The nationalist ideologies of Europe could have little to do with preventing the complete assimilation of these peasant, lower-caste peoples. (Again, we must except the Jews.)

Yet the newcomers became European nations—and nationalists—in America. As Max Ascoli writes of the Italians (we must remember that the great mass of Italian immigrants, who rank first in the new immigration, as the Germans rank first in the old, came from the depressed South of Italy): "They became Americans before they ever were Italians." Indeed, the creation of national languages, a task which the Western European nations had accomplished centuries before, was considerably facilitated for these backward peoples by American emigration. In American cities people of various villages speaking various dialects came together, and they needed a common, standardized language. Also they were far more dependent on newspapers than at home—and this required a standardized written language. The first newspaper in the Lithuanian language was published in the United States, not in Lithuania. The urbanization of many East European peoples occurred in America, not in Europe; and the effects of urbanization—its creation of some common denominator of nationality, its replacement of the sub-ideological feelings of villagers with a variety of modern ideologies—were in large measure first displayed in America. The Erse revival began in Boston, and the nation of Czechoslovakia was launched at a meeting in Pittsburgh. And all this should not surprise us too much when we realize that some of these areas in Europe were so depopulated that the immigrants and their descendants in America sometimes surpassed in numbers—not to speak of wealth—those who were left behind.

If some nations were in large measure created in America, other immigrants were to discover on coming to America that they had left nations behind—nations in which they had had no part at home. Thus, the American relatives of Southern Italians—to whom, as Ignazio Silone and Carlo Levi describe them, war meant nothing more than another affliction visited upon them by the alien government of the North—became Italian patriots in America.

Nevertheless, and in contrast, it was among these same immigrants

that the problem of the violent turning away of the second generation from the life of the first—that intense passion for Americanization whose other side is self-hatred and rejection—became an important phenomenon. When we consider such questions of social psychology, we are not on very sure ground: yet I feel that the problem of the "rejection" of the immigrant parents which plays so great a role in Oscar Handlin's *The Uprooted* is the problem of the later immigrant group, not the earlier. And it is not hard to see why. If Thorstein Veblen, son of a Norwegian immigrant who was raised speaking his father's language, and who went to his father's church, ever had a passion for assimilation, it could be countered by the pull of an ancient culture which the Anglo-Saxon world respected: he could translate the Norse sagas. Similarly, one can understand how it was possible for German culture to maintain itself among such large numbers in the second and third generation—and had it not been for the trauma of the First World War, it would undoubtedly have been much stronger among the third and fourth generations than it is today. For not only could the Germans boast a connection with one of the strongest and most advanced nations in the world; the Americans themselves, up until the First World War, sent their most promising students to study in German universities. In the same way, less important groups like the French and Dutch in America could take pride in their ancestry. And of course the large immigration from Great Britain also had no occasion to forget its past.

How much sadder was the condition of Slovaks and Ruthenians and Croats! If some intellectuals in these groups were creating a national language and culture, their own peasants—let alone the world—knew nothing of it. They could not even answer the common American question, "What are you?" They were listed in immigration and census statistics indiscriminately as natives of "Austria-Hungary," and they themselves often lacked any clearer notion of who they were than the Americans who dubbed them "bohunks." On the one hand, the conditions of existence in a strange land led them to come together to found newspapers and fraternal societies, and eventually to determine to take pride in their ancestry and some interest in their homelands. At the same time, the fact that

they came from nations of peasants, caste nations without an aristocracy or a middle class, and with only the beginnings of an intelligentsia, meant that large numbers of them were unable to define themselves in terms of their origins and therefore flung themselves into a feverish Americanization.

The tragedy of these nationless and pastless immigrants has nowhere been better told than by Louis Adamic. Adamic, himself an immigrant from one of those relatively historyless peoples of the Balkans, was an indefatigable and passionate seeker after knowledge of the history of these groups in America. He traveled around the country; he spoke before—and with—groups of first- and second-generation Poles, Ukrainians, South Slavs, and others. He wrote more on this problem than anyone else—though he was as perplexed after he had written five books on the subject as before he wrote the first. He was deeply worried about the second generation arising from a people in whom—as far as they knew—they could take no pride. He found the second generation changing their names and becoming more Americanized in their attachments to fads and surface mannerisms than the "Americans" themselves. They seemed to him utterly empty, rootless, and unreal.

In *What's Your Name?* Adamic tells at great length the story of the son of a Lemko coal miner who had come to hear Adamic lecture once in Cleveland. The Lemkoes are one of those small peoples of the Carpathians related to the Slovaks and the Ruthenians and who, one guesses, ended up a separate people, rather than a sub-group or a dialect, as a matter of accident. In the town where the father was a coal miner, there were a number of Lemkoes, but even there the matter of self-definition arose. One could choose to go to a variety of churches. One could assimilate to the dominant ethnic group among the coal miners, or continue to assert one's identity as a Lemko, or become an "American." The man who told Adamic his story decided to change his name and become an "American," without further identification. The difficulties and miseries that began to plague him as he got a job as a history teacher, married, had a child, and lived in a Midwest town where people felt he had "something to hide" are utterly convincing; the solution of his problems—his return

to his original name, and his acceptance of his abandoned father—is not.

And yet, while too pat to be taken seriously, the story of the acceptance of his origins by this son of a Lemko immigrant raises a social-psychological pattern of immigrant life as important as second-generation rejection. For this rejection is often succeeded by a "return," in some sense, to the original culture. Of course the culture one returns to is not the culture one left: thus, the nature of the interest of some young Jews today in their East European background is perhaps more remote from the real character of East European Jewish life than their fathers' rebellion against that life—at least the rebellion arose from direct contact with it. Yet on an ideological level, if not on the level of cultural practice, the third generation shows a new tendency toward acceptance.

This important phenomenon was first discussed, to my knowledge, by the greatest student of American immigration, Marcus L. Hansen in his essay "The Third Generation in America."[1] His perception seems to me all the more remarkable in that he discovered this third-generation reaction among these groups in whom, to my mind, it was mildest and least impressive—the earlier immigrant groups of Scotch-Irish, Germans, and Scandinavians. Among these groups, the steady disintegration of the culture brought over by the immigrants proceeded evenly. There were no important shocks such as later immigrants received in the form of quota acts, alien registration acts, and anti-immigrant agitation—for despite the presence of this type of sentiment throughout American history, it was never as strong against the Northern and Western European immigrants as it was against those from Eastern and Southern Europe. The one great shock the even development of this earlier element suffered was the First World War, which only hastened the abandonment of German culture and short-circuited a fully developed third-generation reaction.

It was just in the newer groups (none of whom had developed third generations of any size when Hansen wrote in 1938) that the

[1] Published in *Commentary*, November, 1952.

"Americanizing" attitude of the second generation was so prominent, and that the "return" of the third generation is most marked. The voting blocs of Poles, Italians, and Jews were never so important as in the 1940's and 1950's, twenty and thirty years after the end of mass immigration. In part, of course, this was simply because a greater number were voting for the first time; in larger part, because of the Second World War. But these groups would not have shown such strong, common reactions did they not maintain some feelings of common identity which made it possible for events to affect them, at least in some measure, as a group.[2]

We have already pointed out that these later groups did not so much bring nationalistic ideologies from Europe as develop them while discovering their identity in America. To this extent, therefore, the return reaction of the third generation was already apparent in the first. These discoverers of their nationality had of course a difficult time keeping any sizable number of their children close to it. But they had arrived in an America in which ethnic anonymity was more difficult to achieve than fifty years before. In the early days of the republic, immigrants came in small enough numbers to be either invisible or exotic, and they did not reinforce a pre-existing mass of their compatriots. Thus, they often found it easy to assimilate—or hard to resist the conditions making it so easy. We find in many towns records of the existence of groups of Jews in the early part of the nineteenth century who had completely disappeared by the twentieth: in some cases, we can trace the details of their disappearance by intermarriage and conversion. If such a hardy element disappeared, it is easy to believe that the spearheads of other ethnic elements were also swallowed up in a different America.

But this was less likely, I think, in twentieth-century America. A century of immigration had alerted the "native" population to the characteristics of immigrant groups; a century of agitation had made them exclusive; a society in which large bureaucratic organizations played a greater role, in which the habits of the frontier were no

[2] One may also give a more positive interpretation to this pattern of greater willingness to assert one's origins in the third generation than in the second. Even the "oldest" Americans trace back their ancestry to Europe, with some pride. Perhaps with a greater degree of assimilation comes a greater willingness to accept one's origins.

longer even a memory, in which a hectic rate of growth and expansion had been succeeded by somewhat greater stability, led to a stronger emphasis being placed on a man's origins and his "type." In sum, "respectability" had become an important value in American life; and while it led, on the one hand, to a more complete effort by some individuals to deny their origins by name changing and religion changing in order to gain the advantages held by the "respectable" elements of the society, it also led many others to react by asserting their individuality more sharply. It is this development in American society itself, as well as certain subsidiary factors—such as the Second World War, and the heightening of ethnic consciousness it caused—which has produced on a wide and important scale a "third-generation" reaction among the newer immigrants.

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To return to the two concepts with which we began: the "melting pot" described the reality of assimilation which has characterized, to some extent, and in every period, each one of the ethnic groups migrating to this country. The "nation of nations" described different realities for two different periods of American history. For the earlier period, it refers to those homogeneous colonies to be found principally on the Great Plains, but to some extent everywhere in the country, which maintained the immigrant's language, religion, and culture. Today the "nations" that make up America no longer find much justification in the maintenance of language, religion, and culture: they are private or subconscious nations held together only by a nostalgia which does not dare to become an ideology, a frame of mind which itself has no organic relation to their Old World past but is a reaction to the conditions of twentieth-century America.

What remains most problematic today in this history of assimilation is the status and future prospects of these ghost nations, built around ideologies of support of the home countries, and drawing their real strength from experiences in America which make their elements feel less than full Americans. Whether these empty nations are only given the illusion of a relatively vigorous life by recent developments in Europe, or whether the conditions of American life

are not such as to maintain and strengthen them for some time to come: this is something that only the next twenty years can decide.

And yet, however it is decided, it is important to realize that this question concerns the different groups that are involved more than it does the American state as a whole. For the history of the assimilation of ethnic groups in this country, whatever the complexities that have characterized it, is overwhelmingly a history of success, from the point of view of the state. Disloyalty—in the First World War, in the Second World War, in the present struggle with Communism—has never been a serious problem in this country, and indeed, it has been far less serious than in many countries of a homogeneous stock. Further, it could be powerfully argued that in both world wars an ideology independent of ethnic affiliation—in the first war, socialist pacifism, in the second, fascism—played a much greater role in whatever disloyalty there was than any national ties. In the present situation, this is so self-evident as to need no argument.

The problem of assimilation is thus no longer a political one in any significant sense. The complete identification of the overwhelming majority of persons in each group with America in spite of any experiences of discrimination is assured. Rather, the problem of assimilation is now a cultural one, and one for each group. In each, larger or smaller numbers of people now worry as to what to do about the burden of real and imaginary traditions. Should they embrace it, reject it, select from it? And what of the American environment, formally indifferent to ethnic varieties as it is to religious ones? Does it actually encourage or discourage one or another of these solutions? This whole range of problems in the history of ethnic assimilation is still left open, and is worthy of more thought and study than it has received.

F. W. Dupee | **LETTER FROM NEW YORK**

News of the Supreme Court's unanimous decision abolishing segregation in the schools was cordially received in New York, where Negroes and their sympathizers are so numerous. For the rest, the Army-McCarthy dispute, beamed into our parlors five days a week from Washington and reported at fearsome length in the newspapers, monopolized the spring season. When one man, meeting another, inquired "What's new?" it was clearly understood that he was referring to "the hearings."

Perhaps no similar event in our history has so shocked the American public. And because New York probably boasts the largest aggregate of shockable—meaning literate and sensitive—people in the U.S., the city's response was explosive. I think it is safe to say that the reaction was overwhelmingly anti-McCarthy. If the *New York Times* formerly tolerated or half-tolerated the Senator, on the by no means insane grounds that the Communism he professed to battle is a very real evil, it now denounces him as a demagogue. As I write, *The New Yorker* magazine is featuring in its current issue what is perhaps the shrewdest critique to date (the author, one guesses, is E. B. White). After listing the Senator's several violations of our established rights and procedures, above all the contempt he has shown for the two-party system by accusing the Democrats of "twenty years of treason," *The New Yorker* quietly concludes that McCarthy "dislikes a great many things about our form of government." This is not a crime, observes the

magazine, but it is more than a little odd in a Senator and a self-professed patriot.

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Whatever its originator may intend, McCarthyism amounts to an assault on the freedom of the mind, and for this reason it has always been unpopular with writers and artists. Hemingway himself recently got in his thrust at the Senator. This was the more effective because Hemingway is now a national character, on the order of Mark Twain in his day. Always a great literary legend here, he has acquired this larger role through the success of *The Old Man and the Sea* and through his recent tragi-comic adventures in Africa. Some weeks ago *Look* magazine published Hemingway's account of those plane wrecks and injuries, with his attendant meditations on elephants, Gordon's gin, and certain personalities of our day. His tone was rather Twainlike in its complicated humor and self-deprecation. And because Hemingway had been reported dead, everyone recalled Mark Twain's comment in a similar predicament: "The reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated." But on its appearance, Hemingway's article was advertised in the newspapers under the rubric: "Hemingway dreams of McCarthy." Readers of the piece found that, in the semi-delirium following his injury, the novelist had fancied himself meeting the Senator and saying to him: "What ever became of Huey Long?" McCarthy's generic resemblance to the celebrated Louisiana demagogue, who was assassinated in the thirties, has often been noted. To Hemingway alone it was given to make the connection in this delicate, funny and—shall I say?—deadly way.

In late May, Hemingway received—but not for this—a medal. It was doubtless the hope of seeing him in the flesh—perhaps even in his splints and bandages—that made so many people troop, one fine afternoon, to a cluster of gray official-looking buildings located in the dim upper reaches of Broadway. By most New Yorkers these buildings are seldom seen; when seen, they are rarely recognized; and even when it is explained that they house the National Institute of Arts and Letters, many continue to ask what *that* is. Yet the Institute was founded as long ago as 1898, its more exclusive sister body, the American Academy, some years later. Unlike the French Institute and Academy, which in other respects served as models, the American ones have a large membership but accept only workers in the arts. Among the early members were Henry James, Mark Twain, and other first-rate figures; nevertheless, the institution languished for some three decades under the imputation of extreme conservatism. In the twenties such writers as Sinclair Lewis and H. L. Mencken, when and if they were invited to join, felt it incumbent on them to refuse. Even today Hemingway and Edmund Wilson are not members, probably for the same reason. But Faulkner belongs, even though it is not on record that he attends meetings. For the rest, nearly everyone over forty-five who has made his mark is now enrolled in the literature and music divisions—the fine arts group remains somewhat stiff-necked. Poets of both sexes are strongly represented; they may be

hosen on the basis of a single published olume if it is sufficiently noteworthy. Among the newly elected this year were Elizabeth Bishop and Robert Lowell, oth of whom are still classed with the ounger poets. Others chosen were the omposer Carl Ruggles, the German-orn painter George Grosz, and the Finnish-born architect Eero Saarinen. Meanwhile E. E. Cummings, John Hersey, Roger Sessions, and Arthur Brown, Jr., were elevated from the nstitute to the Academy. To be sure, one gains little from membership in either of these institutions, by comparison with what French Academicians are reputed to gain. One's status is rarely if ever advertised on the title pages of one's books; and if it were, that fact would assuredly not help one's sale in our firmly individualistic culture. At most, members can help to exercise responsibility in the dispensing of the Institute's considerable funds, which flow generously in the form of medals, awards, and special grants to needy intellectuals. At occasional dinners and meetings, moreover, one can mingle with one's peers and fraternize with one's enemies.

But at the recent "Ceremonial," as this annual occasion is named, no one succeeded in mingling or fraternizing with Hemingway, for the reason that he was still convalescent and did not appear. As it happened, Archibald MacLeish's address in his honor was so affecting that the novelist's absence was not much minded. And there were other interesting moments. The dramatist Robert E. Sherwood attacked McCarthyism in the course of a long formal address. Senator Fulbright received and, with engaging sincerity, acknowledged an award made to him for his part in originating the international government-sponsored fellowships which bear his name. The Ceremonial over, all dashed for the terrace, where greetings were exchanged and food and drink were served with rather an old-fashioned flourish. Then a cold wind blew up and there was a rush for taxicabs.

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The annual Pulitzer Prizes, which are administered by the trustees of Columbia University in honor of a famous journalist, the late Joseph Pulitzer, were also awarded in May. These are America's most coveted prizes and they do encourage sales of the books honored. Like the proceedings of the Institute, they were formerly under frequent attack, Sinclair Lewis having once refused the novel prize on principle. Since those days, the Pulitzer juries have been more and less liberal in applying the rather moralistic conditions originally laid down. This year, with one exception, their choices were largely uncontested. The drama prize went to John Patrick's *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, a gentle satire on the American occupation of Okinawa. The biography prize went to Lindbergh for his autobiography, *The Spirit of St. Louis*. The poetry prize went to a first-rate but little-known poet, Theodore Roethke. The exception concerned the novel prize. This was not awarded at all, on the theory that the past year had "produced no novel by an American author that merited such distinction." Novelists had occasion to wonder,

especially perhaps Saul Bellow, whose *The Adventures of Augie March* had looked like a natural winner.

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Spring witnessed the publication of a large book which, despite its very special nature, was something of an event. This was Marianne Moore's translation of *The Fables of La Fontaine* (several examples appeared in advance in *Perspectives* 1). Miss Moore's projected rendering of all the fables in the original meters was known to many literary people and anticipation ran high. She is greatly admired here, both in herself and for the prim sparkle of her lovely complicated verses. Since her active days as an editor of the famous *Dial*, she has lived in semi-retirement in an ancient house in Brooklyn. Miss Moore seemed the perfect translator of La Fontaine because her own poetry is so much preoccupied with the animal and vegetable kingdoms—works of art she has defined as "imaginary gardens with real toads in them." Yet the results of her work on La Fontaine, while widely appreciated, are not claimed to be perfect, even perfect Marianne Moore. The French poet's clear and simple logical line is sometimes blurred by her effort to render the purely formal structure of the original. In the version of "Le petit Poisson et le Pêcheur," for example, Miss Moore doesn't provide any clear equivalent for the fisherman's "*tout fait nombre*" ("everything adds up"), and so the poem's moral center is somewhat weakened. But her casual inventions are extraordinary, and it is in these that her considerable success lies. In the same poem, "*Poisson, mon bel ami, qui faites le prêcheur, Vous irez dans la poêle,*" is rendered with characteristic ease as:

> Friend with the pulpit air,
> Compose, if you will, a homily
> on despair.
> You'll be laid in the frying-pan . . .

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In spring the theater generally goes a little to pieces in New York—assuming, I mean, that it has not been in that condition all year. This spring two productions of the Phoenix Theatre, chief of the off-Broadway enterprises, helped pull things together. One of them is a somewhat eccentric musical comedy in which certain familiar episodes from Homer are re-enacted in an American small-town atmosphere. *The Golden Apple*, as it is called, is mainly the work of the modernist composer Jerome Moross and the song writer John Latouche; and it is a trifle spotty when judged by the fiercely professional standards that govern the production of musical comedies in this city, where such shows are the archetypal form of entertainment, the stage equivalent of baseball. But the charm of its best moments has won *The Golden Apple* a sizable audience and it has lately moved uptown to the heart of Broadway. The Phoenix Theatre itself, a transformed movie palace on lower Second Avenue, is now occupied by Chekhov's *The Sea Gull*, in a revised translation, and with a cast including the Hollywood star Montgomery Clift. Clift is admirable in the part of the haunted young writer Constantin, while Judith Evelyn is still

better as Constantin's self-centered actress mother. Between them, Clift and Miss Evelyn create a very tense and moving situation, and one that compensates for other bad lapses in the production. That the situation seems starkly American is no great surprise to audiences here, because Chekhov's plays have always appeared to possess an uncanny local reference (some years ago *The Cherry Orchard* was presented in an Americanized version with its scene changed to a Southern plantation). The present production is also very funny, although discreetly so. Evidently its sponsors heeded the recent discovery, publicized in David Magarshack's biography of the playwright, to the effect that Chekhov regarded himself as a comic writer rather than as the moody philosopher which he tended to become in the hands of Stanislavsky, his original director. There are many laughs in the Phoenix nightly, above all at the complacent Trigorin, played by Kevin McCarthy.

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In Trigorin, Chekhov seems to have attempted a wry self-portrait. Trigorin is represented as being an epigone of the great Russian writers: "He is talented, but why read him when you can read Turgenev?" His writing savors of the studio and is full of little impressionist tricks. As Constantin bitterly observes, Trigorin describes a moonlit night by merely mentioning the gleam on a broken bottle. And Chekhov himself was of course the most painter-like of writers, having notable affinities with the impressionists and post-impressionists. Among the last named, who resembles him more in vision and method than the little-known artist, Edouard Vuillard? For if Vuillard's men and women seem sturdier, more certain of their existence, than Chekhov's do, the French painter and the Russian writer were alike in observing the domestic manners of their time in an affectionate and elegiac spirit. Some one hundred and thirty of Vuillard's paintings and drawings, as well as many of his prints, have been on view this spring at the Museum of Modern Art, in what was probably the most important exhibition of the season. Some visitors doubtless went to the show thinking of Vuillard as a dim figure, outshone by Degas on the one hand and Toulouse-Lautrec on the other. By all accounts, most people came away convinced that Vuillard—the earlier Vuillard, at least—was the perfect master of an entirely original art. This art embraces many subjects and mutations. But it is most intense in its rendering of wonderfully cluttered interiors and wonderfully homely routines: the morning bowl of chocolate (or *café au lait*), the social visit, the playing of the piano in the evening. Vuillard could make even the members of the brilliant Natanson family, to which he seems to have served as court painter, look comfortably petit-bourgeois. As in Degas, the most casual happenings are briefly interrupted, isolated for the painter's inspection. But whereas with Degas it is the world of action that is thus intercepted in its flight, with Vuillard it is something else entirely—the world, perhaps, of time, of human history. It is in this respect above all others that Vuillard's art parallels Chekhov's. At

the same time, in his massive re-creation of forms and textures, he is completely the painter; and Proust's hero, murmuring "O little spot of yellow wall!" to a Vermeer, might just as well have been addressing a Vuillard.

Fine as it was in itself, the Vuillard show coincided with New York's present taste for revivals and rediscoveries, its feeling that "modern art" is now principally a thing of the past. An exception to this sentiment is represented by the reorganized Guggenheim Museum on upper Fifth Avenue, which I mentioned in a recent "Letter." The Guggenheim's director, James Johnson Sweeney, continues to search for "youthful talent" as eagerly as he might have done in the twenties, when that commodity was more in demand than it is today. After combing out-of-the-way studios throughout Europe and America, Sweeney put on last winter a show of "Younger European Painters," followed this spring by one of "Younger American Painters." Both exhibitions were instructive as a whole and admirable in some of their items. Neither, I am afraid, was exciting enough to check the current nostalgia. From time to time, the Guggenheim continues to show parts of its permanent collection of older masters, and has recently added to these treasures by purchasing an especially beautiful Cézanne, *The Clock Maker*. The building designed for this museum by Frank Lloyd Wright has not materialized as yet, partly because the plans violated the city building code in certain small particulars. Meanwhile the old structure has more and more endeared itself to visitors since Sweeney put it in its present state of sanitary elegance, with the pictures hung unframed on walls of the purest white and lighted superbly. The building is one of those old (c. 1890) millionaires' mansions, in the pretentious style known here as "Fifth Avenue Renaissance." They used to line the thoroughfare for miles but have mostly given way to huge apartment houses. Thus the Guggenheim's building is itself something of a museum piece, and one will be sorry to see it vanish, even before a Frank Lloyd Wright.

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As it was once smart to be young, it is now smart to be old. Recently a student of my acquaintance, a man with literary ambitions, confessed to me that he had faith in his talent but deeply regretted his youth. At about the same time another student took to calling the revered old men of our time—the Toscaninis, Matisses, Berensons, Wrights, Einsteins and Churchills—"the gerontocracy." And it is certainly true that such men enjoy today a very special prestige above and beyond what is occasioned by their unquestionable achievement. No doubt they command this respect because they are survivors of an age so much more stable and productive than ours—or so it seems. In the young, on the other hand, are embodied all the uncertainties of the present, all our fears of the future. Sometimes they seem to be paralyzed by *fear of themselves*—of what they may do or not do in coming years. In music, where there are many younger men who are both active and successful, this is less true than in the other arts. But even in music there is rarely

anything like the intimate excitement which attended, say, the recent concert by the veteran singer Maggie Teyte or the retirement, a few weeks ago, at the age of eighty-seven of Arturo Toscanini as Conductor of the National Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra. Toscanini is chief of the gerontocrats. Just as his art communicates its greatness instantly to the learned and the unlearned alike, so does the legend of his fabulous age, memory, temper, and appearance. But if anyone thought of him as a sacred automaton, this illusion was dispelled by his final radio appearance with its incoherent readings and failures of memory. This deeply touching event brought to a close not only his career with the NBC but one of his best seasons with that orchestra. His rendering, in two installments, of Verdi's *The Masked Ball*, provided the most memorable occasion. It testified to Verdi's present vogue in the U.S., as did also the inclusion of the same composer's *Falstaff*, moderately well performed, in the spring repertory of operas at the New York City Center. Then on May 18 the American composer Charles E. Ives died in New York at the age of seventy-nine. Ives, to be sure, has no great following. During his productive period (1894–1920) he was entirely unknown and unplayed, and even today his long, demanding works are rarely heard. Among critics and connoisseurs, however, he is celebrated for his originality, which is of two kinds. First, he wrote program music on native themes at a time when such materials were seldom exploited in our serious music. Second, he anticipated many of the experimental techniques of the modernist composers. As one authority, David Ewen, puts it: "Before Stravinsky, Ives worked with polyrhythm; before Bartók, he utilized agonizing dissonances; before Milhaud, he employed polytonality." No doubt the absence of a musical tradition greatly hindered Ives, and made his work less beautiful than it is original. As another critic, Olin Downes, observes, "the 'breaks' had been bad for him." For the rest, Ives's personal history is also of interest. He was the son of a Civil War bandmaster who was himself very fond of experimenting with new musical effects. "He made his son sing 'Swanee River' in one key," says Ewen, "while he himself played the accompaniment in an opposing tonality, in order to train the boy to new sound relations." Young Ives later studied under other masters, worked as an organist, and finally went into the insurance business in New York, where he was extremely successful and led a sedate existence in a big East Side house. Ives was another of those American "originals" like Poe and Whitman and Wright, except that he refused their sturdy habit of self-promotion. To the end, it is said, he had no sort of interest in the public reception of his work. If he was never quite eminent enough to be a gerontocrat, he feared neither critics, nor demagogues, nor himself.

ROLO ON JACQUES BARZUN

OSBORN ON HARRISON BROWN

God's Country and Mine

BY JACQUES BARZUN.

Boston, 1954, Little, Brown, $5.00.

One of America's greatest passions is explaining itself to itself. The United States assuredly outproduces every country in the free world, even on a per capita basis, in the output of words dedicated to analyzing, glorifying, and criticizing the national way of life. This intensive self-scrutiny brings to mind a remark once made by Archibald MacLeish: "It is a difficult thing to be an American." The difficulty stems in part from the fact that, throughout our relatively short history, the quintessential feature of American life has been Movement—Change. The American is a man who never quite knows who he is but who knows that he wants to be better. Unfriendly critics may smirk at our mania for self-improvement, but they are tacitly acknowledging a cardinal American virtue. However much we may proclaim the superiorities of "God's country," we are basically the reverse of complacent. There could be no better example of this than Mr. Barzun's book.

In their contribution to the literature of national self-examination, American intellectuals, at least since the First World War, have assiduously cultivated what Baudelaire termed, "*le plaisir aristocratique de déplaire.*" Thus it is quite a novelty to find a certified intellectual such as Jacques Barzun writing a book about America subtitled: "A declaration of love spiced with a few harsh words."

Mr. Barzun (who edited a previous number of *Perspectives*) came to this country from France "in short pants" in 1919, and has been an American citizen for twenty-one years. He is

Professor of History at Columbia University, and has published a number of highly praised books which attest to an unusually wide range of interests. *God's Country and Mine* is inspired by the conviction that it is high time to speak up firmly against the massive denigration of the United States by European critics and American highbrows. Mr. Barzun brings to this task a wide erudition, a springy intellect, and a fluent, graceful prose style abounding in *esprit*.

Mr. Barzun's essay is divided into four sections—"Spring, or Getting and Spending"; "Summer, or Sitting and Thinking"; "Autumn, or Carping"; "Winter, or Loving." The first satirizes the hackneyed complaints about America of the "Professional European"; then—after facing up to the penalties of living under the democratic tyranny of the mass and the machine—it proceeds to defend the American businessman and his "philosophy of trade," and it concludes with reasons why America remains man's "Last Best Hope." The second part touches on moral values, mores, and manners. Its major motif is America's tendency to idolize science and to let the scientific method invade human concerns to which it has no proper application. The third, and part of the fourth, section offer a far-ranging critique of American life. They discuss, among other things, advertising; medical practices; the postal service ("The facts suggest . . . the impenetrable regions of Brazil"); the upbringing of children according to recipes *diluted* from Freud; American attitudes toward sex and marriage. Barzun concludes with a reaffirmation of the American achievement, an elaboration of what Scott Fitzgerald meant when he said: "America is a willingness of the heart."

Before commenting on what is cogent and discerning in Mr. Barzun's essay, I must devote some space to what seems to me its unfortunate failings.

Mr. Barzun, I'm afraid, has overreacted to the annoying stereotypes of anti-Americanism, the result being that parts of his book display the annoying symptoms of a mild case of chauvinism. This flaw is accented by the fact that Barzun's essay, though it contains much acute thinking, has not, as a whole, been too carefully thought out. The passages which trenchantly assess what is wrong in American life furnish striking testimony—occasionally directly, but more especially in their implications—that in the passages appraising the superiorities of America, Barzun has tended to overstate his case; has let the urge to register a polemical point have its way at the expense of scrupulous intellectual honesty.

At the outset, as was mentioned above, Barzun satirizes the familiar lamentations of the "Professional European" *émigré*, who patronizingly contrasts the cultural barbarism of America with the charms of the Old World, which he sees, of course, through the rose-tinted glasses of nostalgia. But when Barzun, for his part, is contrasting Europe and America, he slips into the stance of another tiresome type of *émigré*, the Professional American, who talks of Europe in terms more applicable to the world from which the Pilgrim Fathers fled than to the realities of 1954.

In the first place, he generalizes about the sins of an entity called "Europe," though it is patently as absurd to lump together, say, the Scandinavian countries and Spain as it would be to lump together the United States and Peron's Argentina. When Barzun claims that "The exclusion of ideas from American political life gives us a superior kind of public morality," one would like to know: superior to whose? Russia's or Great Britain's? Portugal's or Sweden's? It makes a vital difference.

In the second place, Barzun's references to "Europe" betray a startling ignorance of the drastic social changes which have taken place in most of Western Europe during the last few decades, and especially since the Second World War. His comparisons are often meaningless because they are based on a ludicrously outdated image of Europe as a haven of upper-class privilege, where the multitude toils endlessly in abject poverty and ignorance for the fortunate few, whose philosophy is that "life is made for art."

Even a mild access of chauvinism inevitably produces an excess of vapid self-congratulation. It is disconcerting to find as sophisticated a commentator as Mr. Barzun asserting that the American standard of personality is more "mature" than the "childish types" produced in Europe; that in the United States motor-cars are "certainly not, as in Europe, a sort of foppish adjunct to egotism." It is sophistry to argue that American ways of "being crooked" are somehow less mercenary, more endearing, than those practiced elsewhere. Part of our political corruption, Barzun writes, "comes from our love of being a good fellow." I submit that the crooked politician who loves to be lavish with his friends is an international not an exclusively American type. Barzun even detects a characteristically American virtue in New York's petty bandits: they beat you up without ideological reasons, he says proudly, and they rob you simply out of greed. This sort of apologetics strikes me as pretty dismal stuff. It demonstrates nothing so much as that when an intellectual starts patrioteering, he can dream up some remarkably bad arguments in support of a perfectly good case.

But strip away the shaky and exaggerated claims and we are still left with a valuable book—a solid and provocative assessment of what is praiseworthy in the United States and a spirited statement of what is not.

Let us examine, says Barzun, the most common charges directed against American life: We are hurried and harried. Our work gives us ulcers but little self-regard, and we are driven to seek escape from our tensions in alcohol and sleeping pills. Art is judged by the criteria of the market place. The mass is master and the statistic is our prophet.

Such grievances, Barzun points out, are either bound up with the forcing of the pace of life by machinery or with the balking of the individual will by the supremacy of the many: they are inseparable from our goal of getting the maximum quantity of goods into the hands of the maximum number of people. The valid complaints which can be advanced against American civilization are in effect complaints against the machine age, which happens to have

reached its fullest development in America. Hence anybody who damns our civilization out of hand is implicitly registering a preference for scarcity to plenty, hierarchy to democracy, is implicitly choosing regression. Anti-Americanism—not that which serves Russian imperialism but that of the cultivated European—is fundamentally anti-modernism.

Here, I believe, Mr. Barzun has brought into relief a significant truth, which provides the only realistic approach to the appraisal of American life. In this connection, I should like to turn for a moment to Louis Kronenberger's *Company Manners*, a sparkling and civilized critique of American culture.

The trouble with us, says Mr. Kronenberger, "is not that the poetry of life has turned into prose, but that it has turned into advertising copy." Ours is the Age of Publicity, and its Muse is Technique. Our culture suffers not so much from vulgarity as from insidiously plausible vulgarization. Shakespeare is streamlined, Chekov is transferred to Mississippi. Everything is jazzed up, watered down, adulterated. Now I find myself in agreement with most of what Mr. Kronenberger says and I am delighted by the way he says it, but Mr. Barzun forces me to recognize that there is a certain lack of realism in this perspective. Much of what is distressing in our cultural life is due to the supremacy of the mass market; and our cultural complaints must be steadfastly related to the advantages conferred on us by mass production and democracy.

Make no mistake about it, Barzun rightly stresses, those advantages are *immense*. He rips into the cant of those who take for granted or pretentiously depreciate the physical benefits of Western science and technology, and who piously prattle about the "spirituality" of the East. This spirituality seems to have left the East's starving millions exceedingly receptive to the non-spirituality of the commissar promising a bowl of rice. This is perhaps the place to note, parenthetically, that Mr. Barzun's book is the first I know of by an intellectual which shows an informed interest and sensible delight in the contribution made by so-called "gadgetry" to civilized living; and his suggestions for improving our *objets d'industrie* range from refrigerators to railways, from the electric shaver to the ball-point pen.

As Barzun says in his defense of our business society, its virtue is that it delivers the goods, abundantly and cheaply, *and lets the consumer choose what is to be delivered.* Our philosophy of trade—in which the supreme arbiter is "What do people want?"—has at least the merit of being free from the dreadful hazards of ideology. It brings the priceless recognition that human purposes are various, human tastes diverse: that life is miscellaneous. And we carry this principle over into every sphere of social organization. Our minorities have not been confronted with the either/or of a stultifying separation of a stifling denial of their particularity. Our motto has been *E Pluribus Unum*; and Mr. Barzun persuasively shows that, in large measure, it has produced humane and effective results.

While thriving on diversity, we have

achieved a strong sense of community. "The amazing thing about America," Barzun observes, "is that in spite of our backwardness in social legislation, in spite of our beating the drum for rugged individualism, we are by instinct a very social, sociable, in fact, a 'socialist' lot." At the same time, America has raised *individual reliability* to the level of a common virtue: each of us prides himself, in his particular province, on delivering the goods. It is not self-congratulation but rather "self-esteem, founded on just and right" to say that Americans excel in two arts: self-government and teamwork.

"The American Way," writes Barzun, "if it means any one thing more than another, means diversity, many powers, no concerted plan, no interest in putting over on anybody else the final strait jacket of a system . . . " Of course, he adds, between our democratic ethos and our actual practice there stand a thousand imperfections; and we do have "some few million" people who would like to impose their special cut of strait jacket on the other hundred and fifty million. The illiberal aspects of American life—currently in the limelight under the label McCarthyism—are an important issue; and I feel that Barzun has dealt with them a bit casually, and even evasively. But those anti-American critics who proclaim that McCarthyism shows us up in our true colors are missing a crucial point. It is psychologically inevitable that there should be a strong reactionary complex in a nation in which change has been so insistent a feature of the moral climate. For change—with all the demands it makes on human adaptability, all the insecurities it creates—sets up a resistance to change. McCarthyism represents no more and no less than an exacerbated manifestation of the continuing counterpull against one of man's most courageous and determined attempts to build the free society. The important point is that, in the long run, it is the drive toward more complete, more responsible democracy which has steadily won out. As Barzun says: "Reform is our middle name, and progress our sign manual."

Barzun's essay handsomely bears witness to this reformist bent. It is, I think, characteristically American that a book which sets out to defend us against unfair criticism should contain a catalogue of our shortcomings and numerous suggestions for our betterment. Mr. Barzun, as noted earlier, deplores our tendency to idolize the scientific method. He writes amusingly about how—in the names we give our products and in the ways we advertise them—we show that we are semi-hypnotized by the mumbo-jumbo of science. Americans are starved, he complains, for entertainment with personality and mind. ("We've become a civilization of viewers, and . . . of voyeurs.") The brand of nonsense which our slang calls "guff" has flourished in every society, but Barzun admits that in America the "guff stream" has attained the proportions of a tidal wave. Though we are right, Barzun believes, in being pragmatists rather than ideologues in politics, he finds it unfortunate that our distrust of intellect has rubbed off into so many other spheres of life. "The worst thing

the American intellectual has to contend with," Barzun writes, "is the false respect and the real scorn with which his person and his ideas are received."

To that infinitely popular subject—sex in America—Barzun devotes a few pithy pages. Our culture, he says—with its lingering Puritanism and its commercialized overaccentuation of sex, its pictorial accent on waving legs and padded bosoms—has created an atmosphere that is at once desexualized, emptied of real masculinity and femininity, and at the same time lascivious and smutty.

Mr. Barzun's harshest words are reserved for Manhattan—the noise, the dirt, the overcrowded buses and subways, the frightful traffic problem, the cramped apartments, the dearth of first-rate restaurants, the host of harassments which make it, he says, no better than "a squatter's camp"—but with a sublime skyline.

If America so readily provokes criticism, it is largely because, as Simone de Beauvoir once wrote, "All human problems are posed here." And this sharp critic of America added: "They will be solved here." In the drama of Life versus Destruction that is being played out on the globe, America has been pre-eminently on the side of Life. One cannot read Barzun's essay without a heightened awareness of the extent to which "the gospel of Mankind" has been a determinant of America's course. We have heeded the better men among us—not always but often; *and we have done something practical about it.* The crux of the American story has been eloquently stated in a few lines by the poet, Stephen Vincent Benét: "Oh yes, I know the faults and the other side,/ The lyncher's rope, the bought justice, the wasted land,/ . . . I am merely remarking—as a country, we try./ As a country, I think we try."

—*Charles J. Rolo*

The Challenge of Man's Future

BY HARRISON BROWN.

New York, 1954, Viking Press, $3.75.

Since World War II there have been a number of books dealing with the pressures of an increasing population on the world's decreasing resources. Harrison Brown has written the most authoritative book yet to appear in this area of concern. It presents the broadest scientific base, the clearest statement of alternatives, and a corresponding challenge to our thinking. Brown believes that "man has the power, the intelligence, and the imagination to extricate himself from the serious predicament that now confronts him." He still has the chance of shaping his own destiny, but the time is short, and the problems he faces will tax his capabilities to the limit.

The first section of the book deals with the emergence of man from the primitive state. When man depended entirely on hunting and wild vegetation, about 2 square miles were required for the support of a single individual. Brown imagines an uninhabited river valley of 10,000 square miles, entered in Paleolithic or Mesolithic times by a

family of 10 people. By the 200th year, the population of the valley had passed 1,000, and there were 10 settlements, each hunting the nearby area. Food and game were still plentiful. But by the 300th year, the population had reached 5,000, the limit fixed by the food supply for a hunting people in an area of this size, and thereafter fluctuated around that number. Hunger became the rule, and recurrent shortages of food kept down the population. There were tribal legends about a time long before, when food had been abundant and everyone had led a happy and contented life. But few people really believed the legends.

After a long period of time, new techniques were introduced for the domestication of animals and for primitive agriculture. Then for some 200 years life in the valley was again more abundant. Villages were larger and more numerous, with increasing home industries and division of labor. Cities were built on the edge of rivers on which food could be transported. In a few more centuries, and some 2,500 years after the valley was first settled by man, the population reached a million people. Civilization had begun, and with civilization, cities, commerce, transport, social classes, armies and irrigation. New techniques increased with food supply, and the population increased to some 3 million people. There it stopped, for it had reached the limit for an agrarian society in an area of this size. Food became short, recurrent famine killed off the excess population, poverty touched all except the noble classes. The "golden age" of the valley was over, its wealth and abundance to go down in legend, its poverty and slavery and cruelty to be forgotten.

Such in brief was the history of the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates in Mesopotamia, of the Nile in Egypt, and later of the Indus in India and the Yellow River in China. Famine surged over these ancient lands. Infanticide was common. Wars and social upheavals strained their societies. Each finally faced a crisis which it could not overcome.

Until about the year 1750 this was the history of the world. Population grew from the 10 million possible in the society dependent on hunting and wild things for food until in the older inhabited regions it reached close to the number that can be fed in an agrarian society.

Prior to 1750 the lot of man had changed little in 5,000 years. Brown quotes the English historian Tawney, walking in the streets of Nanking, China, as saying, "I was just thinking that the English workman of that age [the early eighteenth century] would have been very much at home in the economy as well as in the living conditions we have just been observing, but so also would the Frenchman from Paris or the Italian from Florence." Poverty and recurring famine were the eventual lot of mankind in all agrarian societies.

Fortunately there were still in 1750 vast empty spaces in new continents, and this sudden availability of added agricultural and mineral wealth made possible the Industrial Revolution. The story of how the Industrial Revolution came to the one-third of the world's population who are now living partly or entirely under its blessing and its

dangers is told by the author in fascinating sequence.

The conditions which made the Industrial Revolution possible were unique and may never again exist. The emergence of industrial society required no concerted planned effort. But the perpetuation of that society will require effort of a magnitude which transcends all previous human effort. The blessings of the industrial society are clear; the doubling of the life span, the comfort and decency of life for the masses, the reduction of the birth rate which gives hope that man may not always increase to the margin of the food supply and consequent poverty and hunger. The dangers are also clear; the rapid exhaustion of the world's resources, the increasing centralization of power, the threat of annihilation in atomic wars. The first of these dangers, the exhaustion of resources, is illustrated by the case of England, the first and oldest of the industrial nations whose wealth is now in decline; and by the United States which is surely but less rapidly passing the peak of its own golden age.

Two-thirds of the world's population have as yet been little affected by the Industrial Revolution, and the next section of the book, "Status Quo," treats of regional differences in development, and of the difficulties of transferring the Industrial Revolution to areas which are heavily overpopulated and have high birth rates. Under such conditions, savings for the purpose of capital expenditures are likely to take the bread out of the mouths of people already hungry.

The three sections of the book which follow treat of "Vital Statistics," "Food," and "Energy." These are fascinating chapters. They cover an immense field with scientific authority and with a simplicity which makes them understandable to the layman. It would be hard to summarize them and retain their meaning, for they are themselves extremely condensed. A few excerpts may illustrate their content.

At the time of the Revolutionary War, the average American woman who lived through the childbearing period brought 8 children into the world. Today she expects, on the average, less than 3. In all previous times famine brought deaths into balance with births at a rate of about 40 deaths and 40 births per 1,000 people per year. Today, as evidenced by the recent experience of the United States and Western Europe, it is possible to reduce deaths to about 14 per 1,000 of population per year and for a population to be at equilibrium with 14 births per 1,000 per year. Deaths and births at the high rates mean suffering and eventual poverty; at the low rates, a life span of 70 years or more. Here then is the challenge to man's future. Can overpopulated and underdeveloped countries, with two-thirds of the world's people, reduce their death rates under the influence of measures of public health and sanitation, and at the same time reduce their birth rates? On the answer to this question, more than on any other single factor, hangs the future of civilization. In the chapter on "Vital Statistics," this problem is examined for various countries, and in the light of the improvements which may be expected in mass methods of fertility control. The author suggests

that some time in the future rigid controls may be necessary to limit populations in the various areas of the world to the resources available to them. Such a view differs widely from that of the French demographers who believe that the introduction of more effective means of fertility control would threaten the survival of the race. It is too soon to say who is right.

Because of the age composition of the world's present population, it is difficult to visualize any reasonable combination of circumstances not involving catastrophe which could lead to a world population of less than 5 billion people during the next 100 years. If birth rates decline as slowly in the overpopulated countries as they did in the United States and Europe during the past 150 years, the figure would be nearer 10 billions. This would be twice the number which can be supported at a low level by an agrarian society using present techniques. Can industrialization and the use of new methods and marginal lands support this number?

The total land area of the world amounts to about 36 billion acres. Of this less than 10 per cent is under cultivation, half of which is used directly for producing human food, and the other half for food for animals and for growing fibers. Another 6 billion acres is used for pasture for animals. Cold, nature of terrain, and lack of rainfall make it unlikely that more than another 3 billion acres could be added to the land now in use. By fostering the best existing agricultural techniques and with an enormous expenditure of capital to open up new lands, enough food could be produced to feed the 5 billion people the world is almost certain to have living on it, barring catastrophe. A further increase in food supply would result from better use of the land now in use, especially if more money and manpower were spent on it. It would cost about 100 billion dollars to double the world's food production if people everywhere set their minds to it, and the United States alone could provide this vast capital during a 50-year period without appreciably lowering its own standard of living. If left to themselves, lacking the ability to accumulate the capital, the underdeveloped areas of the world are destined to live at starvation levels for another century, and probably much longer.

There are, of course, other methods of increasing the food supply. Hydroponics, the farming of algae, use of more food from the sea, could all contribute. If everything possible were done, and if people were content to derive their main nourishment from algae farms and yeast factories and forego other needs, there might be physical capacity to supply food enough to support a world population of 50 billion or more persons. But we must note that every increase in the production of food means improved organization and a greater co-ordination of effort. With each step man would lose some of his independence and liberty, until at a population of 50 billion he would be reduced to a mere robot, a cog in the complicated machine necessary to drag that much food from a reluctant earth.

Long before that time the earth's coal and oil will be exhausted. But we can expand our water power, we can mine

uranium and get not too expensive power from the atom, and at increasing expense we can harness the heat of the sun and other natural forces. From the point of view of energy, a population of 7 billion persons or more could in principle be supported at a fairly high consumption level for a long period of time, even in the absence of coal and oil. With each step, more organization, more government, less freedom to choose our course.

But there are further and greater difficulties. The raw materials for manufacture are becoming increasingly expensive. We must go deeper into the earth for our metals, we must mine poorer ores; we must use more expensive substitutes. Water will be short, and large quantities will have to be reduced from sea water. With a rapidity which will be in proportion to the rate of population increase, our present sources of supply will be exhausted. Finally and with infinite effort, we will extract our metals from ordinary granite rock of which there is a great plenty on the earth's surface. Even energy in the form of uranium will be gotten from this source. We will use sea water, limestone, air, phosphate rock, and sunlight as basic raw materials for industry. With increasing pressures of population, the industries of the future would be far more complex and highly integrated than those of today, making demands for efficiency which will have marked effects upon the ways in which men live. Social organization would become all-pervasive, complex, and inflexible; the state would dominate the actions of the individual. This is the world toward which most men seem now to be directing their efforts in the United States as well as in Soviet Russia. Such a world might support 10 billion, 50 billion, or even 100 billion persons living like ants in an anthill.

There are two alternatives to such a world. One, the most likely, a breakdown at some point in all this complex effort, and a return to an agrarian form of society, always with the danger that the resulting havoc might completely wipe man from the face of the earth. The other alternative is a reduction in the rate of births so rapid that world population would not more than double, and would eventually be stabilized at a reasonable level. Man still has it within his power to choose this second way. But he is rapidly creating a situation in which the opportunity to do so will be lost. The probability that he may attain this second alternative may appear, as judged from existing trends, to be extremely low. It would require, and require immediately, the application of intelligence, imagination, courage, unselfish help, planning, and prodigious effort.

Such a brief summary can do little justice to a book which itself is highly concentrated and contains such a wealth of material lucidly and cogently presented. There are opinions expressed in the book but they are subordinate to the flow of facts, and, what is rare in popular presentations of science, the conclusions are in the main drawn strictly from the material presented. For those who are concerned to plan for the future, to statesmen facing the threat of Communism, to men of good will everywhere, the book should be required

reading, for it presents the clearest picture yet drawn of the underlying currents on which we, in ignorance, are drifting.

One hopeful note of criticism. The author of the book feels that at the present time there is little that can be done to prevent the long-range deterioration of human stocks, and that later when improvement becomes possible, the methods would do violence to our present ideals. Here this writer believes the author's facts are insufficient and some of his references do not fairly interpret the original material. Rapid advances are being made today in knowledge of the social and psychological factors in the environment which determine the distribution of births; these factors can be controlled. At the same time, the science of human heredity is growing in cumulative fashion. There are indications from recent studies that, with the spread of family limitation, there may be changes in the distribution of births of a sort favorable to an improvement in heredity from one generation to the next. Such a possibility should not be overlooked.

—*Frederick Osborn*

Bogan, Louise: COLLECTED POEMS: 1923–1953. New York, Noonday Press, $3.00.

This collection of the poems of thirty years by the poetry critic of *The New Yorker* contains almost all the work in Miss Bogan's previous volumes, several new poems hitherto unpublished in book form, and translations from Heine and Pierre-Jean Jouve. The main direction of Miss Bogan's work continues and extends the traditional lyric of English poetry in its purest form, as exemplified in George Herbert, Andrew Marvell, Blake, and Christina Rossetti. Within this traditional form and idiom, Miss Bogan expresses the sensibility of a modern human being and of a modern woman.

Bourjaily, Vance (editor): DISCOVERY NO. 3. New York, Pocket Books, $0.35.

The third issue of a periodical anthology of writing—thirty-three short stories, poems, and essays—this volume presents original works by American authors, the majority of whom have established a reputation in the better cultural magazines. Such familiar names as Muriel Rukeyser, Daniel Hoffman, and Herbert Gold are included, while two newcomers, Victor Chapin and Aurelia Levi, appear in print for the first time.

Fenton, Charles A.: THE APPRENTICESHIP OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY. New York, Farrar, Straus & Young, $5.00.

Expanded from a Ph.D. thesis, this book, subtitled "The Early Years," confines itself to the most methodical examination to date of Hemingway's apprenticeship in writing. This period began in 1916 during his high school days in Oak Park, Illinois, and terminated in 1923 with his resignation from the Toronto *Star* in order to live and write in Europe. The author employs a copious amount of quotations from

Hemingway's journalism and analyzes the persons, places, and ideas which most influenced him during these formative years. Mr. Fenton's work should prove valuable to all future biographers and to students of Hemingway's art.

Jarrell, Randall: PICTURES FROM AN INSTITUTION. New York, Knopf, $3.50.

Subtitled "A Comedy," this is the first novel by an author whose poetry and literary criticism have won him an important place in American letters. The story unfolds in a New England women's progressive college through a series of droll portraits of its various faculty members and their families. Mr. Jarrell proliferates in epigrams, paradoxes, flashes of wit, and exaggeration in order to satirize this group —but not without compassion—and to illustrate what he considers inane in certain aspects of contemporary culture.

Kirkpatrick, Ralph: DOMENICO SCARLATTI. Princeton, New Jersey, Princeton University Press, $10.00.

Aside from its vivid picture of the eighteenth-century cultural scene, the book is a considerable contribution to scholarship for its thorough overhaul of the Longo chronology in the light of the author's findings—notably his having divined that Scarlatti's hundreds of sonatas were all written in pairs, sometimes in contrasting major and minor but invariably on a mutual tonic. The extent of Mr. Kirkpatrick's achievement may be measured by the fact that there is not extant even one authenticated autograph manuscript. He has so exhaustively researched the evidence, and collated it with such scrupulous skill, that this critical biography may be accounted definitive.

Lehmann-Haupt, Hellmut: ART UNDER A DICTATORSHIP. New York, Oxford University Press, $5.50.

This book explains the function and fate of art in the twentieth century totalitarian state where, according to the author, art serves not merely as a medium of propaganda but as a vital instrument of social integration. Nazi Germany is used as the main case history, and comparisons with art in Soviet-occupied Germany and in Soviet Russia proper add to the significance of this study. Much of the book's factual information was gained first hand by Mr. Lehmann-Haupt during a two-year postwar tour of duty with the U.S. Military Government in Germany.

Matthiessen, Peter: RACE ROCK. New York, Harper, $3.50.

A first novel by the fiction editor of *The Paris Review*, who has published stories on both sides of the Atlantic. Dealing with the theme of emotional maturity, this intricate novel explores the lives, through a series of flashbacks to their childhood spent in common, of four irresponsible friends who pass two week ends together in a New England fishing village. Through sudden scenes of violence, rather than of spiritual crisis, the four come to mature terms with life.

McKeon, Richard: THOUGHT, ACTION, AND PASSION. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, $5.00.

The essays in this volume, entitled "Love and Philosophical Analysis," "Truth and the History of Ideas," "Freedom and Disputation," "Imitation and Poetry," constitute a fresh and subtle exploration of the complex creative role played in the dialectic of Western civilization by ancient Greek concepts of love, truth, freedom, and imitation, together with the techniques the Greeks created or elaborated in order to understand and celebrate these themes. The author argues that the seminal power of Greek culture lies less in its formal perfection or adequacy than in the rich ambiguity of its themes and in the freedom of all its arts from rigid commitment to a method or to isolation from one another.

Millay, Edna St. Vincent: MINE THE HARVEST. New York, Harper, $3.00.

Part of this posthumous collection consists of the material for a new book of verse which the poet was preparing for publication before her death in 1950; it also contains several earlier poems and verse which had appeared in periodical form. A good deal, however, is drawn from tentative, uncertain drafts in the poet's notebooks. Hence this is, on the whole, a very uneven collection; and the poems range from sonnets (the form in which she was most successful) to rhymed free verse and discursive doggerel. Aside from their intrinsic literary interest, some of these poems have a biographical value in relation to the last tragic years of the poet's life.

Neutra, Richard: SURVIVAL THROUGH DESIGN. New York, Oxford University Press, $5.50.

One of the most talented and influential architects in America believes that our man-made surroundings, top-heavy with technological trickery, have become the molds of our destiny and a source of never-ending nervous strain. As an imperative aid for survival in this ever-worsening situation, he advocates a return to naturalness through harmonious design based on psychological and physiological necessities, rather than commercial considerations.

Olson, Elder: THE POETRY OF DYLAN THOMAS. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, $3.25.

An appraisal of the work of one of the most original lyric poets of our time. The author divides Thomas' career into three major phases—noting the distinctive contributions of each—examines the sources of the poet's symbols and the role that techniques of depiction and of language play in his poetic practice. Particularly fine is the analysis by Mr. Olson, a poet in his own right, of the difficult "Altarwise by owl-light" sonnet sequence. An appendix provides prose paraphrases of five poems, a glossary of terms, and a complete bibliography, compiled by W. H. Huff of the Northwestern University Library.

Price, Lucien (editor): DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. Boston, Atlantic–Little, Brown, $5.00.

Read and officially authorized by

Whitehead, these dialogues were recorded verbatim by his personal friend Lucien Price, from 1932 until the mathematician's death in 1947. During the many pleasant evenings the two passed together, Mr. Price made it a practice to pose deliberately provocative questions. What emerges in this book, through their conversations, is a vivid literary re-creation of Whitehead's kindly personality and a panorama of his ideas and opinions which reflect a formidable learning in history, science, philosophy, theology, and the arts.

Scherman, David E. and Redlich, Rosemarie: LITERARY AMERICA. New York, Dodd, Mead, $5.00.

This is a handsome photographic chronicle of ninety-three American literary figures from 1607 to 1952, each of whom is presented through pictures and related biographical material. The compilers have tried to convey visually the physical aspects of America which served as inspiration or became famous because the authors wrote about them. Mr. Scherman was for many years a photographer for *Life* magazine.

Steinbeck, John: SWEET THURSDAY. New York, Viking Press, $3.50.

Conceived along broadly comical lines, this latest novel is a psychologically simple and light-hearted love story which recounts the crisis confronting an eccentric community when its most confirmed bachelor falls irretrievably under the spell of an honest and overproud trollop. The scene is again that of the author's familiar and non-conformist world of California's Cannery Row. While certainly one of Steinbeck's less serious works, *Sweet Thursday* does indicate a further aspect of his versatility.

Taylor, Peter: THE WIDOWS OF THORNTON. New York, Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.

Nine simply written but psychologically complex short stories make up this collection. Unified in subject matter and underlying theme, the stories form a chronicle of displaced Southerners who have drifted away from the fictional town of Thornton, Tennessee, to more urban centers in the Midwest and the South. The author is most effective in evoking the sense of awareness and relationship the characters feel toward the Thornton of the past.

Williams, William Carlos: THE DESERT MUSIC AND OTHER POEMS. New York, Random House, $3.00.

This new volume of lyrics shows that the poet is still exploring new and unknown terrain both in the regions of subject matter and in modes of versification. Clarity and vividness of visual perception, emotional freshness and directness give Dr. Williams' writing its inimitable flavor. Of particular interest are a translation from one of Theocritus' idyls, a passage from a new long poem now in progress, and the title poem, which deals with a visit to the Southwest.

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A SELECTIVE LISTING FROM

AMERICAN PERIODICALS

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Editorial: THE RICH MIDDLE-INCOME CLASS. *Fortune*, May, 1954.

Who is spending the money in the United States these days? Nearly $100 billion a year is in the hands of 18 million family units whose spendable incomes are between $4,000 and $7,500. This article explains who they are, how they earn it, and why they are so numerous.

Editorial: THE CASE OF ROBERT OPPENHEIMER. *New Republic*, April 26, 1954.

A detailed exposition of the facts that led to the Oppenheimer crisis and of its implications.

Stevenson, Adlai E.: THE REPUTATION OF GOVERNMENT. *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1954.

In times of strain and stress, as ours is and is bound to be for an indefinite future, Mr. Stevenson concludes that the preservation of the good name, the "private reputation," of our government is more necessary than ever, to evoke the loyalties, both at home and abroad, upon which government must make heavy drafts.

ANTHROPOLOGY

Bidney, David: THE ETHNOLOGY OF RELIGION AND THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN EVOLUTION. *American Anthropologist*, February, 1954.

Is the origin of religion animistic, polytheistic, monotheistic? The author summarizes the most important views on these questions (Tylor, Andrew Lang, Frazer, Lowie, Schmidt, Radin, Koppers, etc.) and discusses their validity. Basing his own conclusions on the parallel conclusions reached by physical anthropology on the origin of man, and by linguistics on the origin of language, Professor Bidney discards

the theory of a simple, orthogenic evolution of religion in favor of "a plurality of religious phenomena and a plurality of centers of origin." The essay is followed by a bibliography.

ARCHITECTURE

Scully, Vincent J., Jr.: WRIGHT VS. THE INTERNATIONAL STYLE. *Art News*, March, 1954.

Wright's relationship with the "international style" has been obscured in the last few years, especially by invectives against the "un-Americanism" of this style. Yet his work shows clearly the power of American architecture to absorb influences from all cultures and all periods without thereby being weakened.

ART

Sullivan, Catherine: GERARD, DESIGNER FOR THE THEATER. *American Artist*, April, 1954.

An interview, which reveals the background, principles and methods of work of one of America's most celebrated theatrical designers. The article is illustrated with sketches from various scenes of *Faust* and *Tannhäuser*, performed with much acclaim at the Metropolitan last year. "I listen to the music to digest the sound and action," says Gerard. "To create the right picture one is forced to listen and listen again—so it will really fit the music. One must be steeped in the problem. There can be no question of a rush job here. An opera takes me nearly a year to prepare."

BIOGRAPHY

Freud, Sigmund: THE ORIGIN OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. *Harper's Magazine*, April, May, 1954.

A series of unpublished letters by Sigmund Freud, addressed to his close friend Dr. Wilhelm Fliess, a nose-and-throat specialist and biologist in Berlin. These letters which have but lately been recovered throw some new light on the early phases of Freud's work, and are part of the collection (500 pages) published by Basic Books in June.

CINEMA

Warshow, Robert: MOVIE CHRONICLE: THE WESTERNER. *Partisan Review*, March–April, 1954.

One of the most successful creations of American movies has been "the Westerner." In this essay the author dissects "the Westerner's" character, his economic and love life, and traces the development of this genre of film from the early, unsophisticated days of Gene Autry or Roy Rogers to the latest productions, exemplified by *Shane*.

CRITICISM

Adams, Robert Martin: DONNE AND ELIOT: METAPHYSICALS. *The Kenyon Review*, Spring, 1954.

Our time, like that of Donne and his followers, is a time of declining faith and growing secularization. Against this background the author traces a good number of analogies between the poetry written between 1590 and 1640 and that written from 1915 to 1950. "Eliot and Donne are the key figures of

the metaphysical analogy; the division of their work into sacred and profane aspects supports the parallel; the dramatic impurities of temperament which they share, a common nostalgia for discipline, and a similar talent for melodic dissonance, all enhance the pairing."

Fowlie, Wallace: CLAUDEL AND THE PROBLEM OF SACRED ART. *Accent*, Winter, 1954.

During the last twenty years of his life, Claudel has not published poetry or plays. He has spent his time writing his reflections and his meditations on Holy Scripture. These works form not only an epilogue to a long career of poet and dramatist but a continuation of it. The present essay appraises this ultimate phase of the poet's development in relation to his earlier work and to other catholic-inspired art, anterior and contemporary. "Perhaps the greatest lesson which Claudel has bequeathed our age is the belief that the truth of art always tends naturally toward the sacred."

Polanyi, Karl: HAMLET. *The Yale Review*, Spring, 1954.

A new and very personal interpretation of the tragedy. "*Hamlet* is about the human condition. We all live insofar as we refuse to die. But we are not resolved to live in all the essential respects in which life invites us. We are postponing happiness because we hesitate to commit ourselves to live. This is what makes Hamlet's delay so symbolic. Life is man's missed opportunity. Yet in the end our beloved hero retrieves some of life's fulfilment. The curtain leaves us not only reconciled; but with an unaccountable sense of gratitude towards him, as if his suffering had not been quite in vain."

ECONOMICS

Hoover, Calvin B.: INSTITUTIONAL AND THEORETICAL IMPLICATIONS OF ECONOMIC CHANGE. *The American Economic Review*, March, 1954.

The contrast between a socialist economy, exemplified by Russia, and a capitalist laissez-faire economy, championed by the West, has been watered down during the last two decades. Professor Hoover does not go here into the causes of the transformation of the Soviet system, which is now far from socialistic; he rather presents a picture of the transformation of the American economic system, which, with the growth of industrial enterprise, the labor movement, the New and the Fair Deal, Social Security, etc., has developed into what he calls "organizational economy": partly capitalistic, partly collectivistic. This development may be slowed down by the Republican government but not basically reversed; for, he concludes, whatever its name, it has "served us far better, both in terms of goods produced and in terms of human liberties preserved, than has any other system, in any other country."

EDUCATION

Lippmann, Walter: THE SHORTAGE IN EDUCATION. *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1954.

Education is just as vital to our survival as a free country and a democracy as is

military defense. But the effort we are making to educate ourselves as a people is not nearly equal to our needs or our responsibilities. To meet the challenge, "we have to do in the educational system something very like what we have done in the military establishment during the past 15 years. We have to make a breakthrough to a radically higher and broader conception of what is needed and of what can be done."

PHILOSOPHY

Capek, Milic: JAMES' EARLY CRITICISM OF THE AUTOMATON THEORY. *Journal of the History of Ideas*, April, 1954.

An analysis and interpretation of William James's three essays, "Are We Automata?" "The Feeling of Effort," and "Remarks on Spencer's Definition of Mind as Correspondence." They were written "in a period of doubts and intellectual struggles in which these opposite trends—mechanism and teleology—were clashing in his mind without arriving at any definite *modus vivendi*."

SCIENCE

Turkevich, John: THE PROGRESS OF SOVIET SCIENCE. *Foreign Affairs*, April, 1954.

Professor Turkevich (of Princeton University) surveys the whole field of Soviet technology and science and comes to the conclusion that, despite the crippling effect of Marxist orthodoxy, remarkable results have been achieved, especially in mathematics, nuclear physics, and chemistry.

WORLD AFFAIRS

Dulles, John Foster: POLICY FOR SECURITY AND PEACE. *Foreign Affairs*, April, 1954.

The American Secretary of State explains the ideas underlying his strategy and tactics. "We have confidence that if our nation perseveres in applying them, freedom will again win the upper hand in its age-long struggle with despotism, and that the danger of war will steadily recede."

Johnson, Howard C., and Niemeyer, Gerhart: COLLECTIVE SECURITY: THE VALIDITY OF AN IDEAL. *International Organization*, February, 1954.

From a historical analysis of the concept "collective security" the authors proceed to a detailed consideration of various proposals to improve the collective security machinery within or alongside the United Nations organization. However, they come to the rather negative conclusion that not much can be done under present circumstances.

Pacciardi, Randolfo: DEMOCRACY LIVES IN ITALY. *Foreign Affairs*, April, 1954.

Formerly one of Italy's leading anti-Fascist exiles, later Minister of Defense, Mr. Pacciardi is well equipped to give an inside story of the political struggle within his country. Answering the question: "What could America do to help Italian democracy?" he has four suggestions: The United States should advocate greater authority for Italy within the Atlantic Community; it should be instrumental in extending the

Atlantic Pact from a purely military community to an economic community; it should help solve the problem of the Italian frontiers, especially Trieste; and it should help in solving the Italian emigration problem.

Marshall, George C.: ESSENTIALS TO PEACE. *Social Research*, Spring, 1954.

The full text of General Marshall's Nobel Peace Prize acceptance speech. While emphasizing the necessity of "a very strong military posture" for the preservation of peace today, General Marshall states nevertheless that "the guarantee for a long continued peace will depend on other factors, in addition to a moderated military strength, and no less important." Apart from economic factors, which certainly are of the utmost importance, "perhaps the most important single factor will be a spiritual regeneration to develop good will, faith, and understanding among nations."

ADDRESSES

Accent, Box 102, University Station, Urbana, Illinois ($0.40 per copy).

American Anthropologist, 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin ($8.50 per year).

American Artist, 24 West 40th Street, New York 18, New York ($0.60 per copy).

The American Economic Review, 450 Ahnaip Street, Menasha, Wisconsin ($1.50 per copy).

Art News, 654 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York ($1.00 per copy).

The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts ($0.50 per copy).

Foreign Affairs, 58 East 68th Street, New York 21, New York. ($1.50 per copy).

Fortune, 540 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois. ($1.25 per copy).

Harper's Magazine, 49 East 33rd Street, New York 16, New York. ($0.50 per copy).

International Organization, 40 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts ($1.50 per copy).

Journal of the History of Ideas, City College, New York 31, New York ($1.50 per copy).

The Kenyon Review, Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio ($1.00 per copy).

New Republic, 1826 Jefferson Place N.W., Washington 6, D.C. ($0.20 per copy).

Partisan Review, 513 Sixth Avenue New York 11, New York ($0.75 per copy).

Social Research, 66 West 12th Street, New York 11, New York. ($1.50 per copy).

The Yale Review, Drawer 1729, New Haven 7, Connecticut ($1.00 per copy).

NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, who died in February of this year, was one of our most astute chroniclers of contemporary history. His interpretations of the changes since 1900 in American society were widely read and discussed. Probably his most influential book was *Only Yesterday* (1931), a history of America during the 1920's, but his other books, including his last, *The Big Change* (1952) [Hamish Hamilton], were both popular and authoritative. His essay in this number of *Perspectives* was his last piece of writing and was published posthumously in *Harper's Magazine*, of which he was Editor-in-Chief from 1941 until shortly before his death . . . Born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1890, Mr. Allen graduated from Harvard University with an M.A. degree in 1913. He taught English at Harvard for two years and then served for four years as Secretary to the Harvard Corporation. Later in life he was elected to two terms on the Board of Overseers of Harvard. Mr. Allen began his distinguished career as an editor on the staffs of *The Atlantic Monthly* and *The Century Magazine*, moving to *Harper's Magazine* in 1923. His other books included *The Lords of Creation* (1935), a study of American financial history since 1900; *The Great Pierpont Morgan* (1949) [Hamish Hamilton]; *Since Yesterday* (1949), a volume on the 1930's in America; and, in collaboration with his wife, Agnes Rogers, three books combining pictures and text: *The American Procession* (1933), *Metropolis* (1934), and *I Remember Distinctly* (1947).

The author of many books and monographs on art in America, JOHN I. H. BAUR was for fifteen years Curator of Paintings and Sculpture at the Brooklyn Museum, and he is at present Curator of the Whitney Museum of American Art. His two major contributions to the criticism of painting are *Revolution and Tradition in Modern American Art* (1951) [Oxford] and

American Painting in the Nineteenth Century (1953), but he has also published critical monographs on a number of American painters, including *An American Genre Painter: Eastman Johnson* (1940), *Theodore Robinson* (1946), and *Loren MacIver and I. Rice Pereira* (1953). Mr. Baur, who was born in Woodbridge, Connecticut, in 1909 and attended Yale University, is known particularly for his insistence that the critic and historian of painting must refrain from any partisan commitment, and instead meet all artists on their own grounds. In this way, the critic may "discover both new directions in the art of our own day and unjustly neglected painters of the past."

SAUL BELLOW, whose novel *The Adventures of Augie March* [Weidenfeld & Nicolson Ltd.] was awarded the National Book Award for Fiction in 1953, is one of the most respected of the writers who emerged in the United States during the decade of the forties. His two previous novels, *Dangling Man* (1944) [Lehmann] and *The Victim* (1947) [Lehmann], attracted much favorable critical attention, and *The Adventures of Augie March* was a popular as well as a critical success. (One chapter from the last "The Einhorns," was included in *Perspectives* 2.) His short stories, essays, and reviews have been published in many literary and avant-garde magazines. Bellow was born in 1915 in Lachine, Quebec, Canada. His family moved to Chicago in 1924. He received his education at the University of Chicago, Northwestern University, and the University of Wisconsin. He has taught at the University of Chicago, University of Minnesota, New York University, Princeton, and Bard College. From 1948 to 1950 he lived in Paris, part of the time as a Guggenheim Fellow.

CARL CARMER was born in Cortland, New York, in 1893, and received an M.A. degree from Harvard University in 1915. For several years he lived in the South, where he was a professor of English at the University of Alabama and a staff writer on the New Orleans *Morning Tribune*. A number of his books concern the South and its problems, notably *Stars Fell on Alabama*, a novel (1934); and two volumes of poetry, *Frenchtown* and *Deep South* (1930). He has also been a writer of children's books and an editor of The Rivers of America Series, a series of books by various authors begun in 1937 which presents the history of North America and its peoples through the stories of its rivers. Mr. Carmer wrote the volume *The Hudson* (1939) and is now preparing *The Susquehanna* for future publication in the series. He has been President of the Author's Guild, the American Center of P.E.N., and the Poetry Society of America. One of his chief interests has been the study of American folklore. His books on this subject include *Dark Trees to the Wind* (1949) and *Listen for a Lonesome Drum* (1950). He has written a number of radio programs on American legends and has edited four volumes of American folk songs. During World War I he served with the Army Field Artillery and in World War II with the Army Air Forces. At present he lives in Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

F. W. DUPEE has been closely associated with avant-garde publications in the United States since 1937, when he joined the staff of *Partisan Review*. As editor and writer, he has proven himself one of the liveliest personalities in American literature, and one of the most astute critics. His chief interest has been in Henry James, and his study of the novelist, *Henry James* (1951), is now a standard work. Mr. Dupee was born in Chicago in 1904. He has taught at Bowdoin College and at Columbia University, where he is now Associate Professor of English.

WILLIAM FAULKNER, who, in 1949, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature—the fourth American writer to be so honored—was born in 1897 in Mississippi and has lived there, near the town of Oxford, most of his life. The greater part of his novels and short stories, which now fill nearly twenty volumes, form a cycle of narratives about the long aftermath of the American Civil War in the South. Their action usually centers in Yoknapatawpha County, a fictitious locale which Faulkner has created and peopled with his characters. Among his most important works are *The Sound and the Fury* (1929), *Sanctuary* (1931), *Light in August* (1932), *Absalom, Absalom!* (1936), and *Intruder in the Dust* (1948) [all Chatto & Windus]. His contribution to this number of *Perspectives* is an excerpt from his most recent work, *A Fable* (1954). Although Faulkner's formal education was interrupted several times, he attended the University of Mississippi, and he took advantage of the time he spent in Oxford, England, during World War I—he was a trainee in the British Royal Air Force and became a flying officer—to use the University libraries there. Today he avoids what popularly passes for "the literary life." "I am not a literary man," he has said. "I am a farmer who just likes to tell stories." Faulkner's Nobel Prize acceptance speech, "I Decline to Accept the End of Man," was included in *Perspectives* 1.

NATHAN GLAZER was born in New York City in 1923. He is a graduate of the College of the City of New York and the University of Pennsylvania, where he specialized in anthropology and linguistics. From 1945, when it was founded, until last year, he was one of the editors of the magazine *Commentary*. He is now an editor of Anchor Books, a series of inexpensive reprints of titles in literature, philosophy, and the social sciences. Mr. Glazer is co-author with David Riesman and Reuel Denney of *The Lonely Crowd* (1950) [Oxford] and co-author with David Riesman of *Faces in the Crowd* (1952)[Oxford]. His work has appeared in many American periodicals, and in *Encounter* (London) and *Der Monat* (Berlin). He has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in the field of American History for study during 1954–55.

MARK DEWOLFE HOWE was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1906. He was graduated from Harvard College and from Harvard Law School. In 1933 and 1934 he was secretary to Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, and he has since edited two volumes of

Holmes's correspondence: *The Holmes-Pollock Letters* (1941), the correspondence of Justice Holmes and Sir Frederick Pollock, and *The Holmes-Laski Letters* (1953), the correspondence of Justice Holmes and Harold Laski. Professor Howe is a member of the law faculty at Harvard University.

ROBINSON JEFFERS has for many years made his home at Tor House in Carmel on the rocky Pacific coast of California, and his poems have often shown, if not in their actual themes at least in their tone, the restless, elemental violence that one associates with such a landscape. His first poems were published during the 1920's and brought him immediate recognition. Since then, he has published many volumes of verse and has adapted a number of Greek dramas to the modern stage. Jeffers was born in 1887 in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His published volumes include: *Roan Stallion, Tamar, and Other Poems* (1925) [Hogarth], *The Women at Point Sur* (1927), *Dear Judas* (1929) [Hogarth], *Descent to the Dead* (1931), *Thurso's Landing* (1932), *Selected Poetry* (1938), *Medea* (1946), *The Double Axe* (1948), and *Hungerfield and Other Poems* (1954).

FRANK LIEBERMAN, who designed the cover for this number of *Perspectives*, is Art Director of *Print*, a magazine devoted to typography and fine printing published in Woodstock, Vermont, where Mr. Lieberman makes his home. He has also designed and illustrated many books, magazines, newspapers, and industrial publications. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1910, and he received his training at the Maryland Institute of Fine and Applied Art, the Art Students League, the Archipenko Studio, the Atelier Heymann in Munich, and the Kunstgewerbeschule in Vienna.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, who was born in Glencoe, Illinois, in 1892, is a graduate of Yale and of the Harvard Law School and has led an active public life. He has been Librarian of the Library of Congress in Washington, Assistant Secretary of State, Assistant Director of the Office of War Information, and Director of the U.S. Office of Facts and Figures. He was one of the original planners of UNESCO and the first American member of its board. Since 1949 he has been Boylston Professor at Harvard, where he teaches poetry and creative writing. Mr. MacLeish has twice won the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry, first in 1933 for *Conquistador* [John Lane], an epic of the Spanish conquests in Mexico, and again in 1953 for his *Collected Poems*, which was also awarded the Bollingen Prize for Poetry.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL, who was born in Aberdeen, Washington, in 1915, is, along with such other American artists as Baziotes, Hofmann, Gorky, de Kooning, Pollock, and Rothko, one of the founders of the group sometimes known as the New York school, although these painters themselves usually refer to their work as abstract-expressionism. His paintings are in many museums, among them the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, and the Museum of Modern Art in New York; the National Museum,

Rio de Janeiro; the National Museum, Tel-Aviv; etc. Since his debut in 1944, he has had fourteen one-man shows. His formal education—he is a self-taught painter—was in philosophy at Stanford University, Université de Grenoble, Harvard University, and Columbia University.

From a background in sociology, genetics, and psychology, FREDERICK OSBORN developed an interest in demography which has made him one of America's chief specialists in the study of populations. He has published two books—*Dynamics of Population* (with Dr. Frank Lorimer, 1934) and *Preface to Eugenics* (1940, 1951)—in which he has expressed his conviction that: "The quality of populations and their relative size and rates of change are factors which determine the fate of civilizations," and that "both quantitative and qualitative trends are subject to human control." Mr. Osborn was born in New York City in 1889 and studied at Princeton University and at Trinity College, Cambridge University. During World War II he was a Major General in charge of Information and Education in the U.S. Army, and until 1950 he was Deputy U.S. Representative to the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. He is now Executive Vice-President of the Population Council.

JAMES S. PLAUT, who has been Director of the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston since 1938, previously served as an assistant in the Department of Fine Arts at Harvard University (from which he was graduated in 1933) and as assistant to the Curator of Paintings in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Under his direction the Institute introduced Picasso to Boston and presented the first important showing of Rouault. In 1948 he enlarged the Institute's scope by forming a Department of Design in Industry to promote a more productive relationship between industry and art. Since 1951 Mr. Plaut has served as a special adviser to the Ministry of Trade and Industry in Israel . . . Mr. Plaut was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1912. During World War II he was one of the art experts charged with recovering looted art objects. Often a contributor of articles and monographs on art and design to specialized and cultural publications, he has written two books: *Steuben Glass* (1949) and *Oskar Kokoscha* (1949).

CHARLES J. ROLO, who was born in Alexandria, Egypt, and educated in England and the United States, has followed an active career in literature and journalism. For a number of years he has been on the staff of *The Atlantic Monthly*; during World War II he served as correspondent in Europe and the Middle East; he is at present that magazine's regular book critic. He is author of *Radio Goes to War* (1942) [Faber] and *Wingate's Raiders* (1944) [Harrap], and editor of *The World of Aldous Huxley* (1947). Mr. Rolo came to the United States after his graduation from Oxford, and although he has traveled extensively in Europe, the Near East, India, and Burma, he has maintained his residence in New York for many years. He recently edited for Intercultural Publications the collection

Perspective of Holland and Belgium, which was published in the April, 1954, number of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

ROGER SESSIONS, who was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896, began composing at the age of twelve and studied at Harvard University and the Yale Music School. In 1921 he became assistant to Ernest Bloch at the Cleveland Institute of Music. In 1925 he went to Europe and remained for eight years; since his return he has taught at Princeton University and the University of California. In May of this year he was elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Among Mr. Sessions' principal compositions are two symphonies; two string quartets; several solo sonatas; a Concerto for Violin and Orchestra; *The Trial of Lucullus*, an opera in one act; a Duo for Violin and Piano; and *The Sorceress* for soprano and orchestra. At present he is writing an opera, *The Death of Montezuma*, based on a poetic drama of the same title by the late G. A. Borgese. He has written two books: *The Musical Experience* (1950) [Oxford] and *Harmonic Practice* (1951). Two Sessions Libraries have now been established in Europe, at the Kranichsteiner Musikinstitut, Darmstadt, and at Heugel & Cie., Paris.

The Publishers

READER REACTION TO PERSPECTIVES

An analysis of the replies to a questionnaire distributed to readers of the magazine

Perspectives is a comparatively new venture and its policies are, within reason, subject to change depending on the preferences of our readers. With these considerations in mind we included in each copy of *Perspectives* 5 distributed abroad a questionnaire designed to obtain a sampling of our readers' reactions as well as of their social character. On the average, what is their age, sex and occupation? How many are able to read English, regardless of which language they read *Perspectives* in? How do they react to the general policies we have pursued so far, such as assigning the direction of various issues to guest editors, endeavoring to strike a mean between the "popular" and the "scholarly" approach, stressing American culture instead of trying to embrace the whole international field, and giving to the discussion of the arts preference over the discussion of current political problems? What subjects do they prefer to read about; and what authors, of American origin as well as of their own nationality, would they like to see represented in future issues of the magazine? Which of the offerings in our first five numbers have our readers found most profitable and which have they found least profitable?

Nearly two thousand replies to the questionnaire have been received by us to date, and we therefore feel justified in presenting a brief informal analysis of their contents. Anyone wishing more details is invited to write in for them.

First of all, what about the replies to the questionnaire itself? Our Italian readers proved to be far and away the most eager answerers. In proportion to the number of copies of *Perspectives* 5 distributed in the various languages, the greatest response came from the readers of the Italian edition; followed by German, English, and French readers in that order. When asked which writers of their own country they would like to see in *Perspectives*, the Italians also came up with the longest list of names —some 146, including two votes for

Dante. On the other hand, English readers supplied us most liberally with unsolicited comments, such as, "Make your own decisions."

In general, however, there was a surprising uniformity of response and condition among readers in the various languages. Everywhere men readers outnumbered women readers by about ten to one, and everywhere people under twenty-five years of age turned out to compose about 40 per cent of our audience. From this it follows that, as regards occupations, a substantial body of readers are university students. Teachers, writers, and government workers compose the next largest classes. The medical, technical, and legal professions also make up a sizable group (but the number of English-reading medical men amounts to zero). Among workers in the fine arts our English, German, and Italian public is considerable, our French public negligible. In general, business men and office workers are about equal in number to artists. Industrial workers, like members of the religious and military professions, are comparatively few. Two Swiss readers of *Perspectives* are "gymnastes," one French and three British readers are policemen. To the question: "Do you read English?" about 70 per cent of our Continental readers said yes.

In the matter of our editorial policies the vote was especially interesting, at least to us. On the question whether *Perspectives* should endeavor to be more "popular" or more "scholarly" or should remain as it is, the verdict was more than two to one in favor of the status quo, while among those proposing change, the vote was a trifle less than two to one in favor of "more scholarly." Should we publish "articles about current political problems"? Approximately 71 per cent said no. Similarly, the number of those preferring our present system of guest editors to the usual system was in the vicinity of four to one. So far, readers seemed more or less to approve the magazine as it is at present constituted, but on one important question there was a decisive reversal. Should our content be more international, less exclusively American, in character? Some 63 per cent of the questionnaires said yes.

When it came to naming their favorite subjects, most readers preferred the arts to the sciences. The fine arts, fiction, literary criticism, poetry, cinema, and drama were elected in that order. Sociology was the science favored by the largest number of readers. Many asked for articles dealing with American life and scenes. Fewer showed interest in American personalities. Economics drew the lowest vote among the eighteen subjects proposed in the questionnaire.

On the question as to which American authors our readers would like to see represented, the vote was not unexpected save in one case. The poet Ezra Pound received as many requests as several of the more popular novelists. In fact he was the only poet to attain a place in their favored company. For the rest, the poll confirmed our suspicions as to the wider appeal of fiction over other forms of writing, especially when those forms have to be presented in translation. Where our more eminent critics, philosophers, and poets got only

vote or two apiece (Lewis Mumford ceived as many as 8 among English aders), Hemingway was acclaimed to e tune of 174. This is more than twice e number of requests accorded to any Hemingway's countrymen, although ong the French his vote was a mere 9 against 66 in Germany and 58 in ly. After Hemingway came, in the llowing order, Faulkner, Steinbeck, apote, Henry Miller, Tennessee illiams, Erskine Caldwell, Thomas olfe (mostly in Germany), John Dos ssos, and Carson McCullers. There ere several requests for Poe, Melville, d Henry James; and there was one quest for Truman.

Readers of the various nationalities emed enthusiastic about suggesting thors of their own country or lan-iage. Among German readers Thomas ann was the favorite, with 56 requests. rnst Juenger, Gottfried Benn, Her-ann Hesse, and Franz Kafka followed that order. There was one vote iece for Goethe, Herder, and Schiller. he French choices were more evenly stributed among some ninety writers. he leaders were, in this order, André alraux, Albert Camus, Jean-Paul rtre, André Gide, François Mauriac; d Jean Cocteau, Baudelaire, Zola, and eorge Sand got a vote apiece. The nglish choices were also widely dif-sed (131 names), but here the velists took third place. The essayist yril Connolly was first and the poet ylan Thomas second, with Graham eene, T. S. Eliot, Robert Graves, S. Pritchett, Stephen Spender, Angus ilson, and Herbert Read following er. The Italians, as we said, were exceptionally generous in proposing names. Moravia and Pavese led the list, with more than fifty votes each. Vittorini, Papini, Piovene, Malaparte, Carlo Levy, and Ungaretti also received substantial votes.

Among the items published in the first five issues of *Perspectives*, more approval was given to the general articles than to the examples of creative writing. The one exception to this was the offering of E. E. Cummings' poems in *Perspectives* 2, which was warmly received, especially by German and English readers. The most admired essays were E. B. White's "Here is New York" (*Perspectives* 4), Wayne Andrews' "Looking at the Latest of Frank Lloyd Wright" (*Perspectives* 4), Hugh Morrison's "American Houses: Modern Style" (*Perspectives* 5), Lionel Trilling's "The Situation of the American Intellectual at the Present Time" (*Perspectives* 3), and Mary McCarthy's "America the Beautiful" (*Perspectives* 2). Miss McCarthy's and Mr. Trilling's essays also received a noteworthy negative vote, especially among French readers. Otherwise few readers accepted our invitation to censure our offerings. The artists whose work, as illustrated and described in the magazine, was most widely endorsed were Ben Shahn (*Perspectives* 1) and Jacques Villon (*Perspectives* 3). Saul Bellow's narrative "The Einhorns" (*Perspectives* 2), and William Saroyan's play "The Oyster and the Pearl" (*Perspectives* 4) were widely appreciated, in particular by our German readers.

To all who sent in questionnaires, many thanks!

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